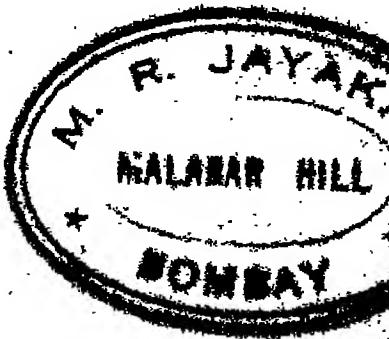


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SCOTT'S LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL



WITH

INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

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PREFACE.

The language of Scott's poetry is in general so clear, and the ideas so simple, that little is needed in the way of explanation. The notes therefore consist chiefly of such remarks on grammar and etymology as are suggested by the words and constructions in the text. I have, as a rule, not given the meanings of ordinary words, unless I had something else to say about them, because I think that school-boys should be encouraged in the use of the dictionary for themselves.

I have made free use of Scott's own notes to this poem and to the *Border Minstrelsy*, and have given illustrations from the latter work and from the novels wherever I could. For etymology my principal guide has been Skeat's *Etymological Dictionary*; I have also made use of the new English dictionary of the Philological Society as far as it has gone, and of Jamieson's *Scottish Dictionary* for purely Scotch words. For points of grammar, I have made references to Bain, *Higher English Grammar* (1884), and to Morris, *Historical Out-*

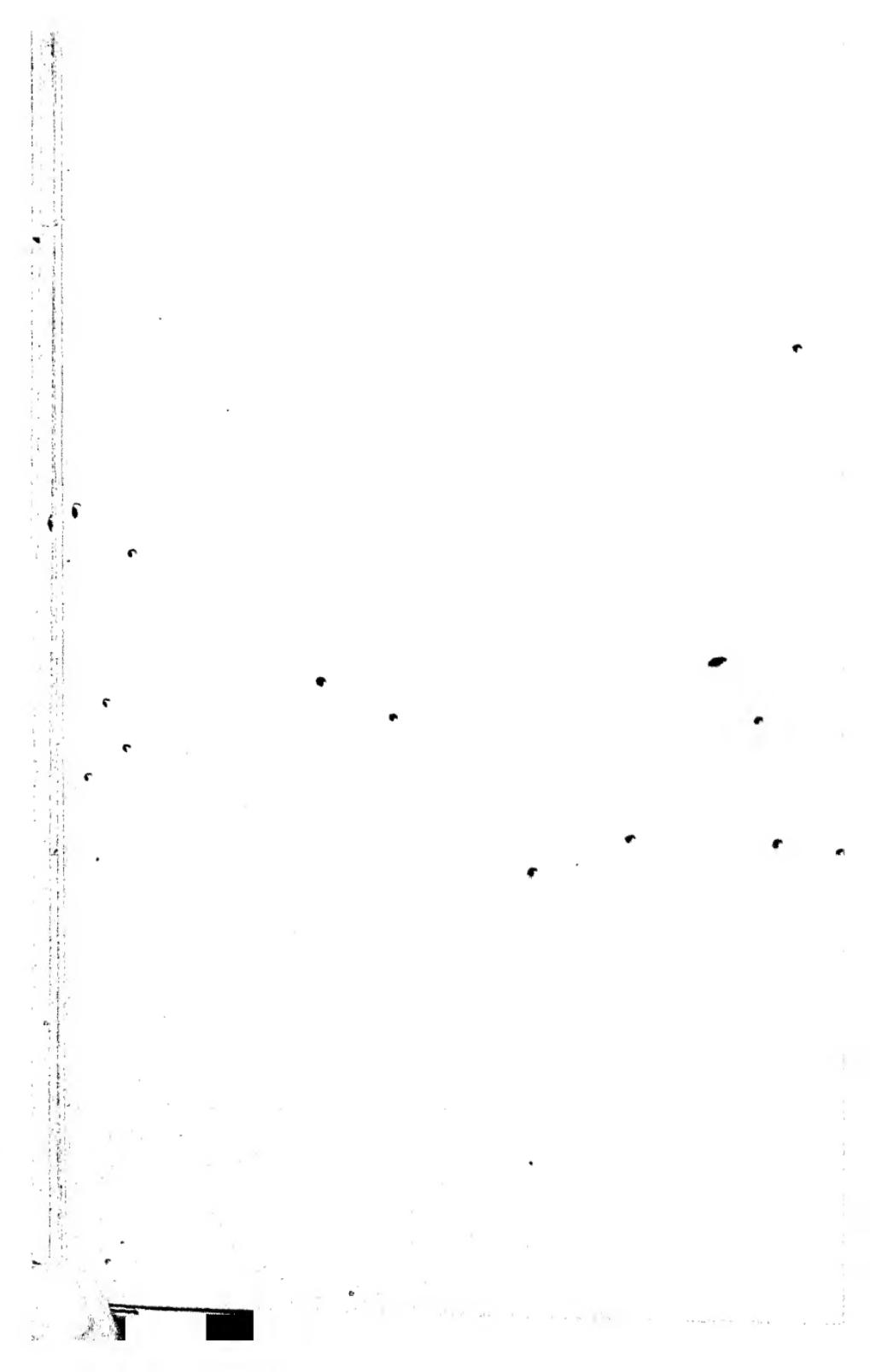
lines of English Accidence (1880), while I have occasionally consulted Maetzner, *English Grammar*, which is an excellent storehouse of examples.

I have been greatly assisted by the suggestions of Mr. E. H. Elliot, Assistant Professor of English at the Presidency College, who has freely placed at my disposal his long experience in teaching.

PRESIDENCY COLLEGE,
MADRAS.

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INTRODUCTION.

SCOTT was born in Edinburgh, on the 15th August, 1771. His first serious attempt at poetry was *William and Helen*, an English version of a popular German ballad, Bürger's *Lenore*. This was published in 1796: it was followed by a few other translations from the German, published in Lewis' *Tales of Wonder*, in 1801. But Scott's first great literary success was the publication in 1802, of *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, a collection of old Border ballads, upon which he had for some years been employed. The *Lay of the Last Minstrel* was published in 1805: the most important of his other poems followed at intervals until 1815. But before this latter date, *Waverley* had appeared (in 1814); and from that time forward Scott practically abandoned poetry for prose, and applied himself to the composition of that long series of romances upon which his fame principally rests. In the next fourteen years he wrote twenty-three romances, besides shorter tales; a rate of composition at that time unprecedented, though it has been equalled, if not surpassed, by more than one novel-writer of our own time. Scott died on the 21st September, 1832, at Abbotsford.

The chief source of information about Scott, besides his own writings, is Lockhart's *Life of Sir Walter Scott*,

in ten volumes ; a convenient abridgment of which, in one volume, is published in the "Chandos Library." An excellent short account of Scott's life, containing a just criticism of his work, by Mr. Hutton, forms one of the volumes of the "English Men of Letters" series : and, for the use of the student, this is perhaps the most convenient work that can be recommended.

Scott's early poems were not very successful and he resolved to attempt something on a larger scale. His intention was to imitate the ballad poetry, but to abandon the ballad metre, as unsuitable for a long poem. He was for some time at a loss for a subject that could be treated with the wildness and simplicity of the ancient ballad. In the introduction to the *Lay*, edition of 1830, he gives the following account of the way in which the subject of the poem was suggested to him :—

"The lovely young Countess of Dalkeith, afterwards Harriet, Duchess of Buccleugh, had come to the land of her husband with the desire of making herself acquainted with its traditions and customs, as well as its manners and history. . . . Of course, where all made it a pride and pleasure to gratify her wishes, she soon heard enough of Border lore ; among others, an aged gentleman of property, near Langholm, communicated to her ladyship the story of Gilpin Horner, a tradition in which the narrator, and many more of that country, were firm believers. The young Countess, much delighted with the legend, and the gravity and full confidence with which it was told, enjoined on me as a task, to compose a ballad on the subject. Of course, to hear was to obey ; and thus the goblin story, objected to by several critics as an excrescence upon the poem, was, in fact, the occasion of

its being written." The metre was suggested to him by hearing Mr. Stoddart recite Coleridge's poem of *Christabel*, of which the first part was written in 1797, though not published till 1816. The metre of this poem, says Scott, "from the singularly irregular structure of the stanzas, and the liberty which it allowed the author to adapt the sound to the sense, seemed to be exactly suited to such an extravaganza as I meditated on the subject of Gilpin Horner." Coleridge's own remarks on the metre of *Christabel* are that it "is not, properly speaking, irregular, though it may seem so from its being founded on a new principle, namely that of counting in each line the accents, not the syllables. Though the latter may vary from seven to twelve, yet in each line the accents will be found to be only four. Nevertheless this occasional variation in the number of syllables is not introduced wantonly, or for the mere ends of convenience, but in correspondence with some transition in the nature of the imagery or passion." Scott uses this license much more freely than Coleridge, both as regards the length of the lines, and the arrangement of the stanzas.

After composing the first two or three stanzas of the poem, Scott showed them to his friends Erskine and Cranstoun; from their silence, he judged that their opinion was unfavourable, and threw the verses into the fire. Some time afterwards, at the instance of one of these friends, he resumed the work. His friend suggested also that 'some sort of prologue might be necessary to place the mind of the hearers in the situation to understand and enjoy the poem, and recommended the adoption of such quaint mottoes as Spenser has used to announce the contents of the chapters of the *Faery Queen*. "I

entirely agreed," says Scott, "with my friendly critic in the necessity of having some sort of a pitch pipe, which might make readers aware of the object, or rather the tone, of the publication. But I doubted whether, in assuming the oracular style of Spenser's mottoes, the interpreter might not be censured as the harder to be understood of the two. I therefore introduced the Old Minstrel, as an appropriate prolocutor, by whom the Lay might be sung, or spoken, and the introduction of whom betwixt the cantos might remind the reader at intervals, of the time, place, and circumstances of the recitation. This species of *cadre*, or frame, afterwards afforded the poem its name of 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel.'"

Scott at first intended to include the poem in the third volume of the *Border Minstrelsy*. A single scene of feudal festivity in the hall of Branksome, disturbed by the pranks of a nondescript goblin, was probably all that he contemplated at first; but the poem soon outgrew the dimensions of the original plan; and the design of including it in the third volume of the *Minstrelsy* had to be abandoned. After Scott had once made up his mind to go on with the poem, it proceeded with extraordinary rapidity, at the rate of about a canto a week. As he himself says, "there was little occasion for pause or hesitation, when a troublesome rhyme might be accommodated by an alteration of the stanza, or where an incorrect measure might be remedied by a variation in the rhyme."

The *Lay* was published in 1805, and its success exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the author. Its popularity was assured from the outset, and Scott relates with pride, that "among those who smiled on the adver-

turous Minstrel, were numbered the great names of William Pitt and Charles Fox."

The *Lay of the Last Minstrel* was intended to be a refinement upon the old Border ballad: retaining its vigour of movement and plainness of expression, while softening its roughness and refining its language. But there are some features of the poem that have nothing to correspond to them in the old Border minstrelsy. Such, for example, as the description of Melrose by moonlight in Canto II., and the introductory and closing stanzas of each canto. These stanzas, in which the feelings of the minstrel himself are described, appear to have made a great impression at the time. Jeffrey notices them with praise; and it was the close of the introduction to Canto I. that roused Pitt to the expression of that admiration to which Scott alludes in the passage quoted above. Of these introductions the noble patriotic stanzas with which the sixth Canto begins, are probably better known and more often quoted than any other lines that Scott has written.

Jeffrey speaks of "the prodigious improvement which the style of the old romance is capable of receiving from a more liberal mixture of pathetic sentiments and gentle affections," and quotes, as an example, one of the most beautiful passages of the poem, stanzas xxiv. to xxvii. of Canto III., where what is especially noticeable is the force of the contrast, the transition from the soft and peaceful calm of the scene in stanza xxiv., to the terror of the picture in stanza xxv., and all the movement and hurry of preparation for war in the following stanzas. Equally powerful is the description in Canto II., stanza xxiii. to xxv., of a transition of the opposite kind, from

the supernatural horrors of the midnight scene in the Abbey of Melrose, to the brightness and freshness of the morning as the sun rises behind the Cheviots. Scott's sense of hearing is said to have been blunt: he had no idea of music: but these two pictures produce in us all the effects of the varied movement of a symphony by one of the great masters of music. In reading such passages we call to mind the effect of similar contrasts in Shakespeare: the peaceful moonlight scene in the fifth act of the *Merchant of Venice*, following on the almost tragic interest of the trial scene: and, in a less degree, the quiet calm of the opening of the sixth scene of Act I. of *Macbeth*, followed by the horrors of the second act.

While the general reception that the poem met with was so favourable, objections were made, and have continued to be made to the supernatural element that it contains. Jeffrey says:—“The magic of the lady, the midnight visit to Melrose, and the mighty book of the enchanter, which occupy nearly one-third of the whole poem, and engross the attention of the reader for a long time after the commencement of the narrative, are of no use whatsoever in the subsequent development of the fable, and do not contribute in any degree, either to the production or explanation of the incidents that follow. The whole character and proceedings of the goblin page, in like manner, may be considered as merely episodical: for though he is employed in some of the subordinate incidents, it is remarkable that no material part of the fable requires the intervention of supernatural agency. The young Buccleugh might have wandered into the wood, although he had not been decoyed by a goblin; and the dame might have given her daughter to the

deliverer of her son, although she had never listened to the prattlement of the river and mountain spirits." And again :—"The goblin page is, in our opinion, the capital deformity of the poem. We have already said that the whole machinery is useless : but the magic studies of the lady, and the rifled tomb of Michael Scott, give occasion to so much admirable poetry, that we can on no account consent to part with them. The page, on the other hand, is a perpetual burden to the poet, and to the reader : it is an undignified and improbable fiction, which excites neither terror, admiration, nor astonishment ; but needlessly debases the strain of the whole work, and excites at once our incredulity and contempt."

Most readers will be inclined to agree with at least part of this criticism. And it is not enough to say, as Scott has said in his Introduction, that without the goblin page the poem would never have been written, because it is not the nature of the story that is objected to, but the manner in which the supernatural element in it is treated. There are two ways of treating the supernatural, which may both be effective : one is, to write in the spirit of belief ; the other, in the spirit of ridicule. Scott does neither : so that, while we are not amused, neither are we beguiled into a momentary forgetfulness of the improbability of these stories of goblins and ghosts, fairies and witches, as might be the case if they were told with a more genuine sympathy and with at least more appearance of belief. Scott treated such subjects with a kind of insincerity, a sort of pretence : he says, "Superstition is very picturesque, and I make it at times stand me in great stead, but I never allow it to interfere with interest or convenience." And again, he is clearly

describing his own state of mind when he makes "My Aunt Margaret" say, "I have a sense of superstition about me which I do not wish to part with. It is a feeling which separates me from this age and links me to that to which I am hastening, and I . . . do not love that it should be dispelled. It soothes my imagination without influencing my reason or conduct." Ruskin regards this want of serious belief as a reflection of the age in which Scott lived. "Nothing," he says, "is more notable or sorrowful in Scott's mind than its incapacity of steady belief in anything. He cannot even resolve hardly to believe in a ghost or water-spirit : always explains them away in an apologetic manner, not believing, all the while, even in his own explanation. . . . He is in all this the epitome of his epoch. Again, as another notable weakness of the age is its habit of looking back, in a romantic and passionate idleness, to the past ages, not understanding them all the while, nor really desiring to understand them, so Scott gives up nearly the half of his intellectual power to a fond, yet purposeless, dreaming over the past, and spends half his literary labours in endeavours to revive it, not in reality, but on the stage of fiction. . . . The excellence of Scott's work is precisely in proportion to the degree in which it is sketched from present nature." *Modern Painters*, III. pt. iv. ch. xvi. p. 270, ed. 1873.

Hutton says that the popularity of Scott's poems was due to "the *high romantic glow* and the extraordinary *romantic simplicity* of the poetical elements they contained. . . . The cases in which he makes a study of any mood of feeling as he does of this harper's feelings, are comparatively rare. Deloraine's night ride to

Melrose is a good deal more in Scott's ordinary way, than this study of the old harper's wistful mood. But whatever his subject, his treatment of it is the same. His lines are always *strongly drawn*, his handling is always *simple*, and his subject always *romantic*. . . . Scott's romance is like his native scenery--bold, bare and rugged, with a swift deep stream of strong pure feeling running through it. There is plenty of colour in his pictures, as there is on the Scotch hills when the heather is out. And so too there is plenty of intensity in his romantic situations ; but it is the intensity of simple, natural, unsophisticated, hardy and manly characters. But as for subtleties and fine shades of feeling in his poems, or anything like the manifold harmonies of the richer arts, they are not to be found. Again, there is no rich music in his verse. It is its rapid onset, its hurrying strength, which so fixes it in the mind."

Scott himself says of his poems, "I am sensible that if there be anything good about my poetry, or prose either, it is a hurried frankness of composition which pleases soldiers, sailors, and young people of bold and active disposition." Boys delight in it ; in youth we may be allured by the greater passion of Byron and the mystical vagueness of Shelley ; but in middle age we are again attracted to Scott by his plainness and directness, and perhaps also by his very defects.

The following is Scott's Preface to the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* :

"The Poem now offered to the Public is intended to illustrate the customs and manners which anciently prevailed on the Borders of England and Scotland. The

inhabitants, living in a state partly pastoral and partly warlike, and combining habits of constant depredation with the influence of a rude spirit of chivalry, were often engaged in scenes highly susceptible of poetical ornament. As the description of scenery and manners was more the object of the Author than a combined and regular narrative, the plan of the Ancient Metrical Romance was adopted, which allows greater latitude, in this respect, than would be consistent with the dignity of a regular Poem. The same model offered other facilities, as it permits an occasional alteration of measure, which, in some degree, authorizes the change of rhythm in the text. The machinery also, adopted from popular belief, would have seemed puerile in a Poem which did not partake of the rudeness of the old Ballad or Metrical Romance.

"For these reasons, the poem was put into the mouth of an ancient Minstrel, the last of the race, who, as he is supposed to have survived the Revolution, might have caught somewhat of the refinement of modern poetry, without losing the simplicity of his original model. The date of the Tale itself is about the middle of the sixteenth century, when most of the personages actually flourished. The time occupied by the action is Three Nights and Three Days."

The story opens on the afternoon of the first day. The business of the spirits of the flood and fell, and the ride of William of Deloraine to Melrose occupy the evening and night. Deloraine reaches Melrose at midnight and starts on his return journey before daybreak. In the early morning of the second day he meets Cranstoun, fights with and is wounded by him, and is

carried to Branksome by the dwarf, who then leads the young Buccleugh into the woods where he is captured by the English. The dwarf returns to the castle, and the Lady Buccleugh busies herself in attending to the wounded Deloraine. "So passed the day." In the evening the beacons are seen which announce the coming of the English, and preparations are made to resist them—

"So pass'd the anxious night away,
And welcome was the peep of day."

At daybreak on the third day Tinlinn arrives at Branksome with "tidings of the English foe," who reach the castle three hours later. The next day, "at the fourth hour from peep of dawn," is fixed for the single combat between Musgrave and Deloraine, and the rest of the third day is spent by the opposing forces in amicable companionship. On the morning of the fourth day, Cranstoun, in the guise of Deloraine, defeats and slays Musgrave, and so redeems the young Buccleugh from captivity. The real Deloraine appears; Cranstoun reveals himself; and the Lady Buccleugh, seeing that Fate is against her, consents to his marriage with her daughter Margaret. The "spousal rites were ended" by "the merry hour of noon," and the rest of the day is taken up with the festivities at Branksome; in the afternoon, "long before the sinking day," the goblin dwarf is miraculously snatched away. This ends the Three Nights and Days. The 'bridal,' or actual marriage, and the pilgrimage happened at a later time, and do not fall within the action of the poem.

INTRODUCTION.

List of some books dealing with Scott's life and writings :—

LOCKHART. Life of Sir Walter Scott.
HUTTON. Scott (*English Men of Letters*).
JEFFREY. Contributions to the Edinburgh Review.
STEPHEN (Leslie). Hours in a Library (First Series).
CARLYLE. Miscellanies, vol. iv. Review of Lockhart's Life of Scott.
RUSKIN. Modern Painters, vol. iii., part 4, ch. xvi.
BAGEHOT. Literary Studies, vol. ii.
ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA. Life of Scott, by W. Minto.

The following sketch of the story of the *Lay* is taken from Jeffrey's review of the poem in the *Edinburgh Review*. The first paragraph covers so much of the story as is comprised in the first three cantos.

"Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch, the Lord of Branksome, was slain in a skirmish with the Carrs, about the middle of the sixteenth century. He left a daughter of matchless beauty, an infant son, and a high-minded widow, who, though a very virtuous and devout person, was privately addicted to the study of magic, in which she had been initiated by her father. Lord Cranstoun, their neighbour, was at feud with the whole clan of Scott, but had fallen desperately in love with the daughter, who returned his passion with equal sincerity and ardour, though withheld, by her duty to her mother, from uniting her destiny with his. The poem opens with a description of the warlike establishment of Branksome hall, and the first incident that occurs is a dialogue between the Spirits of the adjoining mountain and river, who, after

consulting the stars, declare that no good fortune can ever bless the mansion “ till pride be quelled, and love be free.” The lady, whose forbidden studies had taught her to understand the language of such speakers, overhears their conversation ; and vows, if possible, to retain her purpose in spite of it. She calls a gallant knight of her train, therefore, and directs him to ride immediately to the Abbey of Melrose, and there to ask from the Monk of St. Mary’s Aisle, the mighty book that was hid in the tomb of the Wizard, Michael Scott. The remainder of the First Canto is occupied with the night journey of the warrior. When he delivers his message, the monk appears filled with consternation and terror, but leads him at last through many galleries and chapels to the spot where the Wizard was interred ; and, after some account of his life and character, the warrior heaves up the tombstone, and is dazzled by the streaming splendour of an ever-burning lamp, which illuminates the sepulchre of the Enchanter. With trembling hand he takes the book from the side of the deceased, and hurries home with it in his bosom. In the meantime, Lord Cranstoun and the lovely Margaret have met at dawn in the woods adjacent to the Castle, and are repeating their vows of true love, when they are startled by the approach of a horseman. The lady retreats, and the lover advancing finds it to be the messenger from Branksome, with whom, as an hereditary enemy, he thinks it necessary to enter immediately into combat. The poor knight, fatigued with his nocturnal adventures, is dismounted at the first shock, and falls desperately wounded to the ground ; while Lord Cranstoun, relenting to the kinsman of his beloved, directs his page to attend him to the castle, and gallops home before any alarm can be given. Lord Cranstoun’s page is something unearthly. It is a little misshapen dwarf, whom he found one day when he was hunting in a solitary glen, and took home with him. It never speaks except now and then to cry “ lost ! lost ! lost ! ” and is, on the whole, a hateful, malicious

little urchin, with no one good quality but his unaccountable attachment and fidelity to his master. This personage, on approaching the wounded Borderer, discovers the mighty book in his bosom, which he finds some difficulty in opening, and has scarcely had time to read a single spell in it, when he is struck down by an invisible hand, and the clasps of the magic volume shut suddenly more closely than ever. This one spell, however, enables him to practice every kind of illusion. He lays the wounded knight on his horse, and leads him into the castle, while the warders see nothing but a wain of hay. He throws him down unperceived at the door of the lady's chamber, and turns to make good his retreat. In passing through the court, however, he sees the young heir of Buccleuch at play, and, assuming the form of one of his companions, tempts him to go out with him to the woods, where, as soon as they pass a rivulet, he assumes his own shape and bounds away. The bewildered child is met by two English archers, who make prize of him, and carry him off, while the goblin page returns to the Castle, where he personates the young baron, to the great annoyance of the whole inhabitants. The lady finds the wounded knight, and eagerly employs charms for his recovery, that she may learn the story of his disaster. The lovely Margaret, in the meantime, is sitting in her turret, gazing on the western star and musing on the scenes of the morning, when she discovers the blazing beaconis that announce the approach of an English enemy. The alarm is immediately given, and bustling preparations made throughout the mansion for defence."

"The English force, under the command of the Lords Howard and Dacre, speedily appears before the Castle, leading with them the young Buccleuch, and propose that the lady should either give up Sir William of Deloraine (who had been her messenger to Melrose), as having incurred the guilt of March treason, or receive an English garrison within her walls. She answers, with much spirit, that her

kinsman will clear himself of the imputation of treason by single combat, and that no foe shall ever get admittance into her fortress. The English lords, being secretly apprised of the approach of powerful succours to the besieged, agree to the proposal of the combat, and stipulate that the boy shall be restored to liberty or detained in bondage according to the issue of the battle. The lists are appointed for the ensuing day, and a truce being proclaimed in the meantime, the opposing bands mingle in hospitality and friendship."

"Deloraine being wounded, was expected to appear by a champion, and some contention arises for the honour of that substitution. This, however, is speedily terminated by a person in the armour of the warrior himself, who encounters the English champion, slays him, and leads the captive young chieftain to the embraces of his mother. At this moment Deloraine himself appears, half clothed and unarmed, to claim the combat which has terminated in his absence ! and all flock around the stranger who had personated himself so successfully. He unclasps his helmet ; and behold ! Lord Cranstoun of Teviotside ! The lady, overcome with gratitude, and the remembrance of the Spirits' prophecy, consents to forgo the feud and to give the fair hand of Margaret to the enamoured baron."

"The rites of betrothal are then celebrated with great magnificence ; and a splendid entertainment given to all the English and Scottish chieftains whom the alarm had assembled at Branksome. Lord Cranstoun's page plays several unlucky tricks during the festival, and breeds some dissension among the warriors. To soothe their ^{ir}ful mood, the minstrels are introduced, who recite three ballad pieces of considerable merit. Just as their songs are ended, a supernatural darkness spreads itself through the hall ; a tremendous flash of lightning and peal of thunder ensue, which break just on the spot where the goblin page had been seated, who is heard

to cry ‘found ! found ! found !’ and is no more to be seen when the darkness clears away. The whole party is chilled with terror at this extraordinary incident ; and Deloraine protests that he distinctly saw the figure of the ancient wizard, Michael Scott, in the middle of the lightning. The lady renounces for ever the unhallowed study of magic ; and all the chieftains, struck with awe and consternation, vow to make a pilgrimage to Melrose to implore rest and forgiveness for the spirit of the departed sorcerer. With the description of this ceremony, the Minstrel closes his lay.”

THE
LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

INTRODUCTION.

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old ;
His wither'd cheek, and tresses grey,
Seem'd to have known a better day ;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.
The last of all the Bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry ;
For, welladay ! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead ;
And he, neglected and oppress'd,
Wish'd to be with them, and at rest.
No more on prancing palfrey borne,
He caroll'd, light as lark at morn ;
No longer courted and caress'd,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He pour'd, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay :
Old times were changed, old manners gone ;
A stranger fill'd the Stuarts' throne ;
The bigots of the iron time
Had call'd his harmless art a crime.
A wandering Harper, scorn'd and poor,
He begg'd his bread from door to door,

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And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp, a king had loved to hear.

He pass'd where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower :
The Minstrel gazed with wishful eye—
No humbler resting-place was nigh.—

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With hesitating step at last,
The embattled portal arch he pass'd,
Whose ponderous grate and massy bar
Had oft roll'd back the tide of war,
But never closed the iron door

Against the desolate and poor.

The Duchess mark'd his weary pace,
His timid mien, and reverend face,
And bade her page the menials tell,
That they should tend the old man well :
For she had known adversity,

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Though born in such a high degree ;
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb ! ✓

When kindness had his wants supplied,
And the old man was gratified,
Began to rise his minstrel pride ;
And he began to talk anon,
Of good Earl Francis, dead and gone,

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And of Earl Walter, rest him, God !

A braver ne'er to battle rode ;

And how full many a tale he knew,

Of the old warriors of Buccleuch :

And, would the noble Duchess deign

To listen to an old man's strain,

Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak,

He thought even yet, the sooth to speak,

That, if she loved the harp to hear,

He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtain'd ;
The Aged Minstrel audience gain'd.
But, when he reach'd the room of state,
Where she, with all her ladies, sate,
Perchance he wish'd his boon denied :
For, when to tune his harp he tried,
His trembling hand had lost the ease,
Which marks security to please ;
And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,
Came wildering o'er his aged brain—
He tried to tune his harp in vain !
The pitying Duchess praised its chime,
And gave him heart, and gave him time,
Till every string's according glee
Was blended into harmony.
And then, he said, he would full fain
He could recall an ancient strain,
He never thought to sing again.
It was not framed for village churls,
But for high dames and mighty earls ;
He had play'd it to King Charles the Good,
When he kept court in Holyrood ;
And much he wish'd, yet fear'd, to try
The long-forgotten melody.
Amid the strings his fingers stray'd,
And an uncertain warbling made,
And oft he shook his hoary head.
But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his face, and smiled ;
And lighten'd up his faded eye,
With all a poet's ecstasy !
In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along :
The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot :
Cold diffidence, and age's frost,

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In the full tide of song were lost ;
 Each blank, in faithless memory void,
 The poet's glowing thought supplied ;
 And, while his harp responsive rung,
 'Twas thus the LATEST MINSTREL sung.

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CANTO FIRST.

I.

THE feast was over in Branksome tower,
 And the Ladye had gone to her secret bower ;
 Her bower that was guarded by word and by spell,
 Deadly to hear, and deadly to tell—
Jesu Maria, shield us well !
 No living wight, save the Ladye alone,
 Had dared to cross the threshold stone.

II.

The tables were drawn, it was idlesse all ;
 Knight, and page, and household squire,
 Loiter'd through the lofty hall,
 Or crowded round the ample fire :
 The stag-hounds, weary with the chase,
 Lay stretch'd upon the rushy floor,
 And urged, in dreams, the forest-race,
 From Teviot-stone to Eskdale-moor.

10

III.

Nine-and-twenty knights of fame
 Hung their shields in Branksome-Hall ;
 Nine-and-twenty squires of name
 Brought them their steeds to bower from stall ;
 Nine-and-twenty yeomen tall
 Waited, dutious, on them all :

20

They were all knights of mettle true,
Kinsmen to the bold Buccleuch.

IV.

Ten of them were sheath'd in steel,
With belted sword, and spur on heel :
They quitted not their harness bright,
Neither by day nor yet by night.

They lay down to rest,
With corslet laced,
Pillow'd on buckler cold and hard ; 30
They carved at the meal
With gloves of steel,
And they drank the red wine through the helmet
barr'd.

V.

Ten squires, ten yeomen, mail-clad men,
Waited the beck of the warders ten ;
Thirty steeds, both fleet and wight,
Stood saddled in stable day and night,
Barbed with frontlet of steel, I trow,
And with Jedwood-axe at saddle-bow ;
A hundred more fed free in stall :— 40
Such was the custom of Branksome-Hall.

VI.

Why do these steeds stand ready dight ?
Why watch these warriors, arm'd, by night ?—
They watch, to hear the blood-hound baying :
They watch, to hear the war-horn braying :
To see St. George's red cross streaming,
To see the midnight beacon gleaming :
They watch, against Southern force and guile,
Lest Scroop, or Howard, or Percy's powers,

Threaten Branksome's lordly towers, 50
 From Warkworth, or Naworth, or merry Carlisle.

VII.

Such is the custom of Branksome-Hall.—

Many a valiant knight is here ;
But he, the chieftain of them all,
 His sword hangs rusting on the wall,
 Beside his broken spear.

Bards long shall tell,
 How Lord Walter fell !
 When startled burghers fled, afar,
 The furies of the Border war ;
 When the streets of high Dumedin
 Saw lances gleam and falchions redder,
 And heard the slogan's deadly yell—
 Then the Chief of Branksome fell.

60

VIII.

Can piety the discord heal,
 Or stanch the death-feud's enmity ?
 Can Christian lore, can patriot zeal,
 Can love of blessed charity ?
 No ! vainly to each holy shrine,
 In mutual pilgrimage, they drew ;
 Implored, in vain, the grace divine
 For chiefs, their own red falchions slew :
 While Cessford owns the rule of Carr,
 While Ettrick boasts the line of Scott,
 The slaughter'd chiefs, the mortal jar,
 The havoc of the feudal war,
 Shall never, never be forgot !

70

IX.

In sorrow o'er Lord Walter's bier
 The warlike foresters had bent ;

And many a flower, and many a tear, 80
Old Teviot's maids and matrons lent :
But o'er her warrior's bloody bier
The Ladye dropp'd nor flower nor tear !
Vengeance, deep-brooding o'er the slain,
Had lock'd the source of softer woe ;
And burning pride, and high disdain,
Forbade the rising tear to flow ;
Until, amid his sorrowing clan,
Her son lisp'd from the nurse's knee—
“ And if I live to be a man, 90
My father's death revenged shall be ! ” ---
Then fast the mother's tears did seek
To dew the infant's kindling cheek.

X.

All loose her negligent attire,
All loose her golden hair,
Hung Margaret o'er her slaughter'd sire,
And wept in wild despair,
But not alone the bitter tear
Had filial grief supplied ;
For hopeless love, and anxious fear, 100
Had lent their mingled tide :
Nor in her mother's alter'd eye
Dared she to look for sympathy.
Her lover, 'gainst her father's clan,
With Carr in arms had stood,
When Mathouse-burn to Melrose ran
All purple with their blood ;
And well she knew, her mother dread,
Before Lord Cranstoun she should wed,
Would see her on her dying bed. 110

XI.

Of noble race the Ladye came,
 Her father was a clerk of fame,
 Of Bethune's line of Picardie :
 He learned the art that none may name,
 In Padua, far beyond the sea.
 Men said, he changed his mortal frame,
 By feat of magic mystery ;
 For when, in studious mood he paced
 St. Andrew's cloister'd hall,
 His form no darkening shadow traced
 Upon the sunny wall !

120

XII.

And of his skill, as bards avow,
 He taught that Ladye fair,
 Till to her bidding she could bow
 The viewless forms of air.
 And now she sits in secret bower,
 In old Lord David's western tower,
 And listens to a heavy sound,
 That moans the mossy turrets round.
 Is it the roar of Teviot's tide,
 That chafes against the scaur's red side ?
 Is it the wind that swings the oaks ?
 Is it the echo from the rocks ?
 What may it be, the heavy sound,
 That moans old Branksome's turrets round ?

130

XIII.

At the sullen, moaning sound,
 The ban-dogs bay and howl ;
 And, from the turrets round,
 Loud whoops the startled owl.
 In the hall, both squire and knight

140

Swore that a storm was near,
And looked forth to view the night ;
But the night was still and clear !

XIV.

From the sound of Teviot's tide,
Chafing with the mountain's side,
From the groan of the wind-swung oak,
From the sullen echo of the rock,
From the voice of the coming storm,
The Ladye knew it well !
It was the Spirit of the Flood that spoke,
And he call'd on the Spirit of the Fell.

150

XV.

Riber Spirit.

“Sleep'st thou, brother ?”—

Mountain Spirit.

—“Brother, nay—
On my hills the moonbeams play.
From Craik-cross to Skelfhill-pen,
By every will, in every glen,
Merry elves their morris pacing,
To aërial minstrelsy,
Emerald rings on brown heath tracing,
Trip it deft and merrily.
Up, and mark their nimble feet !
Up, and list their music sweet !”—

160

XVI.

Riber Spirit.

“Tears of an imprison'd maiden
Mix with my polluted stream ;

c

Margaret of Branksome, sorrow-laden,
 Mourns beneath the moon's pale beam.
 Tell me, thou, who view'st the stars,
 When shall cease these feudal jars ?
 What shall be the maiden's fate ?
 Who shall be the maiden's mate ?"—

XVII.

Mountain Spirit.

"Arthur's slow wain his course doth roll,
 In utter darkness, round the pole ;
 The Northern Bear lowers black and grim ;
 Orion's studded belt is dim ;
 Twinkling faint, and distant far,
 Shimmers through mist each planet star ;
 Ill may I read their high decree !
 But no kind influence deign they shower
 On Teviot's tide, and Branksome's tower,
Till pride be quell'd, and love be free."

170

XVIII.

The unearthly voices ceast,
 And the heavy sound was still ;
 It died on the river's breast,
 It died on the side of the hill.
 But round Lord David's tower
 The sound still floated near ;
 For it rung in the Ladye's bower,
 And it rung in the Ladye's ear.
 She raised her stately head,
 And her heart throb'd high with pride :—
 "Your mountains shall bend,
 And your streams ascend,
 Ere Margaret be our foeman's bride !"

180

190

XIX.

The Ladye sought the lofty hall,
Where many a bold retainer lay,
And, with jocund din, among them all,
Her son pursued his infant play.
A fancied moss-trooper, the boy
The truncheon of a spear bestrode,
And round the hall right merrily,
In mimic foray rode.
Even bearded knights, in arms grown old,
Share in his frolic gambols bore,
Albeit their hearts, of rugged mould,
Were stubborn as the steel they wore.
For the grey warriors prophesied,
How the brave boy, in future war,
Should tame the Unicorn's pride,
Exalt the Crescent and the Star.

200

XX.

The Ladye forgot her purpose high,
One moment, and no more ;
One moment gazed with a mother's eye,
As she paused at the arched door :
Then, from amid the armed train,
She call'd to her William of Deloraine.

210

XXI.

A stark moss-trooping Scott was he,
As e'er couch'd Border lance by knee ;
Through Solway sands, through Tarras moss,
Blindfold, he knew the paths to cross ;
By wily turns, by desperate bounds,
Had baffled Percy's best blood-hounds ;
In Eske or Liddel, fords were none,
But he would ride them, one by one ;

220

Alike to him was time or tide,
 December's snow, or July's pride ;
 Alike to him was tide or time,
 Moonless midnight, or matin prime :
 Steady of heart, and stout of hand,
 As ever drove prey from Cumberland ;
 Five times outlawed had he been,
 By England's King, and Scotland's Queen.

230

XXII.

"Sir William of Deloraine, good at need,
 Mount thee on the wightest steed ;
 Spare not to spur, nor stint to ride,
 Until thou come to fair Tweedside ;
 And in Melrose's holy pile
 Seek thou the Monk of St. Mary's aisle.

Greet the Father well from me ;

Say that the fated hour is come,
 And to-night he shall watch with thee,

To win the treasure of the tomb :

For this will be St. Michael's night,
 And, though stars be dim, the moon is bright ;
 And the Cross, of bloody red,
 Will point to the grave of the mighty dead.

240

XXIII.

"What he gives thee, see thou keep ;
 Stay not thou for food or sleep :
 Be it scroll, or be it book,
 Into it, Knight, thou must not look ;
 If thou readest, thou art lorn !
 Better hadst thou ne'er been born !"—

250

XXIV.

O swiftly can speed my dapple-grey steed,
 Which drinks of the Teviot clear :

Ere break of day," the Warrior 'gan say,
 "Again will I be here :
 And safer by none may thy errand be done,
 Than, noble dame, by me ;
 Letter nor line know I never a one,
 Were't my neck-verse at Hairibee."

XXV.

Soon in his saddle sate he fast,
 And soon the steep descent he past,
 Soon cross'd the sounding barbican,
 And soon the Teviot side he won.
 Eastward the wooded path he rode,
 Green hazels o'er his basnet nod ;
 He pass'd the Peel of Goldiland,
 And cross'd old Borthwick's roaring strand ;
 Dingly he view'd the Moat-hill's mound,
 Where Druid shades still flitted round ;
 In Hawick twinkled many a light,
 Behind him soon they set in night ;
 And soon he spurr'd his courser keen
 Beneath the tower of Hazeldean.

260

270

XXVI.

The clattering hoofs the watchmen mark :—
 "Stand, ho ! thou courier of the dark."—
 "For Branksome, ho !" the knight rejoin'd,
 And left the friendly tower behind.
 He turn'd him now from Teviotside,
 And, guided by the tinkling rill,
 Northward the dark ascent did ride,
 And gained the moor at Horsliehill ;
 Broad on the left before him lay,
 For many a mile, the Roman way.

280

XXVII.

A moment now he slack'd his speed,
 A moment breathed his panting steed ;
 Drew saddle-girth and corslet-band,
 And loosen'd in the sheath his brand.
 On Minto-crags the moonbeams glint,
 Where Barnhill hew'd his bed of flint ;
 Who flung his outlaw'd limbs to rest,
 Where falcons hang their giddy nest,
 Mid cliffs, from whence his eagle eye
 For many a league his prey could spy ;
 Cliffs, doubling, on their echoes borne,
 The terrors of the robber's horn ;
 Cliffs, which, for many a later year,
 The warbling Doric reed shall hear,
 When some sad swain shall teach the grove,
 Ambition is no cure for love !

290

XXVIII.

Unchallenged, thence pass'd Deloraine,
 To ancient Riddel's fair domain,
 Where Aill, from mountains freed,
 Down from the lakes did raving come ;
 Each wave was crested with tawny foam,
 Like the mane of a chestnut steed.
 In vain ! no torrent, deep or broad,
 Might bar the bold moss-trooper's road.

300

XXIX.

At the first plunge the horse sunk low,
 And the water broke o'er the saddlebow ;
 Above the foaming tide, I ween,
 Scarce half the charger's neck was seen ;
 For he was barded from counter to tail,
 And the rider was armed complete in mail ;

310

Never heavier man and horse
Stemm'd a midnight torrent's force.
The warrior's very plume, I say,
Was daggled by the dashing spray ;
Yet, through good heart, and Our Ladye's grace,
At length he gained the landing place.

XXX.

Now Bowden Moor the march-man won,

And sternly shook his plumed head,

320

As glanced his eye o'er Halidon ;

For on his soul the slaughter red

Of that unhallow'd morn arose,

When first the Scott and Carr were foes ;

When royal James beheld the fray,

Prize to the victor of the day ;

When Home and Douglas, in the van,

Bore down Buccleuch's retiring clan,

Till gallant Cessford's heart-blood dear

Reek'd on dark Elliot's Border spear.

330

XXXI.

In bitter mood he spurred fast,

And soon the hated heath was past ;

And far beneath, in lustre wan,

Old Melros' rose, and fair Tweed ran :

Like some tall rock with lichens grey,

Seem'd dimly huge, the dark Abbaye.

When Hawick he pass'd, had curfew rung,

Now midnight lauds were in Melrose sung.

The sound, upon the fitful gale,

In solemn wise did rise and fail,

340

Like that wild harp, whose magic tone

Is waken'd by the winds alone,

But when Melrose he reach'd, 'twas silence all ;

He meetly stabled his steed in stall,
And sought the convent's lonely wall.

HERE paused the harp ; and with its swell
The Master's fire and courage fell ;
Dejectedly, and low, he bow'd,
And, gazing timid on the crowd,
He seem'd to seek, in every eye,
If they approved his minstrelsy ;
And, diffident of present praise,
Somewhat he spoke of former days,
And how old age, and wand'ring long,
Had done his hand and harp some wrong.
The Duchess and her daughters fair,
And every gentle lady there,
Each after each in due degree,
Gave praises to his melody ;
His hand was true, his voice was clear,
And much they long'd the rest to hear,
Encouraged thus, the Aged Man,
After meet rest, again began.

350

360

CANTO SECOND

I.

If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight ;
For the gay beams of lightsome day,
Gild, but to flout, the ruins grey.

When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white ;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruin'd central tower ;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,

Seem framed of ebon and ivory ;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die ;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St. David's ruin'd pile ;
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair !

II.

Short halt did Deloraine make there ;
Little reck'd he of the scene so fair :
With dagger's hilt, on the wicket strong,
He struck full loud, and struck full long.
The porter hurried to the gate—
“Who knocks so loud, and knocks so late ?”—
“From Branksome I,” the warrior cried :
And straight the wicket open'd wide :
For Branksome's Chiefs had in battle stood,
To fence the rights of fair Melrose ;
And lands and livings, many a rood,
Had gifted the shrine for their souls' repose.

20

30

III.

Bold Deloraine his errand said ;
The porter bent his humble head ;
With torch in hand, and feet unshod,
And noiseless step, the path he trod ;
The arched cloister, far and wide,
Rang to the warrior's clanking stride,
Till, stooping low his lofty crest,
He enter'd the cell of the ancient priest,
And lifted his barred aventayle,
To hail the Monk of St. Mary's aisle.

40

IV.

"The Ladye of Branksome greets thee by me ;
 Says, that the fated hour is come,
 And that to-night I shall watch with thee,
 To win the treasure of the tomb."—
 From sackcloth couch the Monk arose,
 With toil his stiffen'd limbs he rear'd ;
 A hundred years had flung their snows
 On his thin locks and floating beard.

V.

And strangely on the Knight look'd he,
 And his blue eyes gleam'd wild and wide ; 50
 "And darest thou, Warrior ! seek to see
 What heaven and hell alike would hide ?
 My breast, in belt of iron pent,
 With shirt of hair and scourge of thorn ;
 For threescore years, in penance spent,
 My knees those flinty stones have worn ;
 Yet all too little to atone
 For knowing what should ne'er be known.
 Would'st thou thy every future year
 In ceaseless prayer and penance drie, 60
 Yet wait thy latter end with fear—
 Then, daring Warrior, follow me !"—

VI.

"Penance, father, will I none ;
 Prayer know I hardly one ;
 For mass or prayer can I rarely tarry,
 Save to patter an Ave Mary,
 When I ride on a Border foray.
 Other prayer can I none ;
 So speed me my errand, and let me be gone."—

VII.

Again on the Knight look'd the Churchman old, 70
And again he sighed heavily ;
For he had himself been a warrior bold,
And fought in Spain and Italy.
And he thought on the days that were long since by,
When his limbs were strong, and his courage was
high :—
Now, slow and faint, he led the way,
Where, cloister'd round, the garden lay ;
The pillar'd arches were over their head,
And beneath their feet were the bones of the dead.

VIII.

Spreading herbs, and flowerets bright, 80
Glisten'd with the dew of night ;
Nor herb, nor floweret, glisten'd there,
But was carved in the cloister-arches as fair.
The Monk gazed long on the lovely moon,
Then into the night he looked forth ;
And red and bright the streamers light
Were dancing in the glowing north.
So had he seen, in fair Castile,
The youth in glittering squadrons start ;
Sudden the flying jennet wheel, 90
And hurl the unexpected dart.
He knew, by the streamers that shot so bright,
That spirits were riding the northern light.

IX.

By a steel-clench'd postern door,
They enter'd now the chancel tall ;
The darken'd roof rose high aloof
On pillars lofty and light and small :

The key-stone that lock'd each ribbed aisle,
 Was a fleur-de-lys, or a quatre-feuille ;
 The corbells were carved grotesque and grim ; 100
 And the pillars, with cluster'd shafts so trim,
 With base and with capital flourish'd around,
 Seem'd bundles of lances which garlands had bound

X.

Full many a scutcheon and banner riven,
 Shook to the cold night-wind of heaven,
 Around the screened altar's pale ;
 And there the dying lamps did burn,
 Before thy low and lonely urn,
 O gallant Chief of Otterburne !

And thine, dark Knight of Liddesdale ! 110
 O fading honours of the dead !
 O high ambition, lowly laid !

XI.

The moon on the east oriel shone
 Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
 By foliaged tracery combined ;
 Thou wouldest have thought some fairy's hand
 Twixt poplars straight the ozier wand,
 In many a freakish knot, had twined ;
 Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
 And changed the willow-wreaths to stone. 120
 The silver light, so pale and faint,
 Show'd many a prophet, and many a saint,
 Whose image on the glass was dyed ;
 Full in the midst, his Cross of Red
 Triumphant Michael brandished,
 And trampled the Apostate's pride.
 The moonbeam kiss'd the holy pane,
 And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.

XII.

They sate them down on a marble stone,—
(A Scottish monarch slept below ;)
Thus spoke the Monk, in solemn tone :—
“ I was not always a man of woe ;
For Paynim countries I have trod,
And fought beneath the Cross of God :
Now, strange to my eyes thine arms appear,
And their iron clang sounds strange to my ear.

130

XIII.

“ In these far climes it was my lot
To meet the wondrous Michael Scott ;
A Wizard, of such dreaded fame,
That when, in Salamanca’s cave, 140
Him listed his magic wand to wave,
The bells would ring in Notre Dame !
Some of his skill he taught to me ;
And, Warrior, I could say to thee
The words that cleft Eildon hills in three,
And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone.
But to speak them were a deadly sin ;
And for having but thought them my heart within,
A treble penance must be done.

140

XIV.

“ When Michael lay on his dying bed, 150
His conscience was awakened :
He bethought him of his sinful deed,
And he gave me a sign to come with speed :
I was in Spain when the morning rose,
But I stood by his bed ere evening close.
The words may not again be said,
That he spoke to me, on death-bed laid ;

They would rend this Abbaye's massy nave,
And pile it in heaps above his grave.

XV.

"I swore to bury his Mighty Book,
That never mortal might therein look :
And never to tell wherè it was hid,
Save at his Chief of Branksome's need :
And when that need was past and o'er,
Again the volume to restore.

I buried him on St. Michael's night,
When the bell toll'd one, and the moon was bright,
And I dug his chamber among the dead,
When the floor of the chancel was stained red,
That his patron's cross might over him wave, 170
And scare the fiends from the Wizard's grave.

XVI.

"It was a night of woe and dread,
When Michael in the tomb I laid !
Strange sounds along the chancel pass'd,
The banners waved without a blast,"—
—Still spoke the Monk, when the bell toll'd one !—
I tell you, that a braver man
Than William of Deloraine, good at need,
Against a foe ne'er spurr'd a steed ;
Yet somewhat was he chill'd with dread, 180
And his hair did bristle upon his head.

XVII.

"Lo, Warrior ! now the Cross of Red
Points to the grave of the mighty dead ;
Within it burns a wondrous light,
To chase the spirits that love the night :
That lamp shall burn unquenchably,
Until the eternal doom shall be."—

Slow moved the Monk to the broad flagstone,
Which the bloody Cross was traced upon :

He pointed to a secret nook ; 190
An iron bar the Warrior took ;
And the Monk made a sign with his wither'd hand,
The grave's huge portal to expand.

XVIII.

With beating heart to the task he went ;
His sinewy frame o'er the grave-stone bent ;
With bar of iron heaved amain,
Till the toil-drops fell from his brows, like rain.
It was by dint of passing strength,
That he moved the massy stone at length.

I would you had been there, to see 200
How the light broke forth so gloriously,
Stream'd upward to the chancel roof,
And through the galleries far aloof !
No earthly flame blazed e'er so bright :
It shone like heaven's own blessed light,
And, issuing from the tomb,
Show'd the Monk's cowl, and visage pale,
Danced on the dark-brow'd Warrior's mail,
And kiss'd his waving plume.

XIX.

Before their eyes the Wizard lay, 210
As if he had not been dead a day.
His hoary beard in silver roll'd,
He seem'd some seventy winters old ;
A palmer's amice wrapp'd him round,
With a wrought Spanish baldric bound,
Like a pilgrim from beyond the sea :
His left hand held his Book of Might ;
A silver cross was in his right ;
The lamp was placed beside his knee :

High and majestic was his look,
At which the fellest fiends had shook,
And all unruffled was his face :
They trusted his soul had gotten grace.

220

XX.

Often had William of Deloraine
Rode through the battle's bloody plain,
And trampled down the warriors slain,
 And neither known remorse nor awe ;
Yet now remorse and awe he oyn'd ;
His breath came thick, his head swam round,
When this strange scene of death he saw.
Bewilder'd and unnerved he stood,
And the priest pray'd fervently and loud :
With eyes averted prayed he ;
He might not endure the sight to see,
Of the man he had loved so brotherly.

230

XXI.

And when the priest his death-prayer had pray'd,
Thus unto Deloraine he said :—
“Now, speed thee what thou hast to do,
Or, Warrior, we may dearly rue ;
For, those, thou mayst not look upon,
Are gathering fast round the ‘yawning stone !’”
Then Deloraine, in terror, took
From the cold hand the Mighty Book,
With iron clasp'd, and with iron bound :
He thought, as he took it, the dead man frown'd ;
But the glare of the sepulchral light,
Perchance, had dazzled the Warrior's sight.

240

XXII.

When the huge stone sunk o'er the tomb,
The night return'd in double gloom :

For the moon had gone down, and the stars were few ;
 And, as the Knight and Priest withdrew, 251
 With wavering steps and dizzy brain,
 They hardly might the postern gain.
 'Tis said, as through the aisles they pass'd,
 They heard strange noises on the blast ;
 And through the cloister-galleries small,
 Which at mid-height thread the chancel wall,
 Loud sobs, and laughter louder, ran,
 And voices unlike the voice of man ;
 As if the fiends kept holiday, 260
 Because these spells were brought to day.
 I cannot tell how the truth may be ;
 I say the tale as 'twas said to me.

XXIII.

"Now, hie thee hence," the Father said,
 "And when we are on death-bed laid,
 O may our dear Ladye, and sweet St. John,
 Forgive our souls for the deed we have done !"
 The Monk return'd him to his cell,
 And many a prayer and penance sped ;
 When the convent met at the noon-tide bell— 270
 The Monk of St. Mary's aisle was dead !
 Before the cross was the body laid,
 With hands clasp'd fast, as if still he pray'd.

XXIV.

The Knight breathed free in the morning wind,
 And strove his hardihood to find :
 He was glad when he pass'd the tomb-stones grey,
 Which girdle round the fair Abbaye ;
 For the mystic Book, to his bosom prest,
 Felt like a load upon his breast ;
 And his joints, with nerves of iron twined, 280

Shook, like the aspen leaves in wind.
 Full fain was he when the dawn of day,
 Began to brighten Cheviot grey ;
 He joy'd to see the cheerful light,
 And he said Ave Mary, as well as he might.

XXV.

The sun had brighten'd Cheviot grey,
 The sun had brighten'd the Carter's side ;
 And soon beneath the rising day
 Smiled Branksome towers and Teviot's tide.
 The wild birds told their warbling tale,
 And waken'd every flower that blows ;
 And peeped forth the violet pale,
 And spread her breast the mountain rose.
 And lovelier than the rose so red,
 Yet paler than the violet pale,
 She early left her sleepless bed,
 The fairest maid of Teviotdale.

290

XXVI.

Why does fair Margaret so early awake,
 And don her kirtle so hastilie ;
 And the silken knots, which in hurfy she would make,
 Why tremble her slender fingers to tie ;
 Why does she stop, and look often around,
 As she glides down the secret stair ;
 And why does she pat the shaggy blood-hound,
 As she rouses him up from his lair ;
 And, though she passes the postern alone,
 Why is not the watchman's bugle blown ?

301

XXVII.

The Ladye steps in doubt and dread,
 Lest her watchful mother hear her tread ;

The Ladye caresses the rough blood-hound, 310
Lest his voice should waken the castle round ;
The watchman's bugle is not blown,
For he was her foster-father's son ;
And she glides through the greenwood at dawn of
light,
To meet Baron Henry, her own true knight.

XXVIII.

The Knight and Ladye fair are met,
And under the hawthorn's boughs are set.
A fairer pair were never seen
To meet beneath the hawthorn green.
He was stately, and young, and tall ;
Dreaded in battle, and loved in hall :
And she, when love, scarce told, scarce hid,
Lent to her cheek a livelier red ;
Whon the half sigh her swelling breast
Against the silken ribbon prest ;
When her blue eyes their secret told,
Though shaded by her locks of gold—
Where would you find the peerless fair,
With Margaret of Branksome might compare !

XXIX.

And now, fair dames, methinks I see
You listen to my minstrelsy :
Your waving locks ye backward throw,
And sidelong bend your necks of snow :
Ye ween to hear a melting tale,
Of two true lovers in a dale ;
And how the Knight, with tender fire,
To paint his faithful passion strove ;
Swore he might at her feet expire,
But never, never cease to love :

And how she blush'd and how she sigh'd,
And, half consenting, half denied,
And said that she would die a maid ;—
Yet, might the bloody feud be stay'd,
Henry of Cranstoun, and only he,
Margaret of Branksome's choice should be.

340

XXX.

Alas ! fair dames, your hopes are vain !
My harp has lost the enchanting strain ;
Its lightness would my age reprove :
My hairs are grey, my limbs are old,
My heart is dead, my veins are cold :
I may not, must not, sing of love.

350

XXXI.

Beneath an oak, moss'd o'er by eild,
The Baron's Dwarf his courser held,
And held his crested helm and spear :
That Dwarf was scarce an earthly man,
If the tales were true that of him ran
Through all the Border, far and near.
Twas said, when the Baron a-hunting rode
Through Reedsdale's glens, but rarely trode,
He heard a voice cry, " Lost ! lost ! lost !"
And, like tennis-ball by racket toss'd,
A leap, of thirty feet and three,
Made from the gorse this elfin shape,
Distorted like some dwarfish ape,
And lighted at Lord Cranstoun's knee.
Lord Cranstoun was some whit dismay'd ;
'Tis said that five good miles he rade,
To rid him of his company ;
But where he rode one mile, the Dwarf ran four,
And the Dwarf was first at the castle door.

360

370

XXXII.

Use lessens marvel, it is said :
This elvish Dwarf with the Baron staid :
Little he ate, and less he spoke,
Nor mingled with the menial flock :
And oft apart his arms he toss'd,
And often mutter'd "Lost ! lost ! lost !"
He was waspish, arch, and litherlie,
But well Lord Cranstoun served he :
And he of his service was full fain ;
For once he had been ta'en or slain, 380
An it had not been for his ministry.
All between Home and Hermitage,
Talk'd of Lord Cranstoun's Goblin-Page.

XXXIII.

For the Baron went on pilgrimage,
And took with him this elvish Page,
To Mary's Chapel of the Lowes :
For there, beside our Ladye's lake,
An offering he had sworn to make,
And he would pay his vows.
But the Ladye of Branksome gather'd a band 390
Of the best that would ride at her command :
The trysting-place was Newark Lee.
Wat of Harden came thither anain,
And thither came John of Thirlestane,
And thither came William of Deloraine ;
They were three hundred spears and three.
Through Douglas-burn, up Yarrow stream,
Their horses prance, their lances gleam.
They came to St. Mary's lake ere day ;
But the chapel was void, and the Baron away. 400
They burn'd the chapel for very rage,
And cursed Lord Cranstoun's Goblin-Page.

XXXIV.

And now, in Branksome's good greenwood,
 As under the aged oak he stood,
 The Baron's courser pricks his ears,
 As if a distant noise he hears.
 The Dwarf waves his long lean arm on high,
 And signs to the lovers to part and fly :
 No time was then to vow or sigh.
 Fair Margaret through the hazel grove,
 Flew like the startled cushat-dove :
 The Dwarf the stirrup held and rein ;
 Vaulted the knight on his steed amain,
 And, pondering deep that morning's scene,
 Rode eastward through the hawthorns green.

410

WHILE thus he pour'd the lengthen'd tale,
 The Minstrel's voice began to fail :
 Full slyly smiled the observant page,
 And gave the wither'd hand of age
 A goblet, crown'd with mighty wine,
 The blood of Velez' scorched vine.
 He raised the silver cup on high,
 And, while the big drop fill'd his eye,
 Pray'd God to bless the Duchess long,
 And all who cheer'd a son of song.
 The attending maidens smiled to see
 How long, how deep, how zealously,
 The precious juice the Minstrel quaff'd ;
 And he, embolden'd by the draught,
 Look'd gaily back to them, and laugh'd.
 The cordial nectar of the bowl
 Swell'd his old veins, and cheer'd his soul ;
 A lighter, livelier prelude ran,
 Ere thus his tale again began.

420

430

CANTO THIRD.

I.

AND said I that my limbs were old,
 And said I that my blood was cold,
 And that my kindly fire was fled,
 And my poor wither'd heart was dead,
 And that I might not sing of love ?—
 How could I, to the dearest theme
 That ever warm'd a minstrel's dream,
 So foul, so false a recreant prove !
 How could I name love's very name,
 Nor wake my heart to notes of flame !

10

II.

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed ;
 In war, he mounts the warrior's steed ;
 In halls, in gay attire is seen ;
 In hamlets, dances on the green.
 Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
 And men below, and saints above ;
 For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

III.

So thought Lord Cranstoun, as I ween,
 While, pondering deep the tender scene,
 He rode through Branksome's hawthorn green. 20
 But the Page shouted wild and shrill,
 And scarce his helmet could he don,
 When downward from the shady hill
 A stately knight came pricking on.
 That warrior's steed, so dapple-grey,
 Was dark with sweat, and splash'd with clay ;
 His armour red with many a stain :
 He seem'd in such a weary plight,

As if he had ridden the live-long night ;
 For it was William of Deloraine.

30

IV.

But no whit weary did he seem,
 When, dancing in the sunny beam,
 He mark'd the crane on the Baron's crest ;
 For his ready spear was in his rest.

Few were the words, and stern and high,
 That mark'd the foemen's feudal hate ;
 For question fierce, and proud reply,
 Give signal soon of dire debate.

Their very coursers seem'd to know
 That each was other's mortal foe,
 And snorted fire, when wheel'd around,
 To give each knight his vantage-ground.

40

V.

In rapid round the Baron bent ;
 He sigh'd a sigh, and pray'd a prayer ;
 The prayer was to his patron saint,
 The sigh was to his ladye fair.
 Stout Deloraine nor sigh'd nor pray'd,
 Nor saint, nor ladye, call'd to aid ;
 But he stoop'd his head, and couch'd his spear,
 And spurr'd his steed to full career.
 The meeting of these champions proud
 Seem'd like the bursting thunder-cloud.

56

VI.

Stern was the dint the Borderer lent !
 The stately Baron backwards bent ;
 Bent backwards to his horse's tail,
 And his plumes went scattering on the gale :
 The tough ash spear, so stout and true,
 Into a thousand flinders flew.

But Cranstoun's lance, of more avail,
 Pierced through, like silk, the Borderer's mail ; 60
 Through shield, and jack, and acton, past,
 Deep in his bosom broke at last.—
 Still sate the warrior, saddle-fast,
 Till, stumbling in the mortal shock,
 Down went the steed, the girthing broke,
 Hurl'd on a heap lay man and horse.
 The Baron onward pass'd his course ;
 Nor knew—so giddy roll'd his brain—
 His foe lay stretch'd upon the plain.

VII.

But when he rein'd his courser round,
 And saw his foeman on the ground 70
 Lie senseless as the bloody clay,
 He bade his page to stanch the wound,
 And there beside the warrior stay,
 And tend him in his doubtful state,
 And lead him to Branksome castle-gate :
 His noble mind was inly moved
 For the kinsman of the maid he loved.
 "This shalt thou do without delay :
 No longer here myself may stay ; 80
 Unless the swifter I speed away,
 Short shrift will be at my dying day."

VIII.

Away in speed Lord Cranstoun rode ;
 The Goblin-Page behind abode ;
 His lord's command he ne'er withstood,
 Though small his pleasure to do good.
 As the corslet off he took,
 The dwarf espied the Mighty Book !
 Much he marvell'd a knight of pride,
 Like a book-bosom'd priest should ride : 90

He thought not to search or stanch the wound,
Until the secret he had found.

IX.

The iron band, the iron clasp,
Resisted long the elfin grasp :
For when the first he had undone,
It closed as he the next begun.
Those iron clasps, that iron band,
Would not yield to unchristen'd hand,
Till he smear'd the cover o'er
With the Borderer's curdled gore ; 100
A moment then the volume spread,
And one short spell therein he read,
It had much of glamour might,
Could make a ladye seem a knight ;
The cobwebs on a dungeon wall
Seen tapistry in lordly hall ;
A nut-shell seem a gilded barge,
A sheeling seem a palace large,
And youth seem age, and age seem youth.
All was delusion, nought was truth. 110

X.

He had not read another spell,
When on his cheek a buffet fell,
So fierce, it stretch'd him on the plain,
Beside the wounded Deloraine.
From the ground he rose dismay'd,
And shook his huge and matted head ;
One word he mutter'd and no more,
" Man of age, thou smitest sore ! "
No more the Elfin Page durst try
Into the wondrous Book to pry ; 120
The clasps, though smear'd with Christian gore,

Shut faster than they were before.
He hid it underneath his cloak —
Now, if you ask who gave the stroke
I cannot tell, so mot I thrive ;
It was not given by man alive.

XI.

Unwillingly himself he address'd
To do his master's high behest :
He lifted up the living corse,
And laid it on the weary horse ;
He led him into Branksome Hall,
Before the beards of the warders all
And each did after swear and say,
There only pass'd a wain of hay.
He took him to Lord David's tower,
Even to the Ladye's secret bower ;
And, but that stronger spells were spread,
And the door might not be opened,
He had laid him on her very bed.
Whate'er he did of gramarye,
Was always done maliciously ;
He flung the warrior on the ground,
And the blood well'd freshly from the wound.

130

140

XII.

As he repass'd the outer court,
He spied the fair young child at sport :
He thought to train him to the wood ;
For, at a word, be it understood,
He was always for ill, and never for good.
Seem'd to the boy, some comrade gay
Led him forth to the woods to play ;
On the drawbridge the warders stout
Saw a terrier and lurcher passing out.

150

XIII.

He led the boy o'er bank and fell,
 Until they came to a woodland brook ;
 The running stream dissolved the spell,
 And his own elvish shape he took.
 Could he have had his pleasure vilde,
 He had crippled the joints of the noble child ;
 Or, with his fingers long and lean,
 Had strangled him in fiendish spleen : 160
 But his awful mother he had in dread,
 And also his power was limited ;
 So he but scowl'd on the startled child,
 And darted through the forest wild ;
 The woodland brook he bounding cross'd,
 And laugh'd, and shouted, " Lost ! lost ! lost !"—

XIV.

Full sore amazed at the wondrous change,
 And frightend as a child might be;
 At the wild yell and visage strange,
 And the dark words of gramarye,
 The child, amidst the forest bower,
 Stood rooted like a lily flower ; 170
 And when at length, with trembling pace,
 He sought to find where Branksome lay,
 He fear'd to see that grisly face
 Glare from some thicket on his way.
 Thus, starting oft, he journey'd on,
 And deeper in the wood is gone,—
 For aye the more he sought his way,
 The farther still he went astray,—
 Until he heard the mountains round 180
 Ring to the baying of a hound.

XV.

And hark ! and hark ! the deep-mouth'd bark
Comes nigher still, and nigher :
Bursts on the path a dark blood-hound,
His tawny muzzle track'd the ground,
And his red eye shot fire.
Soon as the wilder'd child saw he,
He flew at him right furiouslie.
I ween you would have seen with joy 190
The bearing of the gallant boy,
When, worthy of his noble sire,
His wet cheek glow'd 'twixt fear and ire !
He faced the blood-hound manfully,
And held his little bat on high ;
So fierce he struck, the dog, afraid,
At cautious distânce hoarsely bay'd,
But still in act to spring ;
When dash'd an archer through the glâdy,
And when he saw the hound was stay'd, 200
He drew his tough bow-string ;
But a rough voice cried, " Shoot not, hoy !
Ho ! shoot not, Edward--'Tis a boy ! "

XVI.

The speaker issued from the wood,
And check'd his fellow's surly mood,
And quell'd the ban-dog's ire :
He was an English yeoman good,
And born in Lancashire.
Well could he hit a fallow-deer
Five hundred feet him fro ; 210
With hand more true, and eye more clear,
No archer bended bow.
His coal-black hair, shorn round and close,
Set off his sun-burn'd face :

Old England's sign, St. George's cross,
 His barret-cap did grace ;
 His bugle-horn hung by his side,
 All in a wolf-skin baldric tied ;
 And his short falchion, sharp and clear,
 Had pierced the throat of many a deer.

220

XVII.

His kirtle, made of forest green,
 Reach'd scantily to his knee ;
 And, at his belt, of arrows keen
 A furbish'd sheaf bore he ;
 His buckler, scarce in breadth a span,
 No larger fence had he ;
 He never counted him a man,
 Would strike below the knee :
 His slacken'd bow was in his hand,
 And the leash, that was his blood-hound's band. 230

XVIII.

He would not do the fair child harm,
 But held him with his powerful arm,
 That he might neither fight nor flee ;
 For when the Red-Cross spied he,
 The boy strove long and violently.
 "Now, by St. George," the archer cries,
 "Edward, methinks we have a prize !
 This boy's fair face, and courage free,
 Show he is come of high degree."—

XIX.

"Yes ! I am come of high degree,
 For I am the heir of bold Buccleuch ;
 And, if thou dost not set me free,
 False Southron, thou shalt dearly rue !

240

For Walter of Harden shall come with speed,
 And William of Deloraine, good at need,
 And every Scott, from Esk to Tweed ;
 And, if thou dost not let me go,
 Despite thy arrows, and thy bow,
 I'll have thee hang'd to feed the crow !”

XX.

“Gramercy, for thy good-will, fair boy !
 My mind was never set so high ;
 But if thou art chief of such a clan,
 And art the son of such a man,
 And ever comest to thy command,
 Our wardens had need to keep good order ;
 My bow of yew to a hazel wand,
 Thou'l make them work upon the Border.
 Meantime, be pleased to come with me,
 For good Lord Dacre shalt thou see ;
 I think our work is well begun,
 When we have taken thy father's son.”

250

260

XXI.

Although the child was led away,
 In Branksome still he seem'd to stay,
 For so the Dwarf his part did play ;
 And, in the shape of that young boy,
 He wrought the castle much annoy
 The comrades of the young Buccleuch
 He pinch'd, and beat, and overthrew ;
 Nay, some of them he wellnigh slew.
 He tore Dame Maudlin's silken tire,
 And, as Sym Hall stood by the fire,
 He lighted the match of his handelier,
 And wofully scorch'd the hackbuteer.
 It may be hardly thought or said,

270

The mischief that the urchin made,
Till many of the castle guess'd,
That the young Baron was possess'd !

XXII.

Well I ween the charm he held
The noble Ladye had soon dispell'd ;
But she was deeply busied then
To tend the wounded Deloraine.

280

Much she wonder'd to find him lie,
On the stone threshold stretch'd along ;
She thought some spirit of the sky
Had done the bold moss-trooper wrong,
Because, despite her precept dread,
Perchance he in the Book had read ;
But the broken lance in his bosom stood,
And it was earthly steel and wood.

XXIII.

She drew the splinter from the wound,
And with a charm she stanch'd the blood ;
She bade the gash be cleansed and bound :
No longer by his couch she stood ;
But she has ta'en the broken lance,

290

And wash'd it from the clotted gore,
And salved the splinter o'er and o'er.
William of Deloraine, in trance,
Whene'er she turned it round and round,

Twisted as if she gall'd his wound.

Then to her maidens she did say,
That he should be whole man and sound,
Within the course of a night and day.
Full long she toil'd ; for she did rue
Mishap to friend so stout and true.

300

100031

XXIV.

So pass'd the day—the evening fell,
 'Twas near the time of curfew bell :
 The air was mild, the wind was calm,
 The stream was smooth, the dew was balm ;
 E'en the rude watchman, on the tower,
 Enjoy'd and bless'd the lovely hour.
 Far more fair Margaret loved and bless'd
 The hour of silence and of rest.
 On the high turret sitting lone,
 She waked at times the lute's soft tone ;
 Touch'd a wild note, and all between
 Thought of the bower of hawthorns green.
 Her golden hair stream'd free from band,
 Her fair cheek rested on her hand,
 Her blue eyes sought the west afar,
 For lovers love the western star.

310

320

XXV.

Is yon the star, o'er Penchryst Pen,
 That rises slowly to her ken,
 And, spreading broad its wavering light,
 Shakes its loose tresses on the night ?
 Is yon red glare the western star ?—
 O, 'tis the beacon-blaze of war !
 Scarce could she draw her tighten'd breath,
 For well she knew the fire of death !

XXVI.

The Warden view'd it blazing strong,
 And blew his war-note loud and long,
 Till, at the high and haughty sound,
 Rock, wood, and river, rung around.
 The blast alarm'd the festal hall,

330

And startled forth the warriors all ;
 Far downward, in the castle yard,
 Full many a torch and cresset glared ;
 And helms and plumes, confusedly toss'd,
 Were in the blaze half-seen, half-lost ;
 And spears in wild disorder shook,
 Like reeds beside a frozen brook.

340

XXVII.

The Seneschal, whose silver hair
 Was redd'n'd by the torches' glare,
 Stood in the midst, with gesture proud,
 And issued forth his mandates loud :—
 “On Penchryst glows a bale of fire,
 And three are kindling on Priesthaughswire ;
 Ride out, ride out,
 The foe to scout !”
 Mount, mount for Branksome, every man !
 Thou, Todrig, warn the Johnstone clan,
 That ever are true and stout—
 Ye need not send to Liddesdale ;
 For when they see the blazing bale,
 Elliots and Armstrongs never fail.—
 Ride, Alton, ride, for death and life !
 And warn the Warden of the strife.
 Young Gilbert, let our beacon blaze,
 Our kin, and clans, and friends, to raise.”

350

XXVIII.

Fair Margaret, from the turret head,
 Heard, far below, the coursers' tread,
 While loud the harness rung,
 As to their seats, with clamour dread,
 The ready horsemen sprung :

360

And trampling hoofs, and iron coats,
And leaders' voices, mingled notes,

 And out ! and out !

 In hasty rout,

The horsemen gallop'd forth ;
Dispersing to the south to scout,

 And east, and west, and north,
To view their coming enemies,

 And warn their vassals and allies.

370

XXIX.

The ready page, with hurried hand,
Awaked the need-fire's slumbering brand,

 And ruddy blush'd the heaven :

For a sheet of flame, from the turret high,
Waved like a blood-flag on the sky,

 All flaring and uneven ;

And soon a score of fires, I ween,
From height, and hill, and cliff, were seen ;

380

Each with warlike tidings fraught ;

Each from each the signal caught ;

Each after each they glanced to sight,
As stars arise upon the night.

They gleam'd on many a dusky tarn,
Haunted by the lonely earn ;

On many a cairn's grey pyramid,

Where urns of mighty chiefs lie hid ;

Till high Dunedin the blazes saw,

From Soltra and Dumpender Law ;

And Lothian heard the Regent's order,

That all should bowne them for the Border.

390

XXX.

The livelong night in Branksome rang

 The ceaseless sound of steel ;

The castle-bell, with backward clang,
 Sent forth the larum peal :
 Was frequent heard the heavy jar,
 Where massy stone and iron bar
 Were piled on echoing keep and tower,
 To whelm the foe with deadly shower ;
 Was frequent heard the changing guard,
 And watch-word from the sleepless ward ;
 While, wearied by the endless din,
 Blood-hound and ban-dog yell'd within.

400

XXXI.

The noble Dame, amid the broil,
 Shared the grey Seneschal's high toil,
 And spoke of danger with a smile ;
 Cheer'd the young knights, and council sage
 Held with the chiefs of riper age.
 No tidings of the foe were brought,

410

Nor of his numbers knew they aught,
 Nor what in time of truce he sought.

Some said that there were thousands ten ;
 And others ween'd that it was nought

But Leven Clans, or Tynedale men,
 Who came to gather in black mail ;
 And Liddesdale, with small avail,

Might drive them lightly back agen.
 So pass'd the anxious night away,
 And welcome was the peep of day.

420

CEASED the high sound—the listening throng
 Applaud the Master of the Song ;
 And marvel much, in helpless age,
 So hard should be his pilgrimage.
 Had he no friend--no daughter dear,

His wandering toil to share and cheer ;
 No son to be his father's stay,
 And guide him on the rugged way ?
 " Ay, once he had—but he was dead ! "—
 Upon the harp he stoop'd his head,
 And busied himself the strings withal,
 To hide the tear, that fain would fall.
 In solemn measure, soft and slow,
 Arose a father's notes of woe.

430

CANTO FOURTH.

I.

SWEET Teviot ! on thy silver tide
 The glaring bale-fires blaze no more ;
 No longer steel-clad warriors ride
 Along thy wild and willow'd shore ;
 Where'er thou wind'st, by dale or hill,
 All, all is peaceful, all is still,
 As if thy waves, since Time was born,
 Since first they roll'd upon the Tweed,
 Had only heard the shepherd's reed,
 Nor started at the bugle-horn.

10

II.

Unlike the tide of human time,
 Which, though it change in ceaseless flow,
 Retains each grief, retains each crime
 Its earliest course was doom'd to know ;
 And, darker as it downward bears,
 Is stained with past and present tears.
 Low as that tide has ebb'd with me,
 It still reflects to Memory's eye
 The hour my brave, my only boy,
 Fell by the side of great Dundee.

20

Why, when the volleying musket play'd
 Against the bloody Highland blade,
 Why was not I beside him laid ?—
 Enough—he died the death of fame ;
 Enough—he died with conquering Græme.

III.

Now over Border dale and fell,
 Full wide and far was terror spread ;
 For pathless marsh, and mountain cell,
 The peasant left his lowly shed.
 The frighten'd flocks and herds were pent
 Beneath the peel's rude battlement ;
 And maids and matrons dropp'd the tear,
 While ready warriors seiz'd the spear.
 From Branksome's towers, the watchman's eye
 Dun wreaths of distant smoke can spy,
 Which, curling in the rising sun,
 Show'd southern ravage was begun.

30

IV.

Now loud the heedful gate-ward cried—
 “ Prepare ye all for blows and blood !
 Watt Tinlinn, from the Liddel-side,
 Comes wading through the flood.
 Full oft the Tynedale snatchers knock
 At his lone gate, and prove the lock ;
 It was but last St. Barnabright
 They sieged him a whole summer night,
 But fled at morning ; well they knew
 In vain he never twang'd the yew.
 Right sharp has been the evening shower
 That droye him from his Liddel tower :
 And, by my faith,” the gate-ward said,
 “ I think 'twill prove a Warden-Raid.”

40

50

V.

While thus he spoke, the bold yeoman
Entered the echoing barbican.
He led a small and shaggy nag,
That through a bog, from hag to hag,
Could bound like any Billhope stag.
It bore his wife and children twain ;
A half-clothed serf was all their train ;
His wife, stout, ruddy, and dark-brow'd,
Of silver brooch and bracelet proud,
Laughed to her friends among the crowd.
He was of stature passing tall,
But sparely formed, and lean withal ;
A batter'd morion on his brow ;
A leather jack, as fence enow,
On his broad shoulders loosely hung ;
A Border axe behind was slung ;
His spear, six Scottish ells in length,
Seemed newly dyed with gore ;
His shafts and bow, of wondrous strength,
His hardy partner bore.

60

70

VI.

Thus to the Ladye did Tinlinn show
The tidings of the English foe :—
“Belted Will Howard is marching here,
And hot Lord Dacre, with many a spear,
And all the German hackbut-men,
Who have long lain at Askerten :
They cross'd the Liddel at curfew hour,
And burned my little lonely tower :
The fiend receive their souls therefor !
It had not been burnt this year and more.
Barn-yard and dwelling, blazing bright,
Served to guide me on my flight ;

80

But I was chased the livelong night.
 Black John of Akeshaw, and Fergus Graeme,
 Fast upon my traces came,
 Until I turned at Priesthaugh Scrogg,
 And shot their horses in the bog,
 Slew Fergus with my lance outright—
 I had him long at high despite :
 He drove my cows last Eastern's night."

90

VII.

Now weary scouts from Liddesdale,
 Fast hurrying in, confirm'd the tale ;
 As far as they could judge by ken,

Three hours would bring to Teviot's strand
 Three thousand arm'd Englishmen—

Meanwhile, full many a warlike band,
 From Teviot, Aill, and Ettrick shade,
 Came in, their Chief's defence to aid.

There was saddling and mounting in baste,

100

There was pricking o'er moor and lea ;
 He that was last at the trysting-place
 Was but lightly held of his gay ladye.

VIII.

From fair St. Mary's silver wave,

From dreary Gamescleugh's dusky height,
 His ready lances Thirlestane brave
 Array'd beneath a banner bright.

The treasured fleur-de-luce he claims,
 To wreath his shield, since royal James,
 Encamp'd by Fala's mossy wave,

The proud distinction grateful gave,
 For faith 'mid feudal jars ;
 What time, save Thirlestane alone,

Of Scotland's stubborn barons none
 Would march to southern wars ;

110

And hence, in fair remembrance worn,
 You sheaf of spears his crest has borne ;
 Hence his high motto shines reveal'd—
 "Ready, aye ready," for the field.

IX.

An aged Knight, to danger steel'd,
 With many a moss-trooper came on ;
 And azure in a golden field,
 The stars and crescent graced his shield,
 Without the bend of Murdieston.
 Wide lay his lands round Oakwood tower,
 And wide round haunted Castle-Ower ;
 High over Borthwick's mountain flood,
 His wood-embosom'd mansion stood ;
 In the dark glen, so deep below,
 The herds of plunder'd England low ;
 His bold retainers' daily food,
 And bought with danger, blows, and blood.

Marauding chief ! his sole delight
 The moonlight raid, the morning fight ;
 Not even the Flower of Yarrow's charms,
 In youth, might tame his rage for arms ;
 And still, in age, he spurn'd at rest,
 And still his brows the helmet press'd,
 Albeit the blanched locks below
 Were white as Dinlay's spotless snow :

Five stately warriors drew the sword
 Before their father's band ;
 A braver knight than Harden's lord
 Ne'er belted on a brand.

120

130

140

X.

Scots of Eskdale, a stalwart band,
 Came trooping down the Todshawhill :

By the sword they won their land,
 And by the sword they hold it still.
 Hearken, Ladye, to the tale,
 How thy sires won fair Eskdale. 150
 Earl Morton was lord of that valley fair,
 The Beattisons were his vassals there.
 The Earl was gentle, and mild of mood,
 The vassals were warlike, and fierce, and rude ;
 High of heart, and haughty of word,
 Little they reck'd of a tame liege Lord.
 The Earl into fair Eskdale came
 Homage and seignory to claim :
 Of Gilbert the Galliard a heriot he sought,
 Saying, " Give thy best steed, as a vassal ought." 160
 —" Dear to me is my bonny white steed,
 Oft has he help'd me at pinches of need ;
 Lord and Earl though thou be, I trow,
 I cap rein Bucksfoot better than thou."
 Word on word gave fuel to fire,
 Till so highly-blazed the Beattison's ire,
 But that the Earl the flight had ta'en,
 The vassals there their lord had slain.
 Sore he plied both whip and spur,
 As he urged his steed through Eskdale muir ; 170
 And it fell down a weary weight,
 Just on the threshold of Branksome gate.

XL

The Earl was a wrathful man to see,
 Full fain avenged would he be.
 In haste to Branksome's Lord he spoke,
 Saying, " Take these traitors to thy yoke ;
 For a cast of hawks, and a purse of gold,
 All Eskdale I'll sell thee, to have and hold :
 Beshrew thy heart, of the Beattisons' clan !

If thou leavest on Eske a landed man ;
 But spare Woodkerrick's lands alone,
 For he lent me his horse to escape upon." 180
 A glad man then was Branksome bold,
 Down he flung him the purse of gold ;
 To Eskdale soon he spurr'd amain,
 And with him five hundred riders has ta'en.
 He left his merrymen in the mist of the hill,
 And bade them hold them close and still ;
 And alone he wended to the plain,
 To meet with the Galliard and all his train.
 To Gilbert the Galliard thus he said :
 " Know thou me for thy liege-lord and head ;
 Deal not with me as with Morton tame,
 For Scotts play best at the roughest game.
 Give me in peace my heriot due,
 Thy bonny white steed, or thou shalt rue.
 Is my horn I three times wind,
 Eskdale shall long have the sound in mind."—

190

XII.

Loudly the Beattison laugh'd in scorn ;
 " Little care we for thy winded horn. 200
 Ne'er shall it be the Galliard's lot
 To yield his steed to a haughty Scott.
 Wend thou to Branksome back on foot,
 With rusty spur and miry boot."—
 He blew his bugle so loud and hoarse,
 That the dun deer started at fair Craikcross ;
 He blew again so loud and clear,
 Through the grey mountain-mist there did lances
 appear ;
 And the third blast rang with such a din,
 That the echoes answer'd from Pentounlinn,
 And all his riders came lightly in. 210

Then had you seen a gallant shock,
 When saddles were emptied, and lances broke !
 For each scornful word the Galliard had said,
 A Beattison on the field was laid.
 His own good sword the chieftain drew,
 And he bore the Galliard through and through ;
 Where the Beattisons' blood mix'd with the rill,
 The Galliard's Haugh men call it still.
 The Scotts have scatter'd the Beattison clan, 220
 In Eskdale they left but one landed man.
 The valley of Eske, from the mouth to the source,
 Was lost and won for that bonny white horse.

XIII.

Whitslade the Hawk, and Headshaw came,
 And warriors more than I may name,
 From Yarrow-cleugh to Hindhaugh-swair,
 From Woodhouselie to Chester-glen.
 Troop'd man and horse, and bow and spear ;
 Their gathering word was Bellenden.
 And better hearts o'er Border sod 230
 To siege or rescue never rode.
 The Ladye mark'd the aids come in,
 And high her heart of pride arose :
 She bade her youthful son attend,
 That he might know his father's friend,
 And learn to face his foes.
 "The boy is ripe to look on war ;
 I saw him draw a cross-bow stiff,
 And his true arrow struck afar
 The raven's nest upon the cliff ; 240
 The red cross, on a southern breast,
 Is broader than the raven's nest :
 Thou, Whitslade, shalt teach him his weapon to wield,
 And o'er him hold his father's shield."—

XIV.

Well may you think, the wily page
Cared not to face the Ladye sage.
He counterfeited childish fear,
And shriek'd, and shed full many a tear,
And moan'd and plain'd in manner wild.

The attendants to the Ladye told,
Some fairy, sure, had changed the child,
That wont to be so free and bold.

Then wrathful was the noble dame ;
She blush'd blood-red for very shame :—
“Hence ! ere the clan his faintness view ;
Hence with the weakling to Buccleuch !—
Watt Tinlinn, thou shalt be his guide
To Rangleburn's lonely side.—
Sure some fell fiend has cursed our line,
That coward should ere be son of mine !”—

250

260

XV.

A heavy task Watt Tinlinn had,
To guide the counterfeited lad.
Soon as the palfrey felt the weight
Of that ill-omen'd elfish freight,
He bolted, sprung, and rear'd amain,
Nor heeded bit, nor curb, nor rein.

It cost Watt Tinlinn mickle toil
To drive him but a Scottish mile ;
But as a shallow brook they cross'd,

The elf, amid the running stream,
His figure chang'd, like form in dream,
And fled, and shouted, “Lost ! lost ! lost !”
Full fast the urchin ran and laugh'd,
But faster still a cloth-yard shaft
Whistled from startled Tinlinn's yew,
And pierced his shoulder through and through.

270

Although the imp might not be slain,
 And though the wound soon heald again,
 Yet, as he ran, he yell'd for pain ;
 And Watt of Tinlinn, much aghast,
 Rode back to Branksome fiery fast.

280

XVI.

Soon on the hill's steep verge he stood,
 That looks o'er Branksome's towers and wood ;
 And martial murmurs, from below,
 Proclaim'd the approaching southern foe.
 Through the dark wood, in mingled tone,
 Were Border pipes and bugles blown ;
 The coursers' neighing he could ken,
 A measured tread of marching men ;
 While broke at times the solemn hum,
 The Almaysn's sullen kettle-drum ;
 And banners tall, of crimson sheen,
 Above the copse appear ;
 And, glistening through the hawthorns green,
 Shine helm, and shield, and spear.

290

XVII.

Light forayers, first, to view the ground,
 Spurr'd their fleet coursers loosely round ;
 Behind, in closé array, and fast,
 The Kendal archers, all in green,
 Obedient to the bugle blast,
 Advancing from the wood were seen.
 To back and guard the archer band,
 Lord Dacre's bill-men were at hand :
 A hardy race, on Irthing bred,
 With kirtles white, and crosses red,
 Array'd beneath the banner tall,
 That stream'd o'er Acre's conquer'd wall ;

300

And minstrels, as they march'd in order,
Play'd, "Noble Lord Dacre, he dwells on the Border."

XVIII.

Behind the English bill and bow, 310
The mercenaries, firm and slow,
Moved on to fight, in dark array,
By Conrad led of Wolfenstein,
Who brought the band from distant Rhine,
And sold their blood for foreign pay.
The camp their home, their law the sword,
They knew no country, own'd no lord :
They were not arm'd like England's sons,
But bore the levin-darting guns ;
Buff coats, all frounced and 'broider'd o'er, 320
And morsing-horns and scarfs they wore ;
Each better knee was bared, to aid
The warriors in the escalade ;
All, as they march'd, in rugged tongue,
Songs of Teutonic feuds they sung.

XIX.

But louder still the clamour grew,
And louder still the minstrels blew,
When, from beneath the greenwood tree,
Rode forth Lord Howard's chivalry ;
His men-at-arms, with glaive and spear, 330
Brought up the battle's glittering rear.
There many a youthful knight, full keen
To gain his spurs, in arms was seen ;
With favour in his crest, or glove,
Memorial of his ladye-love.
So rode they forth in fair array,
Till full their lengthen'd lines display ;
Then call'd a halt, and made a stand,
And cried, "St. George, for merry England !"

XX.

Now every English eye, intent
On Branksome's armed towers was bent ;
So near they were, that they might know
The straining harsh of each cross-bow ;
On battlement and barbican
Gleam'd axe, and spear, and partisan ;
Falcon and culver, on each tower,
Stood prompt their deadly hail to shower ;
And flashing armour frequent broke
From eddying whirls of sable smoke,
Where upon tower and turret head,
The seething pitch and molten lead
Reek'd, like a witch's cauldron red.
While yet they gaze, the bridges fall,
The wicket opes, and from the wall
Rides forth the hoary Seneschal.

340

350

XXI.

Armed he rode, all save the head,
His white beard o'er his breast-plate spread ;
Unbroke by age, erect his seat,
He ruled his eager courser's gait ;
Forced him, with chasten'd fire, to prance,
And, high curvetting, slow advance :
In sign of truce, his better hand
Display'd a peeled willow wand ;
His squire, attending in the rear,
Bore high a gauntlet on a spear.
When they espied him riding out,
Lord Howard and Lord Daere stout
Sped to the front of their array,
To hear what this old knight should say.

360

xxii.

"Ye English warden lords, of you
 Demands the Ladye of Buccleuch,
 Why, 'gainst the truee of Border tide,
 In hostile guise ye dare to ride,
 With Kendal bow, and Gilsland brand,
 And all yon mercenary band,
 Upon the bounds of fair Scotland ?
 My Ladye reads you swith return ;
 And, if but one poor straw you burn,
 Or do our towers so much molest
 As scare one swallow from her nest,
 St. Mary ! but we'll light a brand
 Shall warm your hearths in Cumberland."—

380

xxiii.

A wrathful man was Dacre's lord,
 But calmer Howard took the word :
 " May't please thy Dame, Sir Seneschal,
 To seek the castle's outward wall,
 Our pursuivant-at-arms shall show
 Both why we came, and when we go."—
 The message sped, the noble Dame
 To the wall's outward circle came ;
 Each chief around lean'd on his spear,
 To see the pursuivant appear.
 All in Lord Howard's livery dress'd,
 The lion argent deck'd his breast ;
 He led a boy of blooming hue—
 O sight to meet a mother's view !
 It was the heir of great Buccleuch.
 Obeisance meet the herald made,
 And thus his master's will he said :—

390

XXIV.

"It irks, high Dame, my noble Lords,
'Gainst ladye fair to draw their swords :
But yet they may not tamely see,
All through the Western Wardens,
Your law-contemning kinsmen ride,
And burn and spoil the Border-side ;
And ill beseems your rank and birth
To make your towers a fleming-firth.
We claim from thee William of Deloraine,
That he may suffer march-treason pain.
It was but last St. Cuthbert's even
He prick'd to Stapleton on Leven,
Harried the lands of Richard Musgrave,
And slew his brother by dint of glaive.
Then, since a lone and widow'd Dame
These restless riders may not tame,
Either receive within thy towers
Two hundred of my master's powers,
Or straight they sound their warrison,
And storm and spoil thy garrison :
And this fair boy, to London led,
Shall good King Edward's page be bred "

xxv:

He ceased—and loud the boy did cry,
And stretch'd his little arms on high ;
Implored for aid each well-known face,
And strove to seek the Dame's embrace.
A moment changed that Ladye's cheer,
Gush'd to her eye the unbidden tear ;
She gazed upon the leaders round,
And dark and sad each warrior frown'd ;
Then, deep within her sobbing breast
She lock'd the struggling sigh to rest ;

430

Unalter'd and collected stood,
And thus replied, in dauntless mood :—

XXVI.

“Say to your Lords of high emprise,
Who war on women and on boys,
That either William of Deloraine
Will cleanse him, by oath, of march-treason stain,
Or else he will the combat take
’Gainst Musgrave, for his honour’s sake.

No knight in Cumberland so good, 440
But William may count with him kin and blood.
Knighthood he took of Douglas’ sword,
When English blood swell’d Aneram’s ford ;
And but Lord Dacre’s steed was wight,
And bare him ably in the flight,
Himself had seen him dubb’d a knight.
For the young heir of Branksome’s line,
God be his aid, and God be mine ;
Through me no friend shall meet his doom ;
Here, while I live, no foe finds room. 450

Then, if thy Lords their purpose urge,
Take our defiance loud and high ;
Our slogan is their lyke-wake dirge,
Our moat, the grave where they shall lie.”

XXVII.

Proud she look’d round, applause to claim—
Then lighten’d Thirlestane’s eye of flame ;

His bugle Wat of Harden blew ;
Pensils and pennons wide were flung,
To heaven the Border slogan rung,

“St. Mary for the young Buccleuch !” 460
The English war-cry answered wide,
And forward bent each southern spear ;

Each Kendal archer made a stride,
 And drew the bowstring to his ear ;
 Each minstrel's war-note loud was blown ; —
 But, ere a grey-goose shaft had flown,
 A horseman gallop'd from the rear.

XXVIII.

“Ah ! noble Lords !” he breathless said,
 “What treason has your march betray'd ?
 What make you here, from aid so far, 470
 Before you walls, around you war ?
 Your foemen triumph in the thought,
 That in the toils the lion's caught.
 Already on dark Ruberslaw
 The Douglas holds his weapon-schaw ;
 The lances, waving in his train,
 Clothe the dun heath like autumn grain ;
 And on the Liddel's northern strand,
 To bar retreat to Cumberland,
 Lord Maxwell ranks his merry men good, 480
 Beneath the eagle and the rood ;
 And Jedwood, Esk, and Teviotdale,
 Have to proud Angus come ;
 And all the Merse and Lauderdale
 Have risen with haughty Home.
 An exile from Northumberland,
 In Liddesdale I've wander'd long ;
 But still my heart was with merry England,
 And cannot brook my country's wrong ;
 And hard I've spurr'd all night to show 490
 The mustering of the coming foe.”

XXIX.

“And let them come !” fierce Daere cried ;
 “For soon yon crest, my father's pride,

That swept the shores of Judah's sea,
And waved in gales of Galilee,
From Branksome's highest towers display'd,
Shall mock the rescue's lingering aid!—
Level each harquebuss' on row;
Draw, merry archers, draw the bow;
Up, bill-men, to the walls, and cry,
Daere for England, win or die!"—

500

XXX.

"Yet hear," quoth Howard, "calmly hear,
Nor deem my words the words of fear:
For who, in field or foray slack,
Saw the blanche lion e'er fall back?
But thus to risk our Border flower
In strife against a kingdom's power,
Ten thousand Scots 'gainst thousands three,
Certes, were desperate policy.
Nay, take the terms the Ladye made,

510

Ere conscious of the advancing ail:
Let Musgrave meet fierce Deloraine
In single fight; and, if he gain,
He gains for us; but if he's cross'd,
'Tis but a single warrior lost:
The rest, retreating as they came,
Avoid defeat, and death, and shame."

XXXI.

Ill could the haughty Daere brook
His brother Warden's sage rebuke;
And yet his forward step he stay'd,
And slow and sullenly obeyed.
But ne'er again the Border side
Did these two lords in friendship ride:
And this slight discontent, men say,
Cost blood upon another day.

520

XXXII.

The purvain-at-arms again
 Before the castle took his stand :
 His trumpet call'd, with parleying strain,
 The leaders of the Scottish band ;
 And he defied, in Musgrave's right, 530
 Stout Deloraine to single fight ;
 A gauntlet at their feet he laid,
 And thus the terms of fight he said : --
 " If in the lists good Musgrave's sword
 Vanquish the knight of Deloraine,
 Your youthful chieftain, Branksome's Lord,
 Shall hostage for his clan remain :
 If Deloraine foil good Musgrave,
 The boy his liberty shall have.
 Howe'er it falls, the English band, 540
 Unharming Scots, by Scots unharm'd,
 In peaceful march, like men unarm'd,
 Shall straight retreat to Cumberland."

XXXIII.

Unconscious of the near relief,
 The proffer pleased each Scottish chief,
 Though much the Ladye sage gainsay'd :
 For though their hearts were brave and true,
 From Jedwood's recent sack they knew,
 How tardy was the Regent's aid ;
 And you may guess the noble Dame 550
 Durst not the secret preſcience own,
 Sprung from the art she might not name,
 By which the coming help was known.
 Closed was the compact, and agreed,
 That lists should be enclosed with speed,
 Beneath the castle, on a lawn :

They fix'd the morrow for the strife,
On foot, with Scottish axe and knife,

At the fourth hour from peep of dawn ;
When Deloraine, from sickness freed,
Or else a champion in his stead,
Should for himself and chieftain stand,
Against stout Musgrave, hand to hand,

XXXIV.

I know right well, that, in their lay,
Full many minstrels sing and say,

Such combat should be made on horse,
On foaming steed, in full career,
With brand to aid, when as the spear
Should shiver in the course :

But he, the jovial Harper, taught
Me, yet a youth, how it was fought,

In guise which now I say ;
He knew each ordinance and clause
Of Black Lord Archibald's battle-laws,
In the old Douglas' day.

He brook'd not, he, that scoffing tongue

Should tax his minstrelsy with wrong,

Or call his song untrue :
For this, when they the goblet plied,

And such rude taunt had chafed his pride,

The Bard of Reull he slew,

On Teviot's side, in fight they stood,
And tuneful hands were stain'd with blood ;
Where still the thorn's white branches wave,
Memorial o'er his rival's grave.

569

570

580

XXXV.

Why should I tell the rigid doom,
That dragg'd my master to his tomb ;

How Ouseham's maidens tore their hair,
Wept till their eyes were dead and dim,
And wrung their hands for love of him,

590

Who died at Jedwood Air?

He died!—his scholars, one by one,
To the cold silent grave are gone;
And I, alas! survive alone,
To muse o'er rivalries of yore,
And grieve that I shall hear no more
The strains, with envy heard before;
For, with my minstrel brethren fled,
My jealousy of song is dead.

He paused: the listening dames again
Applaud the hoary Minstrel's strain.

600

With many a word of kindly cheer,—
In pity half, and half sincere,—

Maxwell'd the Duchess how so well

His legendary song could tell—

Of ancient deeds, so long forgot;

Of feuds, whose memory was not;

Of forests, now laid waste and bare;

Of towers, which harbour now the hare;

Of manners, long since changed and gone;

Of chiefs, who under their grey stone

610

So long had slept, that fickle Fame

Had blotted from her rolls their name,

And twined round some new minion's head

The fading wreath for which they bled;

In sooth, 'twas strange, this old man's verse

Could call them from their marble hearse.

The Harper smiled, well pleased; for ne'er
Was flattery lost on poet's ear:

A simple race! they waste their toil

620

For the vain tribute of a smile:

E'en when in age their flame expires,
 Her duteous breath can fan its fires :
 Their drooping fancy wakes at praise,
 And strives to trim the short-lived blaze.

Smiled, then, well-pleased, the Aged Man,
 And thus his tale continued ran.

CANTO FIFTH.

I.

CALL it not vain :—they do not err,
 Who say, that when the Poet dies,
 Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
 And celebrates his obsequies :
 Who say, tall cliff, and cavern lone,
 For the departed Bard make moan ;
 That mountains weep in crystal rill ;
 That flowers in tears of balm distil ;
 Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
 And oaks, in deeper groan, reply ;
 And rivers teach their rushing wave
 To murmur dirges round his grave.

10

II.

Not that, in sooth, o'er mortal urn
 Those things inanimate can mourn ;
 But that the stream, the wood, the gale,
 Is vocal with the plaintive wail
 Of those, who, else forgotten long,
 Lived in the poet's faithful song,
 And, with the poet's parting breath,
 Whose memory feels a second death.
 The Maid's pale shade, who wails her lot,
 That love, true love, should be forgot,

20

From rose and hawthorn shakes the tear
 Upon the gentle Minstrel's bier :
 The phantom Knight, his glory fled,
 Mourns o'er the field he heap'd with dead ;
 Mounts the wild blast that sweeps amain,
 And shrieks along the battle-plain.
 The Chief, whose antique crownlet long
 Still sparkled in the feudal song,
 Now, from the mountain's misty throne,
 Sees, in the thanedom once his own,
 His ashes undistinguished lie,
 His place, his power, his memory die :
 His groans the lonely caverns fill,
 His tears of rage impel the rill ;
 All mourn the Minstrel's harp unstrung,
 Their name unknown, their praise unsung.

30

III.

Scarcely the hot assault was staid,
 The terms of truce were scarcely made,
 When they could spy, from Branksome's towers,
 The advancing march of martial powers.
 Thick clouds of dust afar appear'd,
 And trampling steeds were faintly heard ;
 Bright spears above the columns dun,
 Glanced momentary to the sun ;
 And feudal banners fair display'd
 The bands that moved to Branksome's aid.

40

IV.

Vails not to tell each hardy clan,
 From the fair Middle Marches came ;
 The Bloody Heart blazed in the van,
 Announcing Douglas, dreaded name !
 Vails not to tell what steeds did spurn,

50

Where the Seven Spears of Wedderburne
Their men in battle-order set ;
And Swinton laid the lance in rest,
That tamed of yore the sparkling crest
Of Clarence's Plantagenet.
Nor list I say what hundreds more,
From the rich Merse and Lammermore, 60
And Tweed's fair borders, to the war,
Beneath the crest of old Dunbar,
And Hepburn's mingled banners come,
Down the steep mountain glittering far,
And shouting still, "A Home ! a Home !"

v.

Now squire and knight, from Branksome sent,
On many a courteous message went ;
To every chief and lord they paid
Meet thanks for prompt and powerful aid :
And told them,—how a truce was made, 70
And how a day of fight was ta'en
Twixt Musgrave and stout Deloraine,
And how the Ladye pray'd them dear
That all would stay the fight to see,
And deign, in love and courtesy,
To taste of Branksome cheer.
Nor, while they bade to feast each Scot,
Were England's noble Lords forgot.
Himself, the hoary Seneschal
Rode forth, in seemly terms to call 80
Those gallant foes to Branksome Hall.
Accepted Howard, than whom knight
Was never dubb'd, more bold in fight ;
Nor, when from war and armour free,
More famed for stately courtesy :
But angry Dacre rather chose
In his pavilion to repose.

VI.

Now, noble Dame, perchance you ask,
 How these two hostile armies met ?
 Deeming it were no easy task
 To keep the truce which here was set ;
 Where martial spirits, all on fire,
 Breathed only blood and mortal ire.—
 By mutual inroads, mutual blows,
 By habit, and by nation, foes,
 They met on Teviot's strand ;
 They met and sate them mingled down,
 Without a threat, without a frown,
 As brothers meet in foreign land :
 The hands, the spear that lately grasp'd,
 Still in the mailed gauntlet clasp'd,
 Were interchanged in greeting dear ;
 Visors were raised, and faces shown,
 And many a friend, to friend made known,
 Partook of social cheer.
 Some drove the jolly bowl about ;
 With dice and draughts some chased the day,
 And some, with many a merry shout,
 In riot, revelry, and rout,
 Pursued the foot-ball play.

90

100

No.

VII.

Yet, be it known, had bugles blown,
 Or sign of war been seen,
 Those bands, so fair together ranged,
 Those hands, so frankly interchanged,
 Had dyed with gore the green :
 The merry shout by Teviot-side
 Had sunk in war-cries wild and wide,
 And in the groan of death ;
 And whingers, now in friendship bare,

The social meal to part and share, 120
 Had found a bloody sheath.
 'Twixt true and war, such sudden change
 Was not infrequent, nor held strange,
 In the old Border-day :
 But yet on Branksome's towers and town,
 In peaceful merriment, sunk down
 The sun's declining ray.

VIII.

The blithsome signs of wassel gay
 Decay'd not with the dying day :
 Soon through the latticed windows tall 130
 Of lofty Branksome's lordly hall,
 Divided square by shafts of stone,
 Huge flakes of ruddy lustre shone ;
 Nor less the gilded rafters rang
 With merry harp and beakers' clang :
 And frequent, on the darkening plain,
 Loud hollo, whoop, or whistle ran,
 As bands, their stragglers to regain,
 Give the shrill watchword of their clan ;
 And revellers, o'er their bowls, proclaim
 Douglas' or Dacre's conquering name. 140

IX.

Less frequent heard, and fainter still,
 At length the various clamours died :
 And you might hear, from Branksome hill,
 No sound but Teviot's rushing tide ;
 Save when the changing sentinel
 The challenge of his watch could tell ;
 And save, where, through the dark profound,
 The clang ing axe and hammer's sound
 Rung from the nether lawn ; 150

For many a busy hand toil'd there,
 Strong pales to shape, and beams to square,
 The lists' dread barriers to prepare
 Against the morrow's dawn.

X.

Margaret from hall did soon retreat,
 Despite the Dame's reproving eye ;
 Nor mark'd she, as she left her seat,
 Full many a stifled sigh ;
 For many a noble warrior strove
 To win the Flower of Teviot's love, 160
 And many a bold ally.—
 With throbbing head and anxious heart,
 All in her lonely bower apart,
 In broken sleep she lay : •
 By times, from silken couch she rose ;
 While yet the banner'd hosts repose,
 She view'd the dawning day :
 Of all the hundreds sunk to rest,
 First woke the loveliest and the best.

XI.

She gazed upon the inner court, 170
 Which in the tower's tall shadow lay ;
 Where coursers' clang, and stamp, and snort,
 Had rung the livelong yesterday ;
 Now still as death ; till stalking slow,—
 The jingling spurs announced his tread,—
 A stately warrior pass'd below ;
 But when he raised his plumed head—
 Blessed Mary ! can it be ?—
 Secure, as if in Ouseham bowers,
 He walks through Branksome's hostile towers, 180
 With fearless step and free.
 She dared not sign, she dared not speak—

Oh ! if one page's slumbers break,
His blood the price must pay !
Not all the pearls Queen Mary wears,
Not Margaret's yet more precious tears,
Shall buy his life a day.

XII.

Yet was his hazard small ; for well
You may bethink you of the spell
 Of that sly urchin page ; 190
This to his lord he did impart,
And made him seem, by glamour art,
 A knight from Hernitage.
Unchallenged thus, the warden's post,
The court, unchallenged, thus he cross'd,
 For all the vassalage :
But O ! what magic's quaint disguise
Could blind fair Margaret's azure eyes !
 She started from her seat ;
While with surprise and fear she strove,
And both could scarcely master love—
 Lord Henry's at her feet.

XIII.

Oft have I mused, what purpose bad
That foul malicious urchin had
 To bring this meeting round ;
For happy love's a heavenly sight,
And by a vile malignant sprite
 In such no joy is found ;
And oft I've deem'd, perchance he thought
Their erring passion might have wrought
 Sorrow, and sin, and shame ;
And death to Craustoun's gallant Knight,
And to the gentle ladye bright,
 Disgrace, and loss of fame.

210

But earthly spirit could not tell
 The heart of them that loved so well.
 True love's the gift which God has given
 To man alone beneath the heaven :
 It is not fantasy's hot fire,
 Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly ;
 It liveth not in fierce desire,
 With dead desire it doth not die ;
 It is the secret sympathy,
 The silver link, the silken tie,
 Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
 In body and in soul can bind.—
 Now leave we Margaret and her Knight,
 To tell you of the approaching fight.

xiv.

Their warning blasts the bugles blew,
 The pipe's shrill port aroused each clan ;
 In haste, the deadly strife to view,
 The trooping warriors eager ran :
 Thick round the lists their lances stood,
 Like blasted pines in Ettrick wood ;
 To Branksome many a look they threw
 The combatants' approach to view,
 And bandied many a word of boast,
 About the knight each favour'd most.

xv.

Meantime full anxious was the Dame ;
 For now arose disputed claim,
 Of who should fight for Deloraine,
 'Twixt Harden and 'twixt Thirlstane :
 They 'gan to reckon kin and rent,
 And frowning brow on brow was bent ;
 But yet not long the strife—for, lo !
 Himself, the Knight of Deloraine,

Strong, as it seem'd, and free from pain,
In armour sheath'd from top to toe,
Appear'd, and craved the combat due.
The Dame her charm successful knew,
And the ~~fierce~~ chiefs their claims withdrew. 250

XVI.

When for the lists they sought the plain,
The stately Lady's silken rein
Did noble Howard hold ;
Unarmed by her side he walk'd,
And much, in courteous phrase, they talk'd
Of feats of arms of old.
Costly his garb—his Flemish ruff
Fell o'er his doublet, shaped of buff,
With satin slash'd and lined ; 260
Tawny his boot, and gold his spur,
His cloak was all of Poland fur,
His hose with silver twined ;
~~His~~ Bilboa blade, by Marchmen felt,
Hung in a broad and studded belt ;
Hence, in rude phrase, the Borderers still
Call'd noble Howard, Belted Will.

XVII.

Behind Lord Howard and the Dame,
Fair Margaret on her palfrey came,
Whose foot-cloth swept the ground : 270
White was her wimple, and her veil,
And her loose locks a chaplet pale
Of whitest roses bound ;
The londly Angus, by her side,
In courtesy to cheer her tried ;
Without his aid, her hand in vain
Had strove to guide her broider'd rein.
He deem'd, she shudder'd at the sight

Of warriors met for mortal fight ;
 But cause of terror, all unguess'd,
 Was fluttering in her gentle breast,
 When, in their chairs of crimson placed
 The Dame and she the barriers ~~sawed~~.

280

XVIII.

Prize of the field, the young Buccleuch,
 An English knight led forth to view ;
 Scarce rued the boy his present plight,
 So much he long'd to see the fight.
 Within the lists, in knightly pride,
 High Home and haughty Daere ride ;
 Their leading staves of steel they wield,
 As marshals of the mortal field ;
 While to each knight their arms assign'd
 Like vantage of the sun and wind.
 Then heralds hoarse did loud proclaim,
 In King and Queen, and Warden's name,
 That none, while lasts the strife,
 Should dare, by look, or sign, or word,
 Aid to a champion to afford,
 On peril of his life ;
 And not a breath the silence broke,
 Till thus the alternate Herald spoke :—

290

300

XIX.

ENGLISH HERALD.

"Here standeth Richard of Musgrave,
 Good knight and true, and freely born,
 Amends from Deloraine to crave,
 For foul despiteous scathe and scorn.
 He sayeth, that William of Deloraine
 Is traitor false by Border laws ;
 This with his sword he will maintain,
 So help him God, and his good cause !"

XX.

SCOTTISH HERALD.

“Here standeth William of Deloraine,
Good knight and true, of noble strain,
Who sayeth, that foul treason’s stain,

Since he bore arms, ne’er soil’d his coat :

And that, so help him God above !

He will on Musgrave’s body prove,
He lies most foully in his throat.”

LORD DACRE.

“Forward, brave champions, to the fight !
Sound trumpets !”—

LORD HOME.

—“God defend the right !”—

Then Teviot ! how thine echoes rang,
When bugle-sound and trumpet-clang
Let loose the martial foes,
And in mid list, with shield poised high,
And measured step and wary eye,
The combatants did close.

XXI.

Ill would it suit your gentle ear,
Ye lovely listeners, to hear
How to the axe the helms did sound,
And blood pour’d down from many a wound ;
For desperate was the strife, and long,
And either warrior fierce and strong.
But, were each dame a listening knight,
I well could tell how warriors fight !
For I have seen war’s lightning flashing,
Seen the claymore with bayonet clashing,
Seen through red blood the war-horse dashing,
And scorn’d, amid the reeling strife,
To yield a step for death or life.—

XXII.

'Tis done, 'tis done ! that fatal blow
 Has stretch'd him on the bloody plain ;
 He strives to rise—Brave Musgrave, no !
 Thence never shalt thou rise again ! 340
 He chokes in blood—some friendly hand
 Undo the visor's barred band,
 Unfix the gorget's iron clasp,
 And give him room for life to gasp !
 O, bootless aid !—haste, holy Friar,
 Haste, ere the sinner shall expire !
 Of all his guilt let him be shriven,
 And smooth his path from earth to heaven ! ✓

XXIII.

In haste the holy Friar sped :—
 His naked foot was dyed with red,
 As through the lists he ran :
 Unmindful of the shouts on high,
 That hail'd the conqueror's victory,
 He raised the dying man ;
 Loose waved his silver beard and hair,
 As o'er him he kneel'd down in prayer ;
 And still the crucifix on high
 He holds before his darkening eye ;
 And still he bends an anxious ear,
 His faltering penitence to hear ; 350
 Still props him from the bloody sod,
 Still, even when soul and body part,
 Pours ghostly comfort on his heart,
 And bids him trust in God !
 Unheard he prays ;—the death-pang's o'er !
 Richard of Musgrave breathes no more,

360

XXIV.

As if exhausted in the fight,
Or musing o'er the piteous sight,
The silent victor stands ;
His beaver did he not unclasp,
Mark'd not the shouts, felt not the grasp
Of gratulating hands.

When lo ! strange cries of wild surprise,
Mingled with seeming terror, rise

Among the Scottish bands ;
And all, amid the throng'd array,
In panic haste gave open way
To a half-naked ghastly man,
Who downward from the castle ran :
He cross'd the barriers at a bound,
And wild and haggard look'd around,

As dizzy, and in pain ;
And all, upon the armed ground,
Knew William of Deloraine !
Each ladye sprung from seat with speed :
Vaulted each marshal from his steed ;

“ And who art thou,” they cried,
“ Who hast this battle fought and won ? ”
His plumed helm was soon undone—
“ Cranstoun of Teviot-side !
For this fair prize I've fought and won,”—
And to the Ladye led her son.

370

380

390

XXV.

Full oft the rescued boy she kiss'd,
And often press'd him to her breast ;
For, under all her dauntless show,
Her heart had throbb'd at every blow ;

Yet not Lord Cranstoun deign'd she greet,
Though low he kneeled at her feet.

Me lists not tell what words were made,
What Douglas, Home, and Howard, said—

—For Howard was a generous foe—
And how the clan united pray'd

The Ladye would the feud forego,
And deign to bless the nuptial hour
Of Cranstoun's Lord and Teviot's Flower.

400

XXVI.

She look'd to river, look'd to hill,
Thought on the Spirit's prophecy,
Then broke her silence stern and still,—

“Not you, but Fate, has vanquish'd me ;
Their influence kindly stars may shower
On Teviot's tide and Branksome's tower,

For pride is quell'd, and love is free.”—
She took fair Margaret by the hand,
Who, breathless, trembling, scarce might stand :

That hand to Cranstoun's lord gave she :—
“As I am true to thee and thine,
Do thou be true to me and mine !

This clasp of love our bond shall be ;
For this is your betrothing day,
And all these noble lords shall stay,
To grace it with their company.”—

410

420

XXVII.

All as they left the listed plain,
Much of the story she did gain ;
How Cranstoun fought with Deloraine,
And of his page, and of the Book
Which from the wounded knight he took ;
And how he sought her castle high,
That morn, by help of gramarye;

How, in Sir William's armour dight,
Stolen by his page, while slept the knight,
He took on him the single fight.
But half his tale he left unsaid,
And lin'd till he join'd the maid.—
Cared not the Ladye to betray
Her mystic arts in view of day ;
But well she thought, ere midnight came,
Of that strange page the pride to tame,
From his foul hands the Book to save,
And send it back to Michael's grave.—
Needs not to tell each tender word
Twixt Margaret and 'twixt Cranstoun's lord ;
Nor how she told of former woes,
And how her bosom fell and rose,
While he and Musgrave bandied blows.—
Needs not these lovers' joys to tell :
One day, fair maids, you'll know them well.

XXVIII.

William of Deloraine, some chance
Had waken'd from his deathlike trance ;
And taught that, in the listed plain,
Another, in his arms and shield,
Against fierce Musgrave axe did wield,
Under the name of Deloraine.
Hence, to the field, unarm'd, he ran,
And hence his presence scared the clan,
Who held him for some fleeting wraith,
And not a man of blood and breath.
Not much this new ally he loved,
Yet, when he saw what hap had proved,
He greeted him right heartilie :
He would not waken old debate,
For he was void of rancorous hate,
Though rude, and scant of courtesy ;

460

In raids he spilt but seldom blood,
Unless when men-at-arms withstood,
Or, as was meet, for deadly feud.
He ne'er bore grudge for stalwart blow,
Ta'en in fair fight from gallant foe :—
And so 'twas seen of him, e'en now,
When on dead Musgrave he look'd down ; 470
Grief darkened on his rugged brow,
Though half disguised with a frown ;
And thus, while sorrow bent his head,
His foeman's epitaph he made :—

XXIX.

"Now, Richard Musgrave, liest thou here !
I ween, my deadly enemy ;
For, if I slew thy brother dear,
Thou slew'st a sister's son to me ;
And when I lay in dungeon dark,
Of Naworth Castle, long months three, 480
Till ransom'd, for a thousand mark,
Dark Musgrave, it was long of thee.
And, Musgrave, could our fight be tried,
And thou wert now alive, as I,
No mortal man should us divide,
Till one, or both of us, did die :
Yet rest thee God ! for well I know
I ne'er shall find a nobler foe.
In all the northern counties here,
Whose word is Snaffle, spur, and spear, 490
Thou wert the best to follow gear !
'Twas pleasure, as we look'd behind,
To see how thou the chase could'st wind,
Cheer the dark blood-hound on his way,
And with the bugle rouse the fray !
I'd give the lands of Deloraine,
Dark Musgrave were alive again."—

XXX.

So mourn'd he, till Lord Dacre's band
Were bowning back to Cumberland.
They raised brave Musgrave from the field, 500
And laid him on his bloody shield ;
On levell'd lances, four and four,
By turns, the noble burden bore.
Before, at times, upon the gale,
Was heard the Minstrel's plaintive wail ;
Behind, four priests, in sable stole,
Sung requiem for the warrior's soul :
Around, the horsemen slowly rode ;
With trailing pikes the spearmen trode ;
And thus the gallant knight they bore, 510
Through Liddesdale to Leven's shore ;
Thence to Holme Coltrame's lofty nave,
And laid him in his father's grave.

The harp's wild notes, though hush'd the song,
The mimic march of death prolong ;
Now seems it far, and now a-near,
Now meets, and now eludes the ear ;
Now seems some mountain side to sweep,
Now faintly dies in valley deep ;
Seems now as if the Minstrel's wail, 520
Now the sad requiem, loads the gale ;
Last, o'er the warrior's closing grave,
Rung the full choir in choral stave.

After due pause, they bade him tell,
Why he, who touch'd the harp so well,
Should thus, with ill-rewarded toil,
Wander a poor and thankless soil,
When the more generous Southern Land
Would well requite his skilful hand.

The Aged Harper, howsoe'er
 His only friend, his harp, was dear,
 Liked not to hear it rank'd so high
 Above his flowing poesy :
 Less liked he still, that scornful jeer
 Misprised the land he loved so dear ;
 High was the sound, as thus again
 The Bard resumed his minstrel strain.

530

CANTO SIXTH.

I.

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,

This is my own, my native land !
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
 As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,

From wandering on a foreign strand !
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;
 For him no minstrel raptures swell ;
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim :
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch, concentrated all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And, doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

10

II.

O Caledonia ! stern and wild,
 Meet nurse for a poetic child !

Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
 Land of the mountain and the flood,

Scotlan

20

Land of my sires ! what mortal hand
 Can e'er untie the filial band,
 That knits me to thy rugged strand !
 Still, as I view each well-known scene,
 Think what is now, and what hath been,
 Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
 Sole friends thy woods and streams were left ;
 And thus I love them better still,
 Even in extremity of ill.

By Yarrow's streams still let me stray,
 Though none should guide my feeble way ;
 Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
 Although it chill my wither'd cheek ;
 Still lay my head by Teviot Stone,
 Though there, forgotten and alone,
 The Bard may draw his parting groan.

III.

Not scorn'd like me ! to Branksome Hall
 The Minstrels came, at festive call ;
 Trooping they came, from near and far,
 The jovial priests of mirth and war ;
 Alike for feast and fight prepared,
 Battle and banquet both they shared.
 Of late, before each martial clan,
 They blew their death-note in the van,
 But now, for every merry mate,
 Rose the portcullis' iron grate ;
 They sound the pipe, they strike the string,
 They dance, they revel, and they sing,
 Till the rude turrets shake and ring.

40

40

IV.

Me lists not at this tide declare
 The splendour of the spousal rite,

50

How muster'd in the chapel fair
 Both maid and matron, squire and knight ;
 Me lists not tell of owches rare,
 Of mantles green, and braided hair,
 And kirtles furr'd with miniver ;
 What plumage waved the altar round,
 How spurs and ringing chainlets sound ;
 And hard it were for bard to speak
 The changeful hue of Margaret's cheek ;
 That lovely hue which comes and flies,
 As awe and shame alternate rise !

60

v.

Some bards have sung, the Ladye high
 Chapel or altar came not nigh ;
 Nor durst the rites of spousal grace,
 So much she fear'd each holy place.

False slanders these :—I trust right well •
 She wrought not by forbidden spell ;
 For mighty words and signs have power
 O'er sprites in planetary hour :
 Yet scarce I praise their venturous part,

70

Who tamper with such dangerous art,

But this for faithful truth I say, •

The Ladye by the altar stood,
 Of sable velvet her array,

And on her head a crimson hood,
 With pearls embroider'd and entwined,
 Guarded with gold, with ermine lined ;
 A merlin sat upon her wrist,
 Held by a leash of silken twist.

80

vi.

The spousal rites were ended soon :
 'Twas now the merry hour of noon,

And in the lofty arched hall
Was spread the gorgeous festival.
Steward and squire, with heedful haste,
Marshall'd the rank of every guest ;
Pages, with ready blade, were there,
The mighty meal to carve and share :
O'er capon, heron-shew, and crane,
And princely peacock's gilded train, 90
And o'er the boar-head, garnish'd brave,
And cygnet from St. Mary's wave ;
O'er ptarmigan and venison,
The priest had spoke his benison.
Then rose the riot and the din,
Above, beneath, without, within !
For, from the lofty balcony,
Rung trumpet, shalm, and psaltery :
Their clanging bowls old warriors quaff'd,
Loudly they spoke, and loudly laugh'd ;
Whisper'd young knights, in tone more mild,
To ladies fair ; and ladies smiled.
The hooded hawks, high perch'd on beam,
The clamour join'd with whistling scream,
And flapp'd their wings, and shook their bells,
In concert with the stag-hounds' yells.
Round go the flasks of ruddy wine,
From Bordeaux, Orleans, or the Rhine ;
Their tasks the busy sewers ply,
And all is mirth and revelry. 110

VII.

The Goblin Page, omitting still
No opportunity of ill,
Strove now, while blood ran hot and high,
To rouse debate and jealousy ;
Till Conrad, Lord of Wolfenstein,
By nature fierce, and warm with wine,

And now in humour highly cross'd,
About some steeds his band had lost,
High words to words succeeding still,
Smote, with his gauntlet, stout Hunthill;
A hot and hardy Rutherford,
Whom men called Dickon Draw-the-Sword.
He took it on the page's saye,
Hunthill had driven these steeds away.
Then Howard, Home, and Douglas rose,
The kindling discord to compose :
Stern Rutherford right little said,
But bit his glove, and shook his head.—
A fortnight thence, in Inglewood,
Stout Conrade, cold, and drench'd in blood,
His bosom gored with many a wound,
Was by a woodman's lyme-deg found ;
Unknown the manner of his death,
One was his brand, both sword and sheath ;
But ever from 'nt time, 'twas sd
That Dickon wore a Cologne blade.

120

130

140

150

VIII.

The dwarf, who fear'd his master's eye
Might his foul treachery espie,
Now sought the castle buttery,
Where many a yeoman, bold and free,
Revell'd as merrily, and well
As those that sat in lordly selle.
Watt Tinlinn, there, did frankly raise
The pledge to Arthur Fire-the-Braes ;
And he, as by his breeding bound,
To Howard's merry-men sent it round.
To quit them, on the English side,
Red Roland Forster loudly cried,
" A deep carouse to yon fair bride."—
At every pledge, from vat and pail.

Foam'd forth in floods the nut-brown ale ;
While shout the riders every one :
Such day of mirth ne'er cheered their clan,
Since old Buccleuch the name did gain,
When in the ~~clench~~ the buck was ta'en.

IX.

The wily page, with vengeful thought,
Remember'd him of Tinlinn's yew,
And swore, it should be dearly bought
That ever he the arrow drew.
First, he the yeoman did molest, 160
With bitter gibe and taunting jest ;
Told, how he fled at Solway strife,
And how Hob Armstrong cheer'd his wife ;
Then, shunning still his powerful arm,
At unawares he wrought him harm ;
From trencher stole his choicest cheer,
Dash'd from his lips his can of beer ;
Then, to his knee sly creeping on,
With bodkin pierc'd him to the bone :
The venom'd wound, and festering joint,
Long after rued that bodkin's point. 170
The startled yeoman swore and spurn'd,
And board and flagons overturn'd.
Riot and clamour wild began ;
Back to the hall the Urchin ran ;
Took in a darkling nook his post,
And grimm'd and mutter'd, "Lost ! lost ! lost !"

X.

By this, the Dame, lest farther fray
Should mar the concord of the day,
Had bid the Minstrels tune their lay. 180
And first stept forth old Albert Graeme,

The Minstrel of that ancient name :
 Was none who struck the harp so well,
 Within the Land Debateable ;
 Well friended, too, his hardy kin,
 Whoever lost, were sure to win :
 They sought the beeves that made their broth,
 In Scotland and in England both.
 In homely guise, as nature bade,
 His simple song the Borderer said.

190

XI.

ALBERT GRÆME.

It was an English ladye bright,
 (The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,)
 And she would marry a Scottish knight,
 For Love will still be lord of all.

Blithely they saw the rising sun,
 When he shone fair on Carlisle wall,
 But they were sad ere day was done,
 Though Love was still the lord of all.

Her sire gave brooch and jewel fine,
 Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall ; 200-
 Her brother gave but a flask of wine,
 For ire that Love was lord of all.

For she had lands, both meadow and lea,
 Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,
 And he swore her death, ere he would see
 A Scottish knight the lord of all.

XII.

That wine she had not tasted well,
 (The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,) .

When dead, in her true love's arms, she fell,
For Love was still the lord of all !

210

He pierced her brother to the heart,
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall :—
So perish all would true love part,
That Love may still be lord of all !

And then he took the cross divine,
(Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,)
And died for her sake in Palestine ;
So Love was still the lord of all.

Now all ye lovers, that faithful prove,
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,) 220
Pray for their souls who died for love,
For Love shall still be lord of all !

XIII.

As ended Albert's simple lay,
A bard of loftier port ;
For sonnet, rhyme, and roundelay,
Renown'd in haughty Henry's court :
There rung thy harp, unrivall'd long,
Fitztraver of the silver song !

The gentle Surrey loved his lyre—
Who has not heard of Surrey's fame ? 230
His was the hero's soul of fire,
And his the bard's immortal name,
And his was love, exalted high
By all the glow of chivalry.

XIV.

They sought, together, climes afar,
And oft, within some olive grove,
When even came with twinkling star,
They sung of Surrey's absent love.

His step the Italian peasant stay'd,
 And deem'd that spirits from on high,
 Round where some hermit saint was laid,
 Were breathing heavenly melody ;
 So sweet did harp and voice combin'd,
 To praise the name of Geraldine.

240

xv.

Fitztraver ! O what tongue may say
 The pangs thy faithful bosom knew,
 When Surrey, of the deathless lay,
 Ungrateful Tudor's sentence slew ?
 Regardless of the tyrant's frown,
 His harp call'd wrath and vengeance down.
 He left, for Naworth's iron towers,
 Windsor's green glades, and courtly bowers,
 And, faithful to his patron's name,
 With Howard still Fitztraver came ;
 Lord William's foremost favourite he,
 And chief of all his minstrelsy.

250

xvi.

FITZTRAVER.

'Twas All-soul's eve, and Surrey's heart beat high ;
 He heard the midnight bell with anxious start,
 Which told the mystic hour, approaching nigh,
 When wise Cornelius promised, by his art,
 To show to him the ladye of his heart,
 Albeit betwixt them roar'd the ocean grim ;
 Yet so the sage had hight to play his part,
 That he should see her form in life and limb,
 And mark, if still she loved, and still she thought of him.

260

xvii.

Dark was the vaulted room of gramarye,
 To which the wizard led the gallant Knight,

Save that before a mirror, huge and high,
A hallow'd taper shed a glimmering light
On mystic implements of magic might : 270
 On cross, and character, and talisman,
And almagest, and altar, nothing bright :
 For fitful was the lustre, pale and wan,
As watchlight by the bed of some departing man.

xviii.

But soon, within that mirror huge and high,
Was seen a self-emitted light to gleam ;
And forms upon its breast the Earl 'gan spy,
Cloudy and indistinct, as feverish dream ;
Till, slow arranging, and defined, they seem
To form a lordly and a lofty room,
Part lighted by a lamp with silver beam,
Placed by a couch of Agra's silken loom,
And part by moonshine pale, and part was hid in gloom.

XIX.

Fair all the pageant—but how passing fair
The slender form, which lay on couch of Ind !
O'er her white bosom stray'd her hazel hair,
Pale her dear cheek, as if for love she pined ;
All in her night-robe loose she lay reclined,
And, pensive, read from tablet eburnine,
Some strain that seem'd her inmost soul to find :— 290
That favour'd strain was Surrey's raptured line,
That fair and lovely form, the Lady Geraldine.

xx

Slow roll'd the clouds upon the lovely form,
And swept the goodly vision all away—

So royal envy roll'd the murky storm
 O'er my beloved Master's glorious day.
 Thou jealous, ruthless tyrant ! Heaven repay
 On thee, and on thy children's latest line,
 The wild caprice of thy despotic sway,
 The gory bridal bed, the plunder'd shrine,
 The murder'd Surrey's blood, the tears of Geraldine !

300

XXI.

Both Scots, and Southern chiefs, prolong
 Applauses of Fitztraver's song ;
 These hated Henry's name as death,
 And those still held the ancient faith.—
 Then, from his seat, with lofty air,
 Rose Harold, bard of brave St Clair ;
 St Clair, who, feasting high at Home,
 Had with that lord to battle come.
 Harold was born where restless seas
 Howl round the storm-swept Orcades ;
 Where erst St Clairs held princely sway
 O'er isle and islet, strait and bay ;—
 Still nods their palace to its fall,
 Thy pride and sorrow, fair Kirkwall !—
 Thence oft he mark'd fierce Pentland rave,
 As if grim Odin rode her wave ;
 And watch'd, the whilst, with visage pale,
 And throbbing heart, the struggling sail ;
 For all of wonderful and wild
 Had rapture for the lonely child.

310

320

XXII.

And much of wild and wonderful
 In these rude isles might fancy cull ;
 For thither came, in times afar,
 Stern Lochlin's sons of roving war,

The Norsemen, train'd to spoil and blood,
Skill'd to prepare the raven's food ;
Kings of the main their leaders brave,
Their barks the dragons of the wave.

And there, in many a stormy vale,
The Scald had told his wondrous tale ;
And many a Runic column high
Had witnessed grim idolatry.

And thus had Harold, in his youth,
Learn'd many a Saga's rhyme uncouth,—
Of that Sea-Snake, tremendous curl'd,
Whose monstrous circle girds the world ;
Of those dread Maids, whose hideous yell
Maddens the battle's bloody swell ;

Of Chiefs, who, guided through the gloom
By the pale death-lights of the tomb,
Ransack'd the graves of warriors old,
Their falchions wrench'd from corpses' hold,
Waked the deaf tomb with war's alarmis,

And bade the dead arise to arms !
With war and wonder all on flame,
To Roslin's bowers young Harold came,
Where, by sweet glen and greenwood tree,
He learn'd a milder minstrelsy ;

Yet something of the Northern spell

Mix'd with the softer numbers well.

330

340

350

XXIII.

HAROLD.

O listen, listen, ladies gay !
No haughtyfeat of arms I tell ;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

"Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew !
And, gentle ladye, deign to stay !

Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

"The blackening wave is edged with white ;
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly ;
The fishers have heard the Water Sprite,
Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

"Last night the gifted Seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay ;
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch ;
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day ?"—

"'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my ladye-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

"'Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide,
If 'tis not fill'd by Rosabelle."—

O'er Roslin all that dreary night,
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam ;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen ;
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden.

Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie,
Each Baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seem'd all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale ;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound, 390
And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle ;
Each one the holy vault doth hold—
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle.

And each St Clair was buried there, 400
With candle, with book, and with knell ;
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung,
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle !

XXIV.

So sweet was Harold's piteous lay,
Scarce mark'd the guests the darkened hall,
Though, long before the sinking day,
A wondrous shade involved them all :
It was not eddying mist or fog,
Drain'd by the sun from fen or bog ;
Of no eclipse had sages told ; 410
And yet, as it came on apace,
Each one could scarce his neighbour's face,
Could scarce his own stretch'd hand behold.
A secret horror check'd the feast,
And chill'd the soul of every guest ;
Even the high Dame stood half aghast,
She knew some evil on the blast ;
The elvish page fell to the ground,
And, shuddering, mutter'd, "Found ! found ! found !"

xxv.

Then sudden, through the darken'd air 420
 A flash of lightning came ;
 So broad, so bright, so red the glare,
 The castle seem'd on flame.
 Glanced every rafter of the hall,
 Glanced every shield upon the wall ;
 Each trophied beam, each sculptured stone,
 Were instant seen, and instant gone ;
 Full through the guests' bedazzled band
 Resistless flash'd the levin-brand,
 And fill'd the hall with smouldering smoke, 430
 As on the elvish page it broke.
 It broke with thunder long and loud,
 Dismay'd the brave, appall'd the proud,
 From sea to sea the larum rung :
 On Berwick wall, and at Carlisle withal,
 To arms the startled warders sprung.
 When ended was the dreadful roar,
 The elvish dwarf was seen no more !

xxvi.

Some heard a voice in Branksome Hall,
 Some saw a sight, not seen by all ; 440
 That dreadful voice was heard by some,
 Cry, with loud summons, "GYLBIN, COME!"
 And on the spot where burst the brand,
 Just where the page had flung him down,
 Some saw an arm, and some a hand,
 And some the waving of a gown.
 The guests in silence pray'd and shook,
 And terror dimm'd each lofty look.
 But none of all the astonish'd train
 Was so dismay'd as Deloraine : 450

His blood did freeze, his brain did burn,
 'Twas fear'd his mind would ne'er return ;
 For he was speechless, ghastly, wan,
 Like him of whom the story ran,
 Who spoke the spectre-hound in Man.
 At length; by fits, he darkly told,
 With broken hint, and shuddering cold—
 That he had seen right certainly,
A shape with amice wrapp'd around,
With a wrought Spanish baldric bound,
Like pilgrim from beyond the sea;
 And knew—but how it matter'd not—
 It was the wizard, Michael Scott.

460

XXVII.

The anxious crowd, with horror pale,
 All trembling heard the wondrous tale ;
 No sound was made, no word was spoke,
 Till noble Angus silence broke ;
 And he a solemn sacred plight
 Did to St Bride of Douglas make,
 That he a pilgrimage would take,
 To Melrose Abbey, for the sake
 Of Michael's restless sprite.

Then each, to ease his troubled breast,
 To some bless'd saint his prayers address'd :
 Some to St Modan made their vows,
 Some to St Mary of the Lowes,
 Some to the Holy Rood of Lisle,
 Some to our Ladye of the Isle ;
 Each did his patron witness make,
 That he such pilgrimage would take,

And monks should sing, and bells should toll,
 All for the weal of Michael's soul.
 While vows were ta'en, and prayers were pray'd,

470

480

'Tis said the noble dame, dismay'd,
Renounced, for aye, dark magic's aid. 

XXVIII.

Nought of the bridal will I tell,
Which after in short space befell :
Nor how brave sons and daughters fair
Bless'd Teviot's Flower and Cranstoun's heir :
After such dreadful scene, 'twere vain 490
To wake the note of mirth again.
More meet it were to mark the day
 Of penitence, and prayer divine,
When pilgrim-chiefs, in sad array,
 Sought Melrose' holy shrine.

XXIX.

With naked foot, and sackcloth vest,
And arms enfolded on his breast,
 Did every pilgrim go ;
The standers-by might hear beneath,
Footstep, or voice, or high-drawn breath, 500
 Through all the lengthen'd row :
No lordly look, nor martial stride ;
Gone was their glory, sunk their pride,
 Forgotten their renown ;
Silent and slow, like ghosts they glide
To the high altar's hallow'd side,
 And there they knelt them down :
Above the suppliant chieftains wave
The banners of departed brave ;
Beneath the letter'd stones were laid
The ashes of their fathers dead ;
From many a garnish'd niche around,
 Stern saints and tortured martyrs frown'd.

510

XXX.

And slow up the dim aisle afar,
 With sable cowl and scapular,
 And shew-white stoles, in order due,
 The holy Fathers, two and two,

In long procession came ;
 Taper, and host, and book they bare,
 And holy banner, flourish'd fair
 With the Redeemer's name.

Above the prostrate pilgrim band
 The mitred Abbot stretch'd his hand,

And bless'd them as they kneel'd ;
 With holy cross he signed them all,
 And pray'd they might be sage in hall,
 And fortunate in field.

Then mass was sung, and prayers were said,
 And solemn requiem for the dead ;
 And bells toll'd out their mighty peal,
 For the departed spirit's weal ;
 And ever in the office close
 The hymn of intercession rose ;
 And far the echoing aisles prolong
 The awful burthen of the song—

DIES IRAE, DIES ILLA,
 SOLVET SÆCLUM IN FAVILLA ;
 While the pealing organ rung ;
 Were it meet with sacred strain
 To close my lay, so light and vain,
 Thus the holy Fathers sung :—

520

530

540

XXXI.

HYMN FOR THE DEAD.

That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,

What power shall be the sinner's stay ?
How shall he meet that dreadful day ?

When, shriveling like a parched scroll
The flaming heavens together roll ;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead !

Oh ! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away !

550

Hush'd is the harp—the Minstrel gone.
And did he wander forth alone ?
Alone, in indigence and age,
To linger out his pilgrimage ?
No !—close beneath proud Newark's tower,
Arose the Minstrel's lowly bower ;
A simple hut ; but there was seen
The little garden hedged with green,
The cheerful hearth, and lattice clean.
There shelter'd wanderers, by the blaze,
Oft heard the tale of other days ;
For much he loved to ope his door,
And give the aid he begg'd before.
So pass'd the winter's day ; but still,
When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill,
And July's eve, with balmy breath,
Wav'd the blue-bells on Newark heath ;
When throstles sung in Harehead-shaw,
And corn was green on Carterhaugh,
And flourish'd, broad, Blackandro's oak,
The aged Harper's soul awoke !

560

570

Then would he sing achievements high,
And circumstance of chivalry,
Till the rapt traveller would stay,
Forgetful of the closing day ;
And noble youths the strain to hear,
Forsook the hunting of the deer ; 580
And Yarrow, as he roll'd along,
Bore burden to the Minstrel's song.

NOTES.

INTRODUCTION.

2. **Minstrel.** In the Introductory Remarks on Popular Poetry, prefixed to the *Border Minstrels*, Scott gives an account of what he conceived to be the position of the ancient 'Minstrels.' The question had been started in 1765 by Bishop Percy, who, in his *Reliques of English Poetry*, maintained that the position of a minstrel in ancient times was an honourable one; that he was not only a singer but also a poet, composing the songs that he sang to the accompaniment of his harp¹ and that it was only in later times that he was classed with "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars." This view was opposed, somewhat acrimoniously, by Ritson, in his *Ancient Songs and Ballads*, where he maintains that the minstrels were never anything more than strolling musicians performing for the amusement of the vulgar, and that they were never held in high esteem and honour. Scott, while differing from both, appears to agree rather with Percy than with Ritson; and he describes his own minstrel as having formerly "known a better day," though now reduced to beggary.

The word is from O.Fr. *menestral*, Low Lat. *ministralis*, an artisan, servant, retainer, "hence applied to the lazy train of retainers who played instruments, acted as buffoons and jesters, and the like."—SKEAT. *Ministralis* is from *ministerium*, an employment, from *minister*, a servant.

7. **Bard**, used as equivalent to *minstrel*. 'Bard' is a Celtic word, very early introduced into other languages. In the Highlands of Scotland, the bard was an important family officer who recorded genealogies and composed and sang verses celebrating the achievements of his clan. See the description in *Waverley*, ch. 20. The Celtic bard afterwards degenerated precisely as the minstrel did, and the name was often applied to a mere strolling musician. It was owing mainly to Scott that the words *bard* and *minstrel* recovered somewhat of their honourable signification, though they had never entirely lost it, and now both words are poetically used as equivalent to 'poet.'

8. **Border chivalry.** See Scott's preface.

NOTES—INTRODUCTION.

9. welladay, alas. A popular corruption of the Anglo-Saxon *wēl-lā-wā*, which means literally, woe! lo! woe! Another form into which this expression was sometimes corrupted was *wellaway*. date, time. Properly an epoch, or point of time: e.g. the date of a letter. It is derived, through the French, from Lat. *datum*, given, p.p. of *dare*, to give. Compare the usual expression in royal documents, ‘*Given at our palace*,’ etc. In classical Latin we find *literas dare*, to write letters: and the neuter participle *datum* was employed to mark the time and place of writing, e.g. *datum Rome*, given (i.e. written) at Rome.

13. palfrey, a small horse for riding. From O.Fr. *palefroi*, Low Latin *paraveredus*, lit. an extra post-horse. A hybrid word, from Greek *ταρά*, besides, extra; and Latin *veredus*, a post-horse, from *vehere*, to carry or draw, and *rēda*, a Gaulish word for a kind of carriage. The German *pferd*, horse, has the same origin.

14. caroll'd, sang. *Carol* was originally a sort of dance: from O.Fr. *carole*. The further derivation is uncertain; the most probable suggestion is that *carole* is from Latin *corolla*, a little crown, a garland, a ring, and that *carole* was originally a *ring* dance, in which the dancers were arranged in a circle.

13-17. Notice the alliteration, prancing palfrey, light as lark, courted and caress'd, high placed in hall, lord and lady. This, common in all poetry, has a pleasing effect when sparingly used, and is especially appropriate in an imitation of the ancient minstrelsy.

16. High placed, placed in a position of honour. hall. This was the public room of a castle, as the ‘bower’ was the private or sleeping apartment.

18. unrepresented. Besides their regular stock of songs and stories, the ancient bards were in the habit of improvising others to suit the occasion. Cf. the passage in *Waverley*, ch. 20, before mentioned.

✓ 20. A stranger. William III. This fixes the time of the story, or rather of the minstrel. He had “played it to King Charles the Good, ✓ 1. 80, and the events of the story itself go back still further, to the time of Queen Mary of Scotland: see note on Canto I. l. 58.

21. The bigots of the iron time. The Puritan fanatics of the time of the Commonwealth, when most amusements were repressed as sinful. It was in the time of Cromwell (1656) that the Ordinance was passed wherein it is enacted that if any of the “persons commonly called Fidlers or Minstrels shall at any time be taken playing, fidling, and making music in any Inn, Ale-house, or Tavern, or shall be taken proffering themselves, or desiring, or intreating any . . . to hear them play or make music in any of the places aforesaid,” they are to be “adjudged

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and declared to be rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars."—
PERCY, *Reliques of English Poetry*, Introductory Essay.

The time is called *iron* because the prevailing religious notions were stern and hard. A *bigot* is a religious enthusiast given to persecuting those of a different creed: the origin of this word (French *bigot*) is unknown. It first appears in an old French romance of the 12th century as the proper name of some people apparently in the south of Gaul.

26. Note the omission of the relative: the harp (that) a king had loved to hear.

27. Newark. "This is a massive square tower, now unroofed and ruinous beautifully situated about three miles from Selkirk, upon the banks of the Yarrow, a fierce and precipitous stream, which unites with the Ettrick about a mile below the castle. Newark Castle was built by James II. of Scotland as a hunting seat for the royal forest of Ettrick. It came into the hands of the Buccleugh family after the battle of Flodden. The castle continued to be an occasional seat of the Buccleugh family for more than a century: and here, it is said, the Duchess of Monmouth and Buccleugh was brought up. For this reason, probably, Scott chose to make it the scene in which 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel' is recited in her presence, and for her amusement." SCHETKY, *Illustrations of the Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

Lockhart adds that Newark Castle lay just outside the grounds of Bowhill, the residence of Lady Dalkeith, who suggested to Scott the subject of the 'Lay': and that this fact influenced his choice of the locality.

Newark means *new castle*; there was an older castle near it called Auldward.

28. Yarrow. See above, l. 27, note. Wordsworth's poems *Yarrow Unvisited* and *Yarrow Visited* should be read. *birchen* bower, the birch-trees forming a natural arbour or bower. The *en* in adjectives (cp. wooden, flaxen, golden) indicates the material of which a thing is made: the word *birchen* is poetical. *Bower*, from A.S. *brian*, to dwell, originally meant a dwelling-place, and afterwards a chamber: the common meaning now is an arbour, or shelter of trees. The Scotch *byre*, a cow-house, is the same word differently applied.

32. embattled portal arch, the arched gateway, surmounted by battlements. *Portal* is from the Lat. *porta*, a gate.

33. grate; probably a 'portcullis,' i.e. a kind of outer gate made of crossed timbers ending in iron points, which was let down from above in front of the ordinary door, to protect it from assault. *massy*, a poetical word = massive. *Massey* is the older of the two words.

NOTES—INTRODUCTION.

35. the iron door never closed. This inversion of the natural order of words, common in all poetry, is especially common in Scott's poems. Cp. in this Introduction alone, ll. 13, 32, 39, 45, 47, 51, 52, 56, 57, 58, 59, 65, 85, 87, 89, 97.

The epithet *iron* has a double force; (1) it describes the material of the door; (2) suggesting the hard and cruel heart of the man who could close his door against the poor.

37. **The Duchess.** Anne, first Duchess of Buccleugh and of Monmouth, widow of James, Duke of Monmouth, the illegitimate son of Charles II., who had been beheaded in 1685, after the failure of his rebellion against James II.

39. **page**, a youthful attendant on persons of distinction. Derived from French *page*, Low Latin *paginus*, in the same sense. The origin of the word is uncertain. Skeat suggests *pagensis*, a peasant, serf, from Latin *pagus*, a village. A Greek origin has also been suggested, viz. from *παιδίον*, a little boy, diminutive of *παῖς*, a boy. menials, household servants. O.Fr. *mesnie*, a household, Latin *mansio*, a place of abode, from *manere*, to remain. It is thus connected with *mansion*.

42. born in such a high degree, born in high rank, of noble birth.

49. **Earl Francis.** Francis Scott, Earl of Buccleugh, was the father of the Duchess; Earl Walter, mentioned in the next line, was her grandfather, and a celebrated warrior.

50. rest him, God! May God give rest to his soul.

53. **Buccleuch.** For the traditional origin of this name, see V.R. viii. 18.

54. And, would... and if the Duchess would deign to listen.

57. the sooth to speak. The more common phrase is 'sooth to say.' This independent use of the infinitive mood is common both in old and in modern English. In Greek the infinitive is used independently in similar cases with *ως*, as *ως εἰπεῖν*, so to say, where in Latin a dependent sentence, *ut dicam*, would be used. sooth, truth. *Sooth* was originally an adjective; the A.S. *sóðh* stands for *santh* (cp. tooth for *tanth*, Latin *dens*, *dentis*, Skt. *danta*). *Santh* is for *as-ant-ha*, a participial form from root *as*, to be; so that *sooth* means that which is, that which is real. Cp. Sansk. *satyā*, true, put for *as-ant-ya*, being.

60. boon; originally a petition or prayer, and then transferred to mean the thing prayed for. The words *prayer* and *request* show a similar transferred sense.

62. room of state, the hall, or reception room.

64. he wish'd his boon denied. A contraction for 'he wished that his boon had been denied.'

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67. **security to please**, freedom from anxiety about pleasing; and so, the assurance of pleasing, confidence in being able to please. *Secure* is the Latin *securus*; from prefix *se*=free from, without, and *cura*, care. It is now used as almost equivalent to *safe*; but formerly, ‘security’ meant the freedom from apprehension of danger; ‘safety,’ the actual absence of danger.’ Cp. Ben Jonson, “Man may securely sin, but *safely* never,” and Shakespeare, *Rich. II.* ii. l. 266, “We see the wind sit sore upon our sails, And yet we strike not, but *securely* perish.” See Trench, *Select Glossary*.

69. **wildering**, wildly, confusedly; in a *bewildering* manner.

71. **chime**, harmonious sound. This word is now used mainly of the sound of a bell: Scott uses it again to describe the sound of the harp in the *Lady of the Lake*, II. vii. 2. *Chime* was formerly spelt ‘chimbe,’ and is the same word as *cymbal*, from Greek κύμβαλον, a cymbal, so named from its hollow shape, from κύμβος, anything hollow, such as a cup: cp. Sansk. *kumbha*, a pot or jar.

72. **heart**, courage: just as *courage* itself is derived from Latin *cor*, the heart. **gave him time**, allowed him time to recover his self-possession.

73. **according glee**, glad sound, according or agreeing with the sound of the other strings. The sounds cannot properly be said to ‘accord’ until they are ‘blended into harmony.’ *Accord*, *concord*, and *discord*, are all (through French) from Latin *cor* (stem *cord-*), the heart.

75, 6. **he would full fain He could recall.** He eagerly wished that he could recall. *Fain* is used as an adverb. The ordinary construction would be ‘he would fain recall,’ i.e. he would gladly recall. *Fain* has lost a middle *g*, like *brain*, *nail*, and many other words: from A.S. *fagen*, glad. The termination *en* indicates that *fegen* was originally the passive participle of a strong verb.

77. The relative is omitted: “a strain (that) he never thought to sing again.” /thought = expected.

78. **churls**, peasants. A.S. *ceorl*: the original sense appears to have been *male*, *man*. Cp. German *karl*, a man (Scotch *carle*), whence our proper name *Charles*.

✓ 80. **King Charles the Good.** Charles I. was in Edinburgh in 1633 and 1641. The epithet ‘the good’ expresses the minstrel’s political sympathies; it seems to be given to King Charles more on account of his unhappy fate than for any other reason. Similarly he was sometimes called King Charles the *Martyr*.

✓ 81. **Holyrood**: the royal palace at Edinburgh. The name implies that it was dedicated to the Holy Rood, i.e. the Cross of Christ.

NOTES—INTRODUCTION.

85. warbling, a quavering, uncertain sound. Not generally applied to the sound of the harp: it is more commonly used of singing, especially of the singing of a bird.

89. Notice the inversion: his faded eye lightened up. It was this description of the Minstrel's behaviour in the presence of the Duchess which Pitt so much admired: an admiration which Scott notices with pride in his introduction to the poem. "This is a sort of thing," said Pitt, "which I might have expected in painting, but could never have fancied capable of being given in poetry."—LOCKHART, *Life of Scott*.

94. forgot. The usual past participle is *forgotten*; though in the simple verb *get*, the pp. *gotten* is obsolete or nearly so, being replaced by *got*.¹

98. Notice the faulty rhyme, *void, supplied*. Scott was careless in such matters, especially in his early poems: see, for instance, *William and Helen*.

99, 100. rung, sung. The proper past tenses are *rang, sang*; but in poetry and in colloquial English the participial forms in *u* are often substituted. This substitution dates from about the 16th century. See Morris, *Eng. Acc.* § 269, p. 160.

CANTO FIRST.

1. **Branksome.** "Branxholm is the proper name of the barony; but Branksome has been adopted as suitable to the pronunciation, and more proper for poetry."—SCOTT. The estate or barony of Branksome, which is on the Teviot, about three miles above Hawick, came into the possession of the Scotts of Buccleugh by exchange, in the reign of James I. of Scotland, and was for a long time their principal residence. Scott describes it as having been a place of great strength, and therefore well adapted for defence against the incursions of the English borderers, which were so frequent before the union of England and Scotland.

2. **Ladye.** Notice the archaic spelling, in imitation of the old ballads. *bower*. See Introd. l. 28. Here it means *room*: it especially signified a *lady's* apartment.

3. **spell**, an incantation, a form of magic words. Originally a saying; the same word as the verb *spell*, in the ordinary sense of 'to say the letters of a word.' The same word also appears in *gospel*, for *god-spell*, the story of God.

5. **Jesu Maria, shield us well!** This line, as Scott acknowledges, is taken from Coleridge's *Christabel*, l. 54. 'Jesu Maria' appears to be a kind of composite invocation of Jesus and the Virgin Mary.

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6. **wight**, person, creature. A.S. *wiht*, creature or thing; the same word as the modern *whit*.

7. **Had dared**, would have dared.

II. 8. **The tables were drawn**, after the evening meal had been eaten, the tables were drawn from the centre to the sides of the hall so as to be out of the way. *Idlesse* all, a state of complete idleness. *Idlesse* is artificially formed with the French suffix *esse* from the English word *idle*, in imitation of such words as *noblesse*, *largesse*. The same suffix appears in *riches*, which is merely the French *richesse*, though it is now universally regarded as a plural.

9. The first step to the order of knighthood was the degree of **page**. The son of a noble, at about his twelfth year, was transferred from his father's house to that of some baron or knight, there to serve as a page and to learn good order and discipline. At about his fourteenth year he ceased to be a page, and was advanced to the second degree of chivalry, that of *Escuyer*, Esquire, or Squire. The third and highest rank of chivalry was that of *Knight*: this honour could not be conferred upon the squire until he had reached the age of twenty-one. — See Scott, *Essay on Chivalry*. *squire* is a shortened form of *esquire* from O.Fr. *escuyer*, Low Lat. *scutarius*, the bearer of the *scutum* or shield. The prefixed *e* in French is due to the difficulty of pronouncing words beginning with *sc*: this difficulty is not felt by English people, and the *e* is therefore dropped in accordance with the rule of dropping unaccented syllables. — See Morris, *Hist. Arc.* § 57; Skeat, *Etym. Dict.* under *squat*; Brachet, *Hist. Gr.* p. 88; and Brachet, *Etym. Fr. Dict.* under the word *espérer*.

13. **rushy floor**. At the time of the tale, floors, instead of being carpeted, were strewn with rushes.

14. **urged ... race**. *Urge* (Lat. *ur gere*) is to press on, to ply with earnestness and vigour. It is here used with a kind of cognate accusative, *race*.

III. 17. **Hung their shields**. This merely means that they always dwelt there.

18. **of name**, of noble name or family.

19. **to bower from stall**. Notice the poetic omission of the article.

20. **yeomen**, household officers or servants. Originally, a *villager*, the prefix *yeo* meaning a village or district. The yeomen were not menials, but soldiers of lower rank than the knights and squires.

Scott has improved upon the account given by an earlier bard, Scott of Satchells, who allows only one servant for every two knights.

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22. mettle, spirit. The same word as *metal*.

23. Cp. the ballad of *Kinmont Willie*, v. 17—

“ He has called him forty Marchmen bauld,
Were kinsmen to the bauld Buccleugh.”

IV. 26. harness, armour. This is almost always its meaning in old books: cp. 1 *Kings*, xx. 11, ‘Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off.’

29. corslet, armour for the body. O. Fr. *cors*, Lat. *corpus*, the body.

30. buckler, a kind of shield, so named from the boss (Fr. *bocle*) in the centre. From Lat. *buccula*, dim. of *bucca*, a cheek; thence any swelling projection like the curved boss of a shield.

33. helmet barr'd. A barred helmet covered the whole face, but the visor or moveable front part was furnished with bars to enable the wearer to breathe and see. The warriors of Branksome were so constantly ready for war, that they did not even raise the visors of their helmets to drink, but drank through the bars. This is of course a poetical exaggeration.

V. 35. beck is a contraction of *beckon*.

36. wight, active, strong. From Icelandie, *vigr*, serviceable for war; *wig*, A.S. *wig*, war. Allied to *victor*, from Lat. *vincere*. *Wight* is a very common word in old ballad poetry.

38. Barbed, protected with armour; applied only to horses. The original word is *barded*, as in l. 311. From Fr. *barde*, horse-armour. trow, believe. Connected with *true*.

39. Jedwood-axe. A kind of axe used by horsemen. Jedwood is the same as ~~Edburgh~~. The axe was a favourite weapon with the Scotch.

VI. 42. dight, prepared. Obsolete, except in poetry. *Dight* is short for *dighled*; although it occurs in Anglo-Saxon, (*dihltan*), it is not an original English word but was very easily borrowed from Latin *dictare*, to prescribe, dictate.

The introduction of a statement by an interrogation is a common figure of speech; the object being to rouse the expectation of the reader, and to excite interest in the statement that is made in reply.

46. St. George's red cross. St. George is the patron saint of England, and the English national flag bore the red cross of St. George, just as the Scotch flag had that of St. Andrew. At the union of the kingdoms the flags were combined, streaming, flowing in the breeze. A flag is often called a *streamer*.

47. beacon. A signal, generally a signal of danger. Such signals at night are made by lighting fires on the tops of hills.

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51. Warkworth, Naworth, Carlisle. These fortresses, on the English side of the Border, were the residences respectively of Earl Percy, Lord Howard, and Lord Scroop, who, at various times, were Wardens of the English Marches or Borders, just as Buccleugh, Douglas, and others were, from time to time, appointed Wardens on the Scottish side. Each country was exposed to continual incursions from the other, and these raids are celebrated in many Border ballads, e.g. *Cherry Chase*, and the *Battle of Otterbourne*.

VII. 54. But he, etc. The pronoun *he* has no verb, the construction of the sentence being changed, and a new subject, *his sword*, being taken. This is called in grammar an anacoluthon (Greek *ἀνακόλουθον*, not following).

58. How Lord Walter fell! Sir Walter Scott of Buccleugh succeeded to his grandfather, Sir David, in 1492. He was a brave and powerful baron, and Warden of the West Marches of Scotland. His death was the consequence of a feud betwixt the Scotts and Kerrs, the history of which is necessary to explain repeated allusions in the romance.

In the year 1526, Douglas, Earl of Angus, held possession of the person of the youthful king, James V., and was, in everything but name, Regent of Scotland. The king soon became disgusted with the restraint imposed upon him by Angus, and seems to have written to Sir Walter Scott of Buccleugh asking to be rescued from the Douglases. Angus had gone to Jedburgh, taking the king with him, to quell some disturbances on the border. Besides his own followers, he was joined by the clans of Home and Kerr. The expedition being over, these clans took leave of Angus at Melrose; and he had just left that town on his march northward when he was encountered by Scott of Buccleugh at the head of a thousand horsemen, who opposed his further progress. A smart action immediately took place, in which the Home and Kerrs, who had returned on hearing the alarm, took part: and the Scotts were defeated with the loss of about eighty men. In the pursuit that followed, Sir Andrew Kerr, Laird of Cessford, pressing forward too rashly, was slain by a man named Elliot, a servant to Sir Walter Scott of Buccleugh. In consequence of this, there ensued a long and deadly feud between the houses of Scott and Kerr: the most signal act of violence to which this quarrel gave rise was the murder of Sir Walter himself, who was slain by the Kerrs in the streets of Edinburgh in 1552. This is the event alluded to in stanza vii.; and the poem is supposed to open shortly after it had taken place.—See Scott's note, and his *History of Scotland*.

59. burghers, citizens of a burgh or borough. The A.S. *bury* meant a fort, a place of refuge.

61. Dunedin, the Celtic name of Edinburgh. *Dun* (cognate with *town*) means a hill, a hill-fort. *Edin* is for Edwyn, the

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name of a king of Northumbria. The name Dunedin is used as being more suited to poetry than Edinburgh.

62. **falchion**, a curved sword. Lat. *falc*, a sickle.

63. **slogan**, battle-cry. From Gaelic *sluagh*, an army, and *gairm*, a call. Another corruption of this word is *slug-horn*: cp. Browning, *Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came*, last line, "Dauntless the slug-horn to my lips I set," where it is mistakenly supposed to mean some kind of *horn*.

VIII. Notice again the interrogatory form of the opening of this stanza.

66. **death-feud**. A feud between two families, prosecuted to the death, and generally originating in a member of one of the families being killed by a member of the other. It then became incumbent upon the family of the murdered man to avenge his death not merely upon the actual murderer, but, if he could not be caught, upon any of his kindred. Such feuds were continued from generation to generation, and that between the Scotts and Kerrs was still in existence seventy years after the battle in which it originated.

67. **lore**, learning, wisdom. From the same root as *learn*.

70. **mutual pilgrimage**. "Among other expedients resorted to for stanching the feud betwixt the Scotts and Kerrs, there was a bond executed in 1529, between the heads of each clan, binding themselves to perform reciprocally the four principal pilgrimages of Scotland, for the benefit of the souls of those of the opposite name who had fallen in the quarrel." This indenture is printed in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. i. But either it never took effect, or the feud was renewed shortly afterwards."—SCOTT.

72. Notice omission of the relative.

73. **Carr**. Scott says that the name is differently spelt as Ker, Kerr, or Carr, by the various families who bear it. He selects Carr, not as the most correct, but as the most poetical reading. "The family of Kerr was very powerful on the Border.... Cessford Castle, their ancient residence, was situated within two or three miles of the Cheviot Hills.... The Duke of Roxburghe represents Kerr of Cessford. A distinct and powerful branch of the same name own the Marquis of Lothian as their chief. Hence the distinction betwixt Kerrs of Cessford and Fairnhirst."—SCOTT.

74. **Ettrick**. Ettrick Forest is the name of a large tract of country which was, at the time of the tale, mostly in the possession of the Scotts. Ettrick-Water is one of the chief tributaries of the Tweed.

76. **feudal war**. The adjective *feudal*, as in 'feudal customs, feudal times,' belongs to *feud*, a fief, land held in fee, according

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to the 'feudal tenure.' But here the adjective seems to be used as if it belonged to *feud* = hatred, as in l. 66; 'feudal war' then would mean, 'war carried on in prosecution of a feud.' Cp. 'feudal hate,' in Canto III. l. 36.

The two words 'feud' are not connected with one another. *Feud* = hatred, revenge, is the same as the Scotch 'feidle'; A.S. *fēd*, enmity, from the same root as *fōr*, *fiend*. *Feud* = land held of a superior, is the same word as *fee*, A.S. *feoh*, property.

IX. 81. *lent*, gave. Jamieson, *Scottish Dictionary*, gives *lene*, to give; past tense *lenit*. This seems to be the same word as *lend*, in which the final *d* belongs really to the past tense or participle, the older form of the word being *leuen*, A.S. *lānan*, to lend or give.

85. source of softer woe, i.e. the source of tears: *softer woe* is that milder form of grief which finds relief in tears.

86. high disdain. Scott acknowledges his indebtedness to Coleridge's *Christabel* for the *form* of this poem; and he has in some instances also adopted Coleridge's phraseology. (Cp. *Christabel*, Part ii., l. 85, "words of high disdain.")

90. And if. *And* was formerly used in the sense of *if*: in order to distinguish it when thus used from the same word when used as a copulative conjunction, the *d* was very often dropped: this is very common in Shakespeare. When the force of *an* or *and* was forgotten, *if* was added; so that *and if*; *an if* are tautological expressions, equivalent to *if if*.

93. dew, moisten as with dew. Not common as a verb; the ordinary word is 'bedew.'

Compare this stanza with Tennyson's song prefixed to Part vi. of *The Princess*--

"Home they brought her wail-dead
She nor swoon'd nor utter'd cry:
All her maidens, watching, said,
'She must weep or she will die.'

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee--
Like summer tempest came her tears.
'Sweet my child, I live for thee.'"

X. 109. Cranstoun. "The Cranstouns are an ancient border family, who were at this time at feud with the Scotts: for it appears that the Lady of Buccleugh, in 1557, beset the Laird of Cranstoun, seeking his life. Nevertheless, the same Cranstoun, or perhaps his son, was married to a daughter of the same lady." (See Prof. Minto remarks that if Cranstoun had been present at the battle of Melrose in 1526, he must have been rather old for a lover in 1553, the supposed date of the tale.)

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XI. 112. a clerk of fame, a famous scholar. The original meaning of the word *clerk* was a *clergyman* or priest : what is now called, by way of distinction, a clerk in holy orders. As nearly all learning, even the most elementary, was confined to the priests, any one who could write was called a clerk ; hence the word came to mean, as at present, nothing more than a ‘writer.’

113. Bethune's line of Picardie. “The Bethunes were of French origin and derived their name from a small town in Artois. There were several distinguished families of the Bethunes in the neighbouring province of Picardy. . . The family of Bethune, or Beaton, in Fife, produced three learned and dignified prelates ; namely, Cardinal Beaton, and two successive Archbishops of Glasgow, all of whom flourished about the date of the romance. Of this family was descended Dame Janet Beaton, Lady Buccleugh, widow of Sir Walter Scott of Branksome. She was a woman of masculine spirit, as appeared from her riding at the head of her son's clan, after her husband's murder. She also possessed the hereditary abilities of her family in such a degree that the superstition of the vulgar imputed them to supernatural knowledge.”—SCOTT.

114. the art that none may name ; magic.

115. “Padua was long supposed, by the Scottish peasants, to be the principal school of necromancy”—SCOTT.

The University of Padua was a famous school of law and philosophy. It will be remembered that Portia, in the *Merchant of Venice*, pretends to come from Bellaria, a learned doctor of Padua; and Lucentio, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, I. i. 2, speaks of “fair Padua, nursery of arts.”

119. St. Andrew's cloister'd hall, the monastery of St. Andrew's, a town in Fife. Cloister is from Lat. *claustrum*, an enclosure, from *claudere*, to close, to shut in : cloister'd hall means a hall having an enclosed walk or arcade round it.

120. “The shadow of a necromancer is independent of the sun. . . The vulgar conceive, that when a class of students have made a certain progress in their mystic studies, they are obliged to run through a subterraneous hall, where the devil literally catches the hindmost in the race, unless he crosses the hall so speedily that the arch-enemy can only apprehend his shadow. In the latter case, the person of the sage never after throws any shade ; and those, who have thus lost their shadow, always prove the best magicians.”—SCOTT.

XII. 122. of is here used in what is called its *partitive* sense : he taught the Ladye *some* of his skill. Cp. Milton, *P. L.* 9. 996, ‘She gave him of that fair enticing fruit.’ avow, declare ; a synonym of *avouch*, and having the same origin, viz. Fr. *avouer*, from Lat. *advocare*, to call upon any one. Originally a feudal

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term, 'to call upon another as protector, to declare oneself to be under the protection of a superior'; afterwards it came to mean simply 'to declare.'

125. viewless, invisible. Cp. the peculiar use of 'sightless,' with the same meaning, in *Macbeth*, I. vii. 23, "the sightless couriers of the air."

127. Lord David. "Branksome Castle was enlarged and strengthened by Sir David Scott, the grandson of Sir William, its first possessor."—SCOTT.

129. round is here a preposition, governing 'turrets,' the natural order of the words being inverted. In l. 138, *round* is an adjective, qualifying 'turrets.'

131. scaur, a rock or cliff. It is properly applied to isolated rocks in the sea, e.g. the *skerries* of Orkney: so called because cut off or sheared from the mainland. Cp. *shear, share, shire, shore, sheer, score, shred*: all allied words.

132. Is it the wind, etc. Cp. *Christabel*, Part i. l. 44, "Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?"

XIII. 137. ban-dog, for band-dog, i.e. a dog held in a band, or chained up: generally a mastiff.

XIV. 144-149. From the sound... knew it well. The Ladye knew, *i.e.* could distinguish, the voice of the Spirit of the Flood from the sound of the rushing of the river, and from all the other sounds that have been mentioned.

145. Chafing. Cp. *Julius Caesar*, i. 2. 101, "The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores." The use of the word involves the personal notion of the angry river fretting at the restraint imposed upon it by its banks.

150. Spirit of the Flood. "The Scottish ~~Irish~~ without having any very defined notion of their attributes, believe in the existence of an intermediate class of spirits, residing in the air, or in the waters, to whose agency they ascribe floods, storms, and all such phenomena as their own philosophy cannot readily explain. They are supposed to interfere with the affairs of mortals, sometimes with a malevolent purpose, and sometimes with milder views."—SCOTT. Scott proceeds to give two stories concerning the behaviour of these spirits, and goes on to say, "I mention these popular fables, because the introduction of the River and Mountain Spirits may not, at first sight, seem to accord with the general tone of the romance, and the superstitions of the country where the scene is laid."

* 151. Fell, hill, moor. A Scandinavian word, probably the same as the English word *field*. Both *fell* and *field* appear in the names of mountains, e.g. Scafell, Crossfell, Fairfield, Dovrefeld (in Norway).

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XV. 154. *Craik-cross* and *Skelfhill-pen* are two hills on opposite sides of the Teviot. *Pen* = hill, is the same word as appears in the Apennines, the Pennine hills, and in the names of so many Welsh mountains; it appears in Gaelic as *Ben*, e.g. Ben Nevis.

156. *morris*, a rustic dance; so called apparently because it was adopted from the *Moors* of Spain. It was also called a *morisco*. *Morris* is a cognate accusative to ‘pacing’; *pacing their morris* means ‘performing the paces of the morris; dancing the morris-dance.’

158. *Emerald rings*. Rings of grass, of a brighter green than the grass immediately surrounding them, are very common in meadows and on hills and moors. They are commonly called fairy rings; and, when the belief in fairies was more general than now, these rings were supposed to be made by the feet of the fairies as they danced hand in hand in a circle.

159. Cp. Milton, *L'Allegro*, 33, “Come and trip it as ye go.” In such sentences the pronoun *it* does not refer to anything in particular: it partakes of the nature of a cognate accusative. See Bain, *H.E.G.* p. 28; Maetzner, ii. 170.

XVI. 164, 165. Notice the softness and sweetness of such lines as these, due to the predominance of liquid sounds: this is clearly intentional, in view of the tenderness of the subject.

XVII. 170. Arthur's wain, commonly called *Charles' wain*; a name given to the seven chief stars in the constellation of the Great Bear. *Arthur* is for *Arcturus*, the chief star in the constellation Boötes, next to the Great Bear. *Arcturus* was spelt *Arturus*, *Arthurus*, and was thence turned into *Arture* or *Arthur*. It is called by Bishop Douglas, in his translation of the *Aeneid* of Virgil (151) *Arthuris huyse*, i.e. Arthur's haunt.

Boötes was supposed to drive the ‘wain’ or wagon formed by the seven stars, and he is also called the *Wagoner*: these stars are sometimes also called the Plough, Boötes being the ploughman. *Arcturus*, Gr. “Ἄρκτοῦρος, is from ἄρκτος, a bear, and ὥρος, a guard: so that the name means the guard of the bear, i.e. of the Great Bear. The word ἄρκτος itself is the same as the Sansk. *riksha*, a bear; there is another Sansk. word *rishi*, meaning a shining thing, a star, from a root *ark*, to shine; and the name of the Bear, given to the constellation, appears to be due to a confusion between these two words. See Max Müller, *Lectures on the Science of Language*, vol. ii. In India the stars forming the Wagon are commonly known as the *saptarishi*, or seven wise men; this name also probably arose from confusion between *riksha* and *rishi*. For *wain*, see III. 134, note.

171. *utter darkness*; not ‘complete darkness,’ but ‘the darkness of outside space’; the commoner phrase is ‘outer darkness,’ with the same meaning: cp. *Matthew*, viii. 12.

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173. studded, i.e. with stars, as with jewels.

175. planet star, a *wandering* star; a star belonging to the solar system. From Greek πλανῆτης, a wanderer; because the planets appear to move among the so-called 'fixed' stars. In the ancient astrology, the planets were supposed to have much more influence than the other stars upon human affairs.

176. I cannot clearly read the decrees of the stars; but (this much I can see with certainty, viz. that) they deign to shower no kind influence, etc....

177. influence is used here in its original sense as a term of astrology: a something flowing into or on us from the stars by which our actions and fortunes are affected. *deign they shower*, for 'they deign to shower': the omission of 'to' is a license of poetry.

179. This line gives the *motive*, the key-note, to the poem. There is to be no happiness, no good fortune, for those who dwell in Branksome tower, till the mother subdues her pride and sanctions the love of her daughter for the hereditary enemy of her house: and the poem shows how this was destined to come about.

XVIII. 180. ceast, breast. This is, of course, a rhyme merely to the eye, not to the ear. But such rhymes, though faulty, may perhaps be excused in English, a language not rich in real rhymes. In the beginning of Scott's poetical career, he was very severely criticized by 'Monk' Lewis for faults such as these: see the letters of Lewis in the Essay prefixed to the fourth volume of the *Border Minstrelsy*.

XIX. 195. jocund, gay, merry. Latin *jucundus*, pleasant: originally *helpful*, from *juvare*, to help.

197. A fancied moss-trooper, i.e. fancying himself to be, pretending to be, a moss-trooper. "This was the usual appellation of the marauders upon the Borders; a profession diligently pursued by the inhabitants on both sides, and by none more actively and successfully than by Buccleugh's clan. Long after the union of the crowns, the moss-troopers, although sunk in reputation, and no longer enjoying the pretext of national hostility, continued to pursue their calling."—SCOTT. A *moss-trooper* means literally a trooper or horseman who rode over the *mosses* or *moors* of the Scottish Border.

198. truncheon, the shaft or handle of a spear; a diminutive form of *trunk*.

200. foray, a raid in search of plunder. *Foray* is the Lowland Scotch form of *forage*, which is the Fr. *fourage*, Low Lat. *fodrum*, merely a Latinized form of *fodder* food for cattle.

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Fodder again is only a lengthened form of *food*. So that a *foray* is, in the first place, a raid in search of food, and then a raid in search of any kind of booty.

202. *frolic*; here used as an adjective, frolicsome, gay. For the adjectival use compare *Marmion*, Introd. l. 229, ‘The gambols of each frolic child’; Shakespeare, *Mids. Nt. Dr.* v. 394, ‘We fairies now are frolic.’ The adjectival use, though now uncommon, is the original one, the substantive and verb being derivatives. The word is Dutch, the termination *-lic* being equivalent to the English suffix *-like*, *-ly*. Cp. German *fröhlich*, merry; *froh*, joyous.

203. *Albeit*, although. Properly a phrase, *all though it be that*.

207. “This line, of which the metre appears defective, would have its full complement of feet according to the pronunciation of the poet himself—as all who were familiar with his utterance of the letter *r* will bear testimony.”—LOCKHART.

Pronounce *Unicorn* as if U-ni-có-run. Cp. *Macbeth*, iii. 2. 30, “Let your remembrance apply to Banquo,” where *remembrance* must be pronounced as a quadrisyllable.

208. The arms of the Kerrs of Cessford bore three unicorns’ heads, with a unicorn’s head for the crest. Those of the Scotts of Buccleugh included a star of six points between two crescents.

XX. 214. *William of Deloraine*. “The lands of Deloraine are joined to those of Buccleugh in Ettrick Forest. They were immemorially possessed by the Buccleugh family, under the strong title of occupancy, although no charter was obtained from the Crown until 1545. Like other possessions, the lands of Deloraine were occasionally granted by them to vassals, or kinsmen, for Border service. I have endeavoured to give William of Deloraine the attributes which characterised the Borderers of his day. . . .”—SCOTT.

XXI. 215. *stark*, strong, sturdy; this is its ordinary meaning in the Border ballads: cp. *Kinmont Willie*, “The Red Rowan has hente him up, The *starkest* man in Teviotdale.” Notice the omission of the first ‘as’: ‘he was *as* stark a moss-trooping Scott as ever. . . .’

216. *couch’d*. To couch a lance, or ‘lay it in rest,’ is to put it into the proper position for the ‘charge.’ *Couch*, O.Fr. *coucher*, *colcher*, is from Lat. *collocare* = *con-locare*, to place: from *con-*, together, and *locus*, a place.

217. *Solway sands*. For a description of the danger of these sands, owing to the rapid rising of the tide and the prevalence of quicksands, see *Redgauntlet*, Letter IV.

A *moss* is a bog, a soft yielding moorland: the word is related to *mire*.

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218. paths to cross, paths for crossing, paths by which the sands, etc., might be crossed.

220. blood-hounds. "The kings and heroes of Scotland, as well as the Border-riders, were sometimes obliged to study how to evade the pursuit of blood-hounds. Barbour informs us that Robert Bruce was repeatedly tracked by sleuth-dogs. On one occasion he escaped by wading a bow-shot down a brook, and ascending into a tree by a branch which overhung the water; thus leaving no trace on land of his footsteps, he baffled the scent. ... A sure way of stopping the dog was to spill blood upon the track, which destroyed the discriminating fineness of his scent. A captive was sometimes sacrificed on such occasions. Henry the Minstrel tells a romantic story of Wallace, founded on this circumstance :—The hero's little band had been joined by an Irishman named Fawdoun, or Fadzean, a dark, savage, and suspicious character. After a sharp skirmish at Black-Erne Side, Wallace was forced to retreat with only sixteen followers. The English pursued with a Border *sleuth-bratch*, or blood-hound. ... In the retreat Fawdoun, tired, or affecting to be so, would go no farther. Wallace, having in vain argued with him, in hasty anger, struck off his head, and continued the retreat. When the English came up, their hound stayed upon the dead body :—

‘The sleuth stopped at Fawdon, still she stood,
Nor farther would fra time she fund the blood.’

The story concludes with a fine Gothic scene of terror. Wallace took refuge in the solitary tower of Gask. Here he was disturbed at midnight by the blast of a horn. He sent out his attendants two by two, but no one returned with tidings. At length, when he was left alone, the sound was heard still louder. The champion descended, sword in hand; and, at the gate of the tower, was encountered by the headless spectre of Fawdoun, whom he had slain so rashly. Wallace, in great terror, fled up into the tower, tore open the boards of a window, leapt down fifteen feet in height, and continued his flight up the river. Looking back to Gask, he discovered the tower on fire, and the form of Fawdoun upon the battlements, dilated to an immense size, and holding in his hand a blazing rafter." — Scott.

D 221. Eske or Liddel; rivers on the Border. The word *Esk* is the same as the Gaelic *uisge*, water; a word which appears, differently spelt, in *whiskey*, shortened from *uisge-beath*, water of life, with which the French *eau-de-vie* may be compared. Several rivers in England and Scotland are called *Esk*; and the river-names *Usk*, *Ouse*, *Axe*, *Exe*, *Ux*, are variations of the same word.

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222. But = that not. There were no fords that he would not ride. We speak of riding a horse or riding a race; but we ride along a road and over a ford. But cp. the ballad of *Kinmont Willie*, "I wadna have ridden that wan water."

223. time or tide. Tide originally meant 'time,' the two words containing the same root: it still often retains this meaning in poetry, and in such expressions as *eventide*, *whitsuntide*, and in the proverb, "Time and tide wait for no man."

226. matin prime; the first hour of morning.

227. (As) steady ... as (any one who) ever drove

230. The Scottish Borderers were often as obnoxious to the government of their own country as to that of England. James V. of Scotland had proceeded against them with great severity about twenty-five years before the time of this tale.

XXII. 231. good at need, always ready to be useful in the hour of need. This is what is called a 'permanent epithet,' being generally used whenever Deloraine is mentioned. Cp. the use of 'swift-footed' as applied by Homer to Achilles, and 'far-darting' to Apollo. And cp. "The Raid of the Reidswire" in the *Border Minstrelsy*, "Cranstane, Gladstain, good at need."

232. Mound thee. These reflexive forms occur continually in Scott's poetry. Cp. l. 277. In the oldest English, such verbs of motion, usually intransitive, took a dative case when they had an object at all. wightest. See l. 36.

233. stint = spare.

235. Melrose. See l. 334. pile, a mass of buildings. From Lat. *pila*, a pile. Then, anything round; a roundish heap; especially a regularly formed heap, as a 'pile of shot': then a large edifice, or a mass of buildings.

236. aisle, the wing of a church: the part on either side of the nave or central portion. French *aile*, from Lat. *ala*, a wing. The *s* has no meaning, and is due to a confusion with *isle*: ep. *island*, wrongly spelt for *island*.

238. the fated hour. For an explanation of this, see II. xv.

241. St. Michael's night, i.e. Michaelmas, 29th September.

243. Cross, of bloody red. See II. xi.

XXIII. 249. lorn. An old participle of *lose*. For the change from *s* to *r* compare *iron*, corresponding to an older form *isen*; *are* from root *as*; *were* from root *was*.

XXIV. 251. Notice the change in the metre: in stanza xxiii. the short lines, and the regularly occurring accents, give the

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impression of a solemnity suited to the errand of the knight: while the rapidity of the metre of stanza xxiv., with its many unaccented syllables, serves to express the intended swiftness of the messenger. *dapple-grey*, grey, variegated with spots of a darker colour. *Dapple* means a spot; the original sense is a pond or little pool. A Scandinavian word (Icelandic *dæpil*, a spot); and ultimately connected with English *dip*, *dimple*.

253. *gan say*. There should be no apostrophe: *gan* is not a contraction of *began*, but the past tense of *gin* (M.E. *ginnen*) to begin, from which *begin* is formed with prefix *be*. It is very common in poetry as an auxiliary verb; *gan*=did; and when thus used is followed by the pure infinitive. When it means *began*, it is followed by the infinitive with *to*: this distinction is always observed in Chaucer. Cp. "when that Arcite hadde songe, he gan to sike" (sigh), *C. T.* l. 1542; with "Arcite gan espye" = did see, l. 1114.

257. Since he cannot read, he will be safe from the risk of looking into the book.

258. *Were't*=if it were. *Hairibee* is the place of execution at Carlisle: it is mentioned in *Kilmont Willie*, *Dick o' the Cow*, and other Border Ballads. "The neck-verse is the beginning of the 51st Psalm, *Miserere mei*, etc., anciently read by criminals claiming the benefit of clergy."—SCOTT. So called because the prisoner saved his neck, that is, his life, by repeating it. Formerly the clergy could not be punished by the secular power, but when accused of crime, claimed what was called the 'benefit of their clergy,' and were then handed over to the ecclesiastical courts. In process of time this exemption was claimed by and allowed to any one who could read. The effect of the passage in the poem is therefore 'I could not read a line even to save my life.'

XXV. 261. *sounding*, echoing his steps. *barbican*, a tower over the gateway of a castle defending the entrance. Supposed to be a Persian word.

262. *won*, gained, reached.

263. *the wooded path he rode*. Cp. l. 222, and note.

264. *basnet*. Another spelling of *basinet*, which is a diminutive of *basin*. The *basinet* was a small light steel helmet, closed in front with a 'ventail' or visor.

265. *Peel*, a Border tower. Cp. Peel Castle in the Isle of Man.

266. *Borthwick*. Borthwick Water is a small tributary of the Teviot, which it joins about half-way between Branksome and Hawick.

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267. Moat-hill. “This is a round artificial mound near Hawick, which, from its name (A.S. *Mot*, an assembly), was probably anciently used as a place for assembling a national council of the adjacent tribes.”—SCOTT.

268. Druid shades. The ghosts of the Druids. The name given to the priests of the old religion of Britain.

270. they set in night. The lights in the houses disappeared from view as he left the town, and the darkness of night closed around him. The disappearance of the lights is compared to the ‘setting’ of the heavenly bodies.

272. Hazeldean belonged to a family of Scotts described as ‘the ancientest house among them all.’

XXVI. 274. courier, messenger : lit., a runner, from Fr. *courir*, Lat. *currere*, to run.

275. For Branksome. *For* means ‘on the side of, belonging to the party of.’

279. dark ascent did ride. Cp. l. 222 and note.

282. the Roman way. “An ancient Roman road, crossing through part of Roxburghshire.”—SCOTT.

XXVII. 284. breathed. To ‘breathe’ a horse is to let it rest in order to recover its breath.

285. Drew: i.e. drew tighter.

286. Deloraine prepares for a possible attack from the outlaw.

287. Minto-crags. “A romantic assemblage of cliffs which rise suddenly above the vale of Teviot, in the immediate vicinity of the family seat from which Lord Minto takes his title. A small platform, on a projecting crag, commanding a most beautiful prospect, is termed *Barnhill’s Bed*. This Barnhill is said to have been a robber, or outlaw. There are remains of a strong tower beneath the rocks, where he is supposed to have dwelt, and from which he derived his name.”—SCOTT.

291. from whence. *Whence* means ‘from which,’ so that the preposition is redundant. The phrase ‘from whence’ is, however, fairly common; cp. Shakespeare, *Comedy of Errors*, III. i. 37, ‘let him walk from whence he came.’ Similarly the pleonastic phrases ‘from hence,’ ‘from thence,’ are occasionally found in the earlier classical writers.

293, 4. Cliffs, doubling ... horn. The echoes of the cliffs seemed to double the sound of the robber’s horn, a sound that was full of terrors for the travellers who had to pass by his retreat, and who feared to be plundered by him. Terrors=sounds producing terror in the hearers; ‘borne’ qualifies ‘terrors.’

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296. the warbling Doric reed. This refers to a pastoral song by Sir Gilbert Elliot, father of the first Lord Minto, of which the first verse runs as follows :—

“ My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep-hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook :
No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove ;
Ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.
But what had my youth with ambition to do ?
Why left I Amynta ? why broke I my vow ? ”

The ‘Doric reed’ signifies pastoral poetry; the musical instrument or pipe used by shepherds being made from a reed, and a modification of the Doric dialect having been used by Theocritus, the founder of Greek pastoral poetry.

XXVIII. 300. ancient Riddel. Scott justifies the epithet ‘ancient’ applied to the family of Riddel, by adducing evidence to show that they had been in possession of this ‘domain’ for more than a thousand years.

301. Aill. Another tributary of the Teviot.

306. might, could. The old meaning of *may* was ‘to be able, to have power.’ Cp. the use of *may* in l. 134 and 176.

308. saddle-bow, the ~~rommel~~ or front part of a saddle.

XXIX. 309. I ween. *Ween* is ‘to think, suppose.’ Obsolete except in poetry: cp. *Christabel*, Part ii. l. 94.

311. barded. See l. 38, note. counter; the chest of a horse.

316. daggled, wet. A frequentative verb from ~~pro~~vincial English *dag*, to sprinkle with water; cognate with *ew*.

317. good heart, courage. Cp. l. 227. Our Ladye: the Virgin Mary, mother of Jesus.

XXX. 319. march-man = Borderer. *March* a boundary and is the same word as *mark*.

321. “ Halidon was an ancient seat of the Kerrs of Cessford, now demolished. About a quarter of a mile to the northward lay the field of battle betwixt Buccleugh and Angus,” referred to in the note on l. 58.—SCOTT.

326. On the part of the Scotts, the object of the battle was to obtain possession of the person of the young King James, to rescue him from the Douglases.

329. dear, precious; perhaps also with the idea that the slaughter of Cessford was dearly paid for by the death of Lord Walter Scott and the long continuance of the feud between the clans of Scott and Carr.

XXXI. 334. Melros’. Melrose is said to be from *Maol-ros*, the bald headland (*maol* = bald, *ros* = promontory in Gaelic), the name of Old Melrose, which was situated on a peninsula formed

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by the Tweed. “The ancient and beautiful monastery of Melrose was founded by King David I. Its ruins afford the finest specimen of Gothic architecture and Gothic sculpture which Scotland can boast. ... This superb convent was dedicated to St. Mary, and the monks were of the Cistercian order.”—SCOTT.

335. with lichens grey. Grey qualifies rock; made grey by lichens growing on it. Cf. *Lady of the Lake*, II. v. 1, “Upon a rock with lichens wild.”

336. Abbaye. An archaic spelling of *abbey*. Note that the accent is on the second syllable, as in French.

337. curfew. The curfew-bell, formerly rung at eight o'clock in the evening as a signal for putting out fires. It was a French institution, introduced into England by William the Conqueror. The name was retained for the evening bell long after the curfew law was abolished. The time at which the bell was rung varied somewhat. In Scotland it was generally rung at nine o'clock; and in the reign of James VI. it was not rung till ten. From Fr. *couver-feu*, from *couvrir*, to cover, and *feu*, fire.

338. lauds. The midnight service of the Catholic Church: Lat. *laudes*, plural of *laus*, praise.

340. wise, manner, way. The same word that forms part of likewise, otherwise. fail, die away. The common phrase is ‘rise and fall’.

341. that wild harp. The Aeolian harp, so called from Aeolus, god of winds, the harp being played on by ‘the winds alone.’

343. all is used as an adverb = altogether, completely.

344. Observe the alliteration. meetly, fitly, suitably. From mete, to measure, so that *meet* originally meant ‘measured so as to fit exactly’.

346. With the interruption of the Lay, the regular metre with which the poem began is again introduced.

360. This is the substance of their ‘praises.’

CANTO SECOND.

I. 1. Scan thus: If thóu | would'st viéw | fair Mél | röse
äríght|.

3. lightsome, full of light. A rare word in this sense: it is used by Spenser, *F. Q.* I. vii. 23, “O lightsome Day, the lamp of highest Jove”; and by Bacon, “white walls make rooms more lightsome than black.” As a derivation of *light* (not heavy), *lightsome* is more common, being used in the sense of gay, light-hearted.

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4. **flout**, mock. Derived by Skeat from O.Du. *fluyten*, to play the flute; also, to jeer: so that the word is connected with *flute*, Lat. *flatus*, p.p. of *flare*, to blow. The light of day only mocks the abbey by showing clearly the ruinous state that it is in.

6. **oriel**. Used as equivalent to *oriel-window*, i.e. a window projecting outwards, the shafts being the mullions or upright stone divisions between the lights of the window. An oriel is properly a recess within a room, or a small private room leading out of a large hall. Skeat derives the French *oriel*, from which we get *oriel*, from the Lat. *aureolus*, golden: the suggestion being that the small room called the *oriel* was gilded or otherwise more profusely ornamented than the rest of the building. Another suggestion is that the *oriel* was an oratory, or place for prayer, from a supposed Latin word *oratoriolum*, a diminutive of *oratorium*, a place of prayer: Lat. *orare*, to pray.

7. **uncertain**, because things are seen in the moonlight in an uncertain or indistinct manner.

10. The shadow on one side of each buttress is compared to the blackness of ebony, and the bright moonlight falling on the other side to the whiteness of ivory or silver. To agree with this, the word alternately must be taken with 'ebon and ivory,' not with 'buttress and buttress.'

11. **imagery**, the sculptured images that adorned the walls. Cp. Keats, *Eve of St. Agnes*, 24, "A casement... all garlanded with carven imageries of fruit and flowers." This literal use of the word imagery is almost obsolete.

12. **scrolls**. "The buttresses ranged along the sides of the rains of Melrose Abbey are, according to the Gothic style, richly carved and fretted, containing niches for the statues of saints, and labelled with scrolls, bearing appropriate texts of Scripture. Most of these statues have been demolished." --SCOTT.

16. **St. David**. "David I. of Scotland purchased the reputation of sanctity by founding and liberally endowing not only the monastery of Melrose but those of Kelso, Jedburgh, and many others; which led to the well-known observation of his successor [James I. of Scotland], that he was a *sore saint for the crown*." --SCOTT.

17. **soothly swear**, swear or declare with truth. See Introd. l. 57, note.

II. 20. This is in accordance with the supposed character of the rough Borderer.

21. **wicket**, a small gate forming a portion of a larger one, so made that it can be opened without opening the larger gate. "In the game of cricket, the *wicket* was at first (A.D. 1700) literally 'a small gate,' being two feet wide by 1 foot high; but the

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shape has so greatly altered that there is no longer any resemblance. See the diagrams in the *English Cyclopaedia*, Arts and Sciences, Supplement, under the word *Cricket*.”—SKEAT.

25. From Branksome I. Note the omission of the verb : I come from Branksome.

28. fence, protect, defend. *Fence* is an abbreviation of *defence*, from Lat. *defendere*, to defend.

29. livings. A *living* is the benefice of a clergyman, and the income attached to it.

30. Had gifted. There is a double object ; *lands and livings*, and *shrine*. Branksome's Chiefs had bestowed lands, etc., upon the shrine; had endowed the shrine with lands, in order to secure the happiness of their souls after death. Such gifts were generally coupled with injunctions to say ‘masses’ for the soul of the donor.

An alternative explanation would be to take “lands and livings” as the subject, and to interpret “had gifted the shrine” to mean ‘had been bestowed, as a gift, upon the shrine’; but this would be a very uncommon use of the verb ‘gift.’

III. 31. his errand said. The proper idiom is ‘*told* his errand.’ *Errand* was formerly spelt with one *r*, *erende*, A.S. *érende*. The introduction of the second *r* may have been due to a false connexion with *errant*, wandering, from Lat. *errare*, to wander; as though one who went on an *errand* was an *errant* person. But the words are not immediately connected, though they are probably ultimately from the same root.

32. bent his ... head; as a token of submission to a command proceeding from Branksome Castle.

37. stooping. *Stoop* is generally an intransitive verb: for the transitive use cp. Shakespeare, 2 *Henry IV*. Ind. 32, “the king before the Douglas' rage stooped his anointed head as low as death.”

39. aventayle. The moveable part of the front of a helmet, which could be raised to admit fresh air.

From O.Fr. *esventail*, from a supposed Late Lat. *exventaculum*, from *ex*=out, *ventus*, wind. The form *ventayle* occurs in Spenser, *F. Q.* III. ii. 24. “Through whose bright ventayle lifted up on hye, His manly face ... looked forth.” And cp. modern French *eventail*, a fan.

IV. 42. Cp. I. 239.

45. sackcloth couch. The coarse rough cloth used for sacks was worn as a penance, and as a sign of mourning. This was an Eastern practice, see *Gen.* xxxvii. 34, “And Jacob ... put sack-

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cloth upon his loins, and mourned for his son many days"; and *Jonah*, iii. 5, "So the people of Nineveh proclaimed a fast, and put on sackcloth."

46. **with toil**, with labour and difficulty. His limbs were stiff with age, so that he could not move them easily.

V. 53, 54. The construction is very confused. He enumerates the various forms of penance that he has undergone, and says that they are "all too little" to atone for his offence. Lines 53, 54 stand in no grammatical relation to the rest of the sentence; the construction is changed at l. 55, and it is not clear what the construction would have been, if carried out in accordance with the first two lines.

57. **atone**, to expiate, to make amends. *Atone* == *at one* and was originally used of persons only: it is an abbreviation of 'to set *at one*', and formerly meant to reconcile.

60. **drie**, to suffer, endure; common in Lowland Scotch; usually spelt *dree*, from A.S. *drégan*, to endure. *Drie* is a transitive verb, its object being "year."

59-61. The monk tells the knight that the deed about to be performed is a sin that can only be expiated by prayer and penance performed throughout his future life; and that, even after performing such life-long penance, his fate after death will be uncertain, and therefore he will be unable to meet death with courage. The sentence is conditional: (if) thou wouldest ... *drie*, (and if thou wouldest) *wait*, etc.

VI. The sudden change from the smooth and regular lines of stanza v. to the rough and irregular versification of stanza vi. serves to bring out the contrast between the religious solemnity of the monk and the rude and uncultivated manner of the Borderer, with his careless indifference to the superstitious fears of the other.

65. **mass**, a service of the Roman Church, the celebration of the Eucharist. A.S. *messe*, borrowed from the ecclesiastical Latin *missa*, the mass. *Missa* is the feminine participle of *mittere*, to send away, and the term is accounted for by the words *ite, missa est*, 'go, the congregation is dismissed,' which were used at the end of the service. Another suggestion is, that these words were used immediately before the actual celebration, to dismiss the catechumens, those who were not yet 'regenerate,' and so not fitted to take part in the Sacrament.

66. **patter**, to repeat rapidly, without any attention to the sense. It is a frequentative form of *pat*, and is used of any frequently repeated sound, as 'the patterning hail,' 'the rain pattered against the windows.' But its use in the sense 'to repeat prayers' is probably due to, or influenced by, *pater*, father,

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the first word in the paternoster, or Lord's Prayer. Ave Mary = Hail ! Mary ; the salutation of the angel to the Virgin Mary : see *Luke*, i. 28. It was used by itself as a devotional exclamation : it was also the beginning of a Latin prayer.

67. "The ~~Borderers~~ were, as may be supposed, very ignorant about religious matters. Colville, in his *Paranesis*, or *Admonition*, states that the reformed divines were so far from undertaking distant journeys to convert the Heathen, 'as I would wish to God that ye would only go but to the Highlands and Borders of our own realm, to gain our own countrymen, who, for lack of preaching and ministration of the Sacraments, must with time become either infidels or atheists.' But we learn from Lesley that, however deficient in real religion, they regularly told their beads, and never with more zeal than when going on a plundering expedition."—SCOTT.

68. can and will (l. 63) are now hardly used except as auxiliaries to other verbs : I can (pray) none other prayer : I will (do) no penance. *Can* is properly equivalent to *know*, from A.S. *cunnan*, to know ; and there is an ultimate connection with *know* : perhaps Scott uses the word in this archaic sense : cp. *Talisman*, ch. 25, "Thou *canst* well of woodcraft."

69. speed me my errand : quickly finish the business of my errand. *Me* must be regarded as a dative = *for* me.

VII. 74. by = past.

79. The cloisters or covered walks that surround the courts and gardens of a monastery were often used as burial places.

VIII. 83. But = that not. The flowers carved in stone on the cloister arches represented the natural flowers growing in the garden, and were as beautiful.

86. streamer. A name given to the Aurora Borealis, or Northern Lights ; a luminous appearance seen, especially in winter nights, in the temperate and arctic regions, in the northern sky, radiating from the northern magnetic pole. The word 'dancing' indicates the ever-changing form of the rays of light ; they are sometimes called 'the merry dancers.' The Aurora Borealis is now considered to be an electrical phenomenon.

90. jennet, a small Spanish horse. From Spanish *ginete*, the original sense of which was a light-armed horse-soldier : a word of Moorish origin. wheel, turn. The construction is continued from the two preceding lines : so had he seen ... the youth suddenly turn the flying jennet, and hurl the unexpected dart.

IX. 94. postern door, a back door. Latin *posterus*, from *post*, behind.

95. chancel, the east end of a church, containing the altar : so called because it was formerly separated from the rest of the church by a screen or railing. From Lat. *cancellus*, a grating.

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96. **aloof**, far away, at a distance. Originally a nautical term, derived from the Dutch, and connected with *luif*. To 'hold aloof' was to keep the 'luif' or wind; to point the ship's head to windward so as to prevent it drifting on to the shore or other object on the leeward side. Hence to hold aloof signified to keep away from a lee shore, and afterwards to keep away from anything. *Luof* or *luif* seems originally to have denoted some sort of paddle for steering, and is probably the same as the Scotch *luof*, the palm of the hand, that being the original paddle of primitive man.

99. **fleur-de-lys**, or a **quatre-feuille**. A *fleur-de-lys* is a lily flower, the French *lys*, or *lis*, being a contraction of Lat. *lilius*, a corrupt form of *lilium* (cp. *filis*, a son, from *filius*). *Quatre-feuille*, or *quatrefoil*, is an architectural ornament in the shape of a four-leaved flower. These carved ornaments are often to be found at the intersection of the ribs of a vaulted arch; they are mere decorations, and so cannot properly be called keystones, as they do not lock the arches.

100. **corbells**, or *corbels*, are "the projections from which the arches spring, usually cut in a fantastic face or mask."—SCOTT. The word means properly 'a little basket' (Lat. *corbula*, diminutive of *corbis*, a basket); they are so called from their shape. The meanings of these terms of architecture are best seen from pictures, such as may be found in any illustrated dictionary.

101. **cluster'd shafts** are columns which appear to be composed of several slender pillars clustered together. The **capital** is the top or **head** (Lat. *capitellum*, diminutive of *caput*, head) of a column.

102. **flourish'd**, ornamented by flowery carvings.

X. 104. **scutcheon**, a shield on which is painted the coat of arms. The same as *escutcheon*, from O. Fr. *escuissin*, from Lat. *scutum*, a shield. Cp. the etymology of *squire*, I. 9, note. **banner-riven**, banner torn in battle. The old banners, and those captured in battle, were usually hung round the walls of churches and chapels.

105. **to**, in response to, under the action of.

106. **pale**, fence. See note on *chancery*, above.

109. **Chief of Otterburne**. "The famous and desperate battle of Otterburne was fought 15th August, 1388, betwixt Henry Percy, called Hotspur, and James, Earl of Douglas. ... The issue of the conflict is well known: Percy was made prisoner, and the Scots won the day, dearly purchased by the death of their gallant general, the Earl of Douglas, who was slain in the action. He was buried at Melrose, beneath the high altar. 'His obsequye was done reverently, and on his bodye layde a tombe of stone, and his baner hangyng over hym.'—*Froissart*, ii.

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165."—SCOTT. The well-known ballad of "The Battle of Otterburne" is in the *Border Minstrelsy*, and will be found in almost every collection of ballads.

110. **Knight of Liddesdale.** "William Douglas, called the Knight of Liddesdale, flourished during the reign of David II., and was so distinguished by his valour that he was called the Flower of Chivalry. Nevertheless, he tarnished his renown by the cruel murder of Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalhousie, originally his friend and brother in arms. The king had conferred upon Ramsay the sheriffdom of Teviotdale, to which Douglas pretended some claim. In revenge of this preference, the Knight of Liddesdale came down upon Ramsay, seized and carried him off to his remote and inaccessible castle of Hermitage, where he threw his unfortunate prisoner, horse and man, into a dungeon, and left him to perish of hunger. ... So weak was the royal authority, that David, although highly incensed at this atrocious murder, found himself obliged to appoint the Knight of Liddesdale successor to his victim, as Sheriff of Teviotdale. But he was soon after slain, while hunting in Ettrick Forest, by his own godson and chieftain, William, Earl of Douglas. ... His body was carried to Melrose, where he was interred with great pomp, and where his tomb is still shown."—SCOTT.

XI. "It is impossible to conceive a more beautiful specimen of the lightness and elegance of Gothic architecture, when in its purity, than the eastern window of Melrose Abbey. Sir James Hall of Dunglass, Bart., has, with great ingenuity and plausibility, traced the Gothic order through its various forms and seemingly eccentric ornaments, to an architectural imitation of wicker-work; of which, as we learn from some of the legends, the earliest Christian churches were constructed. In such an edifice, the original of the clustered pillars is traced to a set of round posts, begirt with slender rods of willow, whose loose summits were brought to meet from all quarters, and bound together artificially, so as to produce the framework of the roof: and the tracery of our Gothic windows is displayed in the meeting and interlacing of rods and hoops, affording an inexhaustible variety of diversified forms of open work. This ingenious system is alluded to in the romance."—SCOTT.

123. **image**, picture, portrait. Pictures of saints are favourite subjects in the stained glass windows of ancient minsters and abbeys.

125. **Michael.** The central light of the east oriel window contained a representation in coloured glass of the archangel Michael triumphant over Satan the apostate angel: see *Paradise Lost*, Bk. vi. The moonlight, passing through the red cross held by Michael, cast a red shade upon the pavement.

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XII. 130. A Scottish monarch. "A large marble stone in the chancel of Melrose is pointed out as the monument of Alexander II." [king of Scotland, 1216 to 1249].—SCOTT.

132. man of woe, woeful man, a penitent: one who spends his time in sorrow for past sins and in performing penance for them.

133. Paynim, heathen. From O.Fr. *paganisme*, paganism, formed with Greek suffix from Lat. *paganus*, (1) a countryman, a rustic, (2) a pagan, because villagers and country people were the last to be converted to Christianity. From Lat. *pagus*, a country district. *Paynim* was formerly used to denote 'the country of the pagans, heathen lands.'

134. beneath the Cross of God. See I. 73. He had probably fought for the Christians against the Moors of Spain at the end of the fifteenth century.

XIII. 138. Michael Scott. "Sir Michael Scott of Balwearie flourished during the 13th century. ... By a poetical anachronism, he is here placed in a later era. He was a man of much learning, chiefly acquired in foreign countries. He wrote ... several treatises upon natural philosophy, from which he appears to have been addicted to the abstruse studies of judicial astrology, alchymy, physiognomy, and chiromancy. Hence he passed among his contemporaries for a skilful magician. Dempster [1627] informs us, that he remembers to have heard in his youth, that the magic books of Michael Scott were still in existence, but could not be opened without danger, on account of the malignant fiends who were thereby invoked. ... Dante also mentions him as a renowned wizard. ... A personage thus spoken of by biographers and historians, loses little of his mystical fame in vulgar tradition. Accordingly, the memory of Sir Michael survives in many a legend; and in the south of Scotland any work of great labour and antiquity is ascribed either to the agency of *Auld Michael*, of Sir William Wallace, or of the devil. Tradition varies concerning the place of his burial. ... But all agree that his books of magic were interred in his grave, or preserved in the convent where he died."—SCOTT.

140. Salamanca's cave. "Spain, from the relics, doubtless, of Arabian learning and superstition, was accounted a favourite residence of magicians. ... There were public schools, where magic, or rather the sciences supposed to involve its mysteries, were regularly taught, at Toledo, Seville, and Salamanca. In the latter city they were held in a deep cavern, the mouth of which was walled up by Queen Isabella, wife of King Ferdinand."—SCOTT.

141. Him listed. The construction is impersonal, 'it listed him,' *him* being the dative case. Cp. 'meseems, methinks.' *List* = please.

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142. **Notre Dame.** A celebrated church in Paris. ‘*Notre Dame*’ means ‘Our Lady,’ i.e. the Virgin Mary, to whom the church was dedicated.

145. **Eildon hills.** “Michael Scott was, once upon a time, much embarrassed by a spirit, for whom he was under the necessity of finding constant employment. He commanded him to build a *cauld*, or dam-head, across the Tweed at Kelso; it was accomplished in one night, and still does honour to the infernal architect. Michael next ordered, that Eildon hill, which was then a uniform cone, should be divided into three. Another night was sufficient to part its summit into the three picturesque peaks which it now bears. At length the enchanter conquered this indefatigable demon, by employing him in the hopeless and endless task of making ropes out of sea-sand.”—SCOTT.

147. **were, would be.**

148. **my heart within.** Note the inversion.

155. **evening close,** the close or end of evening. *Close* is a substantive, and *evening* is used as an adjective.

XIV. 163. Michael, being a Scott, would acknowledge the Lord of Branksome as his chief.

XV. 170. **his patron;** i.e. St. Michael, whose name he bore, and who would therefore hold him in special care.

XVI. 175. **blast,** i.e. of wind.

176. Still spoke, was still speaking.

XVII. 186. That lamp shall burn unquenchably. “Authors who treat of natural magic, talk much of eternal lamps, pretended to have been found burning in ancient sepulchres.”—SCOTT.

187. **eternal doom.** *The Last Day, or Day of Judgment.*

193. **expand,** open. The ordinary meaning of *expand* is rather to spread out, or to enlarge, to dilate.

XVIII. 195, 6. **bent, heaved.** The subject of both of these verbs is *he* in the previous line: ‘he bent his sinewy frame o'er the gravestone; he heaved (the stone) with bar of iron.’

196. **emain,** with full force. *Main*, strength, as in the phrase ‘with might and main,’ is the A.S. *mægen*, from a root MAGH which appears in Lat. *magnus*, Gr. μέγας, and in many other words.

197. **toil-drops,** drops of sweat caused by his toil. A compound noun, apparently coined for the occasion.

198. **passing,** surpassing, extraordinary.

208. **mail,** armour, a network of steel armour. French *maille*, from Lat. *macula*, a spot, a hole, mesh of a net.

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XIX. 212. **in silver roll'd.** His long flowing white beard is compared to a silvery stream.

213. **some seventy.** The use of *some* before a number denotes that the number is only approximate: seventy, or a little more, or a little less.

214. **palmer,** a pilgrim: so called because those who made the pilgrimage to the Holy Land returned carrying branches of palm in their hands as tokens of their journey. **amice,** a hood or cape, covering the head and shoulders, made of, or lined with, grey fur. It was worn by pilgrims and by members of the religious orders. From O.Fr. *aumuce*, Fr. *aumusse*. The Provençal form is *almussa*, with which compare Spanish *almucio*, Low Lat. *almucium*, *almussa*. The prefix *al* is supposed to be the Arabic article, the second part of the word being Tentonic, the same as the German *mütze*, cap, Scotch *mutch*. **Amice**, in this sense, must be distinguished from another *amice*, meaning a square white linen cloth worn by Roman Catholic priests about the neck and shoulders: this word is the same as Fr. *amict*, Lat. *amictus*, from *am* = *ambi*, around, and *jacere*, to throw; so that *amictus* is a garment thrown round the neck. The former word is usually distinguished by the epithet *gray*, as in Milton, *Par. Lost*, iv. 427.

215. **wrought,** worked, covered with needlework. **baldric,** a shoulder-belt. The origin of the word is obscure: it is generally derived, through the French, from O.H.G. *baldfrīch*, a shoulder-belt: and the German word is said to be from Lat. *balteus*, a belt, A.S. *belt*, Germ. *balz*, Celtic *balt*. It is uncertain whether the Latin and Teutonic words are borrowed from the Celtic or whether the Latin is the original from which the others are derived.

216. The palmer's amice makes him resemble a pilgrim: and the Spanish baldric would indicate that he had been 'beyond the sea.'

217. **Book of Might,** book of magic, containing *mighty* spells.

221. **fellest,** fiercest, most cruel.

223. The magical powers of wizards were supposed to be due to the devil; and the price of such powers was the soul of the wizard. But the calm appearance of Michael Scott's face gave reason to hope that he had escaped the natural doom of those who meddled with magic.

XX. 225. **Rode.** The usual past participle of *ride* is *ridden*. Cp. I. 221, *shook* for *shaken*.

235. **brotherly** is generally used as an adjective, rarely as an adverb. An example of the adverbial use is found in Shakespeare, *Cymb.* iv. 2. 158, "I love thee brotherly."

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XXI. 236. death-prayer, prayer for the dead.

238. speed thee what thou hast to do. Cp. I. 69 : *speed* is often intransitive: here it has two objects. The personal reflexive object *thee* in such sentences is generally the representative of an old English dative case, though sometimes it represents an accusative.

239. we may dearly rue, we may repent to our cost, we may have great cause to repent. Cp. the use of *dear* in Canto I. 1. 329.

240. those, thou mayst not look upon. The fiends: see l. 171.

245. "William of Deloraine might be strengthened in this belief by the well-known story of the Cid Ruy Diaz. When the body of that famous Christian champion was sitting in state by the high altar of the cathedral church of Toledo, where it remained for ten years, a certain malicious Jew attempted to pull him by the beard; but he had no sooner touched the formidable whiskers, than the corpse started up and half unsheathed his sword. The Israelite fled, and so permanent was the effect of his terror, that he became Christian."—SCOTT.

XXII. 253. might, could. Cp. I. 306, note.

268. return'd him. Cp. I. 277, and see note on I. 232.

XXIII. 269. sped, performed, offered up. An uncommon use of the verb *speed*; the idea is that of speeding, or sending with haste and persistence, his prayers to heaven.

270. convent, the company of monks. Cp. Shakespeare, *Henry VIII.* iv. 2. 19, "the reverend abbot, with all his convent, honourably received him." The word *convent* is now more generally applied to denote the house in which a community of monks or nuns dwells: a monastery or nunnery.

277. round. An adverb: *girdle-round* = surround as with a girdle or belt.

280. twined, knitted together by the twisting of the 'nerves' round them. The original sense of *twine* is 'double': *twine* in the sense of 'string' meaning two threads twisted together. It is a derivative of the A.S. prefix *twi*, double, which appears in the words *twice*, *twilight*, *twin*: from the same root as *two*, Lat. *duo*, Sansk. *dva*. The word *nerve* is vaguely used by the poets for 'muscle,' 'sinew'; very rarely in its modern anatomical sense.

XXIV. 281. Shook, like the aspen leaves in wind. This is a favourite simile with Scott: cp. *Marmion*, VI. xxx. 4, *Lady of the Lake*, I. xxxv. 4, II. xv. 23, VI. xvi. 13.

282. fain, glad. From A.S. *fægen*, glad: the suffix *-en* indicates the past participle of a strong verb.

284. joy'd, rejoiced, was glad. The use of *joy* as a verb is almost obsolete: it occurs frequently in Shakespeare; e.g.

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Taming of the Shrew, Ind. ii. 79, "O, how we joy to see your wit restored!"

XXV. "How lovely and exhilarating is the fresh cool morning landscape which relieves the mind after the horrors of the spell-guarded tomb!"—ANNA SEWARD.

287. Carter Fell, one of the Cheviot Hills. Cheviot in l. 286 is the name of a particular hill, the chief hill of the Cheviot range.

291. Notice the inversion: every flower is the subject of waken'd. blows=blossoms, grows; a different word from blow, to make a current of air. The former is cognate with flower, flourish, Lat. *florere*; the latter with inflate, Lat. *flare*.

297. She ... Teviotdale. Cp. I. 134, "What may it be, *the heavy sound*." The reduplication of the subject by means of a preceding pronoun, serves to give it greater weight and impressiveness. Cp. Tennyson, *Lady of Shalott*, l. 166, "And they crossed themselves for fear, *all the knights at Camelot*." The same effect of emphasizing the subject is produced by a following pronoun: e.g. *Psalm*, xxiii. 4, "Thy rod and thy staff, *they comfort me*." A similar reduplication of the object occurs with the same effect: e.g. Rogers' *Italy*, *Coll' alto*, l. 60, "They led her forth, *the unhappy lost Cristine*." *Lady of Shalott*, l. 170, "God in his mercy lend her grace, *The Lady of Shalott*."

XXVI. For the interrogatory form cp. I. vi. and note.

299. don, put on, is a contraction of *do on*: cp. *doff*=*do off*, and the obsolete words *dout*=*do out*, *dup*=*do up*. kirtle, a sort of gown. The suffix is diminutive, and Skeat suggests that *kirtle* is a diminutive of *skirt*, the initial *s* being lost as in many Latin words. Cp. Lat. *curtus* (E. *curt*, Germ. *kurz*) for *s-curtus*, cognate with English *short*. hastlie. Notice the affectation of antiquity in the spelling: cp. *Ladye*, *litherlie*, below.

303. In many of the old mansions and castles there was a secret or private stair, as well as the main staircase for general use.

305. lair, sleeping-place. Generally used to denote the den of a wild beast. From A.S. *lēger*, from *liegan*, to lie down.

309. tread is a substantive.

XXVII. 310. Cp. Madeline's flight from the castle in Keats' *Eve of St. Agnes*, st. 41,

"The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,
But his sagacious eye an inmate owns."

311. round, an adverb: *waken the castle round* means 'waken the inmates of the castle, who were sleeping in the chambers around her.'

313. he was her foster-father's son. The affection attending such relationships as this is often referred to in romances. Cp.

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the devotion with which Torquil and his eight sons, in the *Fair Maid of Perth*, sacrificed their lives for their young chief Eachin, the foster-child of Torquil; and the words of Torquil addressed to Eachin, "Now hear me, and thou shalt know what it is to have a foster-father's love, and how far it exceeds the love even of kinsmen." *Her foster-father* means, husband of her foster-mother, i.e. of the woman who had nursed her in her infancy.

317. are set, have set or placed themselves, have sat down. An unusual construction and meaning of 'set.'

XXVIII. 322. And she, etc. There is an anacoluthon here; the construction is changed at l. 328, and *she* is left without a predicate: cp. I. 54.

323. livelier. The comparative form is equivalent to 'livelier than usual.'

328. the peerless fair. Fair, for 'fair one,' is not uncommon in poetry: cp. Dryden's *Alexander's Feast*, 91,

"The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care."

329. The relative is omitted. This is common enough when the relative is the object of the verb, but not so common when, as here, the relative is the subject of its clause. Instances are, however, frequent in Scott. Cp. Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, iv. 6. 25, "I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb"; *Lady of the Lake*, II. v. 15, "Show me the fair would scorn to spy." This ellipsis of the relative is common in the old Scottish ballads; and Scott imitated these, consciously and unconsciously.

XXIX. 334. ween, think, expect.

343. might. The sentence is conditional: understand 'if.'

XXXI. 352. eld, old age. Obsolete, except in poetry. Formed from A.S. *eald*, old.

353. The Baron's Dwarf. The idea of Lord Cranstoun's Goblin Page is taken from a being called Gilpin Horner, who appeared, and made some stay, at a farm-house among the Border-mountains. A gentleman of that country has noted down the following particulars concerning his appearance:—

"The only certain, at least most probable account, that ever I heard of Gilpin Horner, was from an old man of the name of Anderson, who was born and lived all his life at Todshaw-hill, in Eskdale-muir, the place where Gilpin appeared and staid for some time. He said there were two men, late in the evening, when it was growing dark, employed in fastening the horses upon the uttermost part of their ground (that is, tying their forefeet together, to hinder them from travelling far in the night), when

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they heard a voice at some distance, crying, ‘*Tint! tint! tint!*’ [lost.] One of the men, named Moffat, called out, ‘What deil [devil] has tint you? Come here?’ Immediately a creature, of something like a human form, appeared. It was surprisingly little, distorted in features, and misshapen in limbs. As soon as the two men could see it plainly, they ran home in a great fright, imagining they had met with some goblin. By the way Moffat fell, and it ran over him, and was home at the house as soon as either of them, and staid there a long time; but I cannot say how long. It was real flesh and blood, and ate and drank, was fond of cream, and, when it could get at it would destroy a great deal. It seemed a mischievous creature; and any of the children whom it could master, it would beat and scratch without mercy. It was once abusing a child belonging to the same Moffat, who had been so frightened by its first appearance; and he, in a passion, struck it so violent a blow upon the side of the head, that it tumbled upon the ground; but it was not stunned; for it set up its head directly, and exclaimed, ‘Ah hah, Will o’ Moffat, you strike sair!’ (viz. sore). After it had staid there long, one evening when the women were milking the cows in the loan, it was playing among the children neay by them, when suddenly they heard a loud shrill voice cry three times, ‘*Gilpin Horner!*’ It started and said, ‘*That is me, I must away,*’ and instantly disappeared, and was never heard of more. Old Anderson did not remember it, but said he had often hearl his father, and other old men in the place who were there at the time, speak about it; and in my younger days I have often heard it mentioned, and never met with anyone who had the remotest doubt as to the truth of the story; although, I must own, I cannot help thinking thre must be some misrepresentation in it. To this account I have to add the following particulars from the most respectable authority. Besides constantly repeating the word *tint! tint!* (Gilpin Horner was often heard to call upon Peter Bertram, or Be-te-ram, as he pronounced the word); and when the shrill voice called Gilpin Horner, he immediately acknowledged it was the summons of the said Peter Bertram: who seems therefore to have been the devil who had tint, or lost, the little imp. As much has been objected to Gilpin Horner on account of his being supposed rather a device of the author than a popular superstition, I can only say, that no legend which I ever heard seemed to be more universally credited, and that many persons of very good rank and considerable information are well known to repose absolute faith in the tradition.” —SCOTT. And see Introduction.

354. *crested helm*. The *crest* was an heraldic ornament surmounting the helmet, worn only by nobles and knights. The word is also sometimes applied to a plume of feathers in the helmet.

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358. *a-hunting*. The prefix *a-* corresponds to the preposition *on*, and *hunting* is a noun. The old termination of such verbal nouns was *-ung*. See Morris, *Hist. Acc.* p. 177.

359. *trode*, for *trodden*, the past participle of *tread*. The participle is here used as an adjective qualifying “glens.”

362. *leap*. Notice the inversion. This elfin shape made a leap of thirty-three feet.

363. *this elfin shape*=this elf, this goblin. *Elfin* is for *elsen*, and this is properly an adjective, formed from *elf* with suffix *en*, just as *golden* is formed from *gold*.

366. *some whit*, somewhat, to some extent, a little. *Whit*, a thing, bit, is for A.S. *wiht*, the *h* being misplaced: it is the same word as *wight* in I. 6. Cp. *aught*=*awhiht*, i.e. a whit, and *naught*=*náwiht*, i.e. no whit.

367. *rade*; p.t. of *ride*; cp. the A.S. p.t. *rād*. The form *rade* is common in the north. Cp. *The Douglas Tragedy*, in the *Border Minstrelsy*, “O they rade on, and on they rade.”

368. *rid him, rid himself, get rid of*.

○ XXXII. 371. it is said, i.e. it is a *common saying*, a proverbial expression. Cp. the proverb “Familiarity breeds contempt.” *Use*=custom •when we are accustomed to marvellous things, we cease to regard them as marvellous.

377. *waspish, arch, and litherlie*. *Waspish* is irritable; as ready to resent a trifling injury as a wasp is to use its sting. *Arch* = mischievously clever, cunning, roguish. This appears to be only the prefix *arch-*, used as an independent word: it acquired its bad sense from being so frequently used in such compounds as *arch-fiend*, *arch-traitor*, etc. The prefix *arch-* is the Greek *ἀρχι-*, first, chief, from Greek *ἀρχεῖν*, to be first. Skeat considers that the bad sense of the word is to some extent due to confusion with the Mid. Eng. word *arh* or *arwe*, cowardly, lazy: cp. German *arg*, bad, cunning, deceitful. *litherlie*. In Scotland and the north of England this word means ‘lazy, idle, lazily.’ The original meaning was bad, wicked: Mid. Eng. *lutherliche*, vilely, *luther*, *lither*, *licker*, bad, treacherous; A.S. *lythre*, bad, *lythrellice*, wickedly.

379. *full fain, very glad*. Cp. I. 282.

380. *had*=would have.

381. *An, if*. See I. 90, note. *ministry*, management, aid. *Ministry* is the duty of a *minister*, or servant: *minister* contains the double comparative suffix *-is-ter*, from *min*, small, which appears in *minor*, *minus*, etc.: cp. *mag-is-ter*, master, from *mag*, great.

382. *All between Home and Hermitage*. All persons living on the Borders. *Home Castle* is in Berwickshire on the north-east side of the ‘Border,’ and *Hermitage Castle* is in Liddesdale, towards the south-west.

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XXXIII. 386. Mary's chapel of the Lowes is on St. Mary's Loch, from which the Yarrow rises: the "still St. Mary's Lake" of Wordsworth's *Yarrow Unvisited*. At the upper end of St. Mary's Loch is the smaller "Loch of the Lowes." The Douglas-burn (l. 397) is a small stream that joins the Yarrow just below the loch: the valley of the stream is said to have been the scene of *The Douglas Tragedy*: see the ballad of that name in the *Border Minstrelsy*, vol. iii. p. 3.

389. he would pay. He wished or desired to pay. Here *would* is not a mere auxiliary, but the past tense of an independent verb: he willed to pay.

390. the Ladye of Branksome gather'd a band. This incident is historical. In 1557, Lady Buccleugh and many others of the name of Scott were accused of coming to the Kirk of St. Mary of the Lowes with about two hundred persons arrayed in armour, and breaking open the door of the kirk for the purpose of seizing Sir Peter Cranstoun "for his destruction," "out of ancient feud and malice prepense." Nothing, however, seems to have resulted from these proceedings. See Scott's note.

392. trysting place. Appointed place of meeting: rendezvous. Almost obsolete in ordinary use: in poetry and romance it is still used, generally of lovers' meetings. *Tryst* is the same as *trust*.

393. Wat of Harden. "My father's grandfather was Walter Scott, well known in Teviotdale by the surname of Beardie. He was the second son of Walter Scott first Laird of Raeburn, who was third son of Sir William Scott, and the grandson of Walter Scott, commonly called in tradition *Auld Watt*, of Harden. I am therefore lineally descended from that ancient chieftain, whose name I have made to ring in many a ditty, and from his fair dame, the Flower of Yarrow—no bad genealogy for a Border minstrel."—SCOTT, *Autobiography*. amain. See l. 196, note.

394. Thirlestane Castle is on the Ettrick-Water not far from Buccleugh. Deloraine is a little lower down the same stream. Harden is nearer to Branksome. They were all residences of various members of the clan of Scott.

XXXIV. 404 ... 406. The sequence of tenses (stood—pricks—hears) is wrong: with the present tense *pricks*, *hears*, the present tense *stands* should be used: or else all the tenses should be past.

411. cushat-dove, wood-pigeon. A.S. *cusceote*, a wild pigeon.

414. pondering deep that morning's scene. To *ponder* is literally, to weigh: Lat. *pondereare*, to weigh, *pondus*, a weight. It accordingly frequently takes an accusative, or direct object. Cp. St. Luke's *Gospel*, ii. 19. "Mary kept all these things and pondered them in her heart": *Lady of the Lake*, I. v. 7, "He ... pondered refuge from his toil." But the more common construction is 'ponder over.'

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420. crown'd, filled brimful, so that the wine rose above the brim like a crown. Cp. Chapman's translation of Homer's *Iliad*, ix. "The youths crowned cups of sacred wine, to all distributed."

421. The blood of Velez' scorched vine. Wine, the juice of the grape, is metaphorically called the 'blood of the vine.' Velez is in the Spanish province of Malaga, famous for its wines. Scorched means 'ripened by the heat of the sun.'

430. nectar. The Greek νέκταρ, the drink of the gods. Cordial, warming the heart. Lat. cor, heart.

CANTO THIRD.

I. 1. And. This introductory use of *and* is fairly common in poetry : it serves to couple the thought which is expressed with the unexpressed thought in the mind of the poet. Here the Minstrel is thinking of his declaration in II. xxx. :—

"My hairs are grey, my limbs are old,
My heart is dead, my veins are cold ;
I may not, must not, sing of love."

Cp. the beginning of Wordsworth's *Yarrow Visited*, "And is this —Yarrow?" where the reference is to his earlier poem, *Yarrow Unvisited*: cp. also *There's nae Luck about the House*, the first line of which is, "And are ye sure the news is true?" and see Maetzner, *Grammar*, iii. 336.

3. kindly, natural.

8. recreant, false traitor. The present participle of French *recroire*, from Low Latin *recredere*, the literal meaning of which is, to believe again, or to alter one's faith: it was also used in the phrase *se recredere*, to own oneself beaten in a duel or judicial combat; hence, to be disgraced. Cp. *miscreant*.

• II. In times of peace the peaceful shepherd sings of love; in war, it is love that inspires the warrior to his bravest deeds: the power of love is seen in the halls of the rich, and in the hamlets of the poor; on earth below, and in heaven above.

• 11. the shepherd's reed. C. I. 296.

• 17. love is heaven, and heaven is love. Observe that the second part of this epigrammatic sentence is not a mere repetition of the first part: love brings with it happiness such as is comparable to the joys of heaven, and the happiness of heaven itself consists in loving and being loved.

III. 19. pondering. C. II. 414 note.

22. don. See II. 299 note. Except when actually prepared for battle, a knight did not wear his helmet: it hung from his saddle, or was carried by his page. The state of things described

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in I. 33, "they drank the red wine through the helmet barr'd," must therefore be considered a poetical exaggeration.

24. **pricking**. To prick = to spur [a horse], hence, to ride quickly. Cp. Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, first line. "A gentle knight was pricking on the plaine."

25. **dapple-grey**. See I. 151 note.

IV. 31. **no whit**. Cp. II. 336 note.

33. **the crane on the Baron's crest**. "The crest of the Cranstouns, in allusion to their name, is a crane dormant, holding a stone in his foot, with an emphatic Border motto, *Thou shalt want ere I ward*."—SCOTT.

34. **his spear was in his rest**. The 'rest' was a support for the spear when it was lowered into the position for the charge.

35. **high**. *High* words are *angry, scornful* words.

36. **feudal**. See I. 76 note.

38. **debate**. Used in its old sense of contest, strife. Cp. Chaucer, *Man of Law's Prologue*, l. 130, "tales, both of pees and of *debat*": and *Sir Thopas*, l. 156, "his cote-armour ... in which he wol *debate*." This meaning agrees with the derivation from French *debattre*, from Latin *de*, down, and *batiere*, to beat.

42. **vantage-ground**; a distance between the warriors sufficient to enable them to obtain the necessary momentum for the charge. The knights were at first too near each other for their horses to be able to charge at full speed; this is why they 'wheel round' so as to take up more advantageous positions.

V. 45, 6. This mixture of religion and gallantry is characteristic of the ancient chivalry: in fact, 'the love of his lady' was to the knight a kind of religion, which inspired his bravest deeds. Cp. *Lady of the Lake*, VI. xviii, 19, "Now, gallants, for your ladies' sake, Upon them with the lance." Contrast the behaviour of Deloraine, who, though belonging to what Scott calls the "Border Chivalry," is a rough moss-trooper, with none of the refinement of feeling that is seen in Cranstoun, and with no idea beyond that of attacking his enemy wherever he meets him.

47. **Stout**, strong, sturdy, brave; cognate with German *stark*, proud, and with Lat. *stolidus*, firm.

49. **couch'd his spear**. Cp. I. 216 note.

50. **career**. The technical term for the charge in a tournament or duel on horseback with lances. From French *currière*, career; originally a car-road, from Lat. *currus*, a car. *Currus* is a Celtic word, *kurr*; cognate with Lat. *currere*, to run.

VI. 53. **dint, blow**; A.S. *dynt*. It is common in Scotch in the form *dunt*. The word *dent*, the mark of a blow, is the same as

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dint, and is not connected with *indentation*, which is from *dent-*, stem of Lat. *dens*, a tooth. *lent*, gave: see note on I. 81.

58. *flinders*, splinters. A northern word: cp. *Battle of Otterbourne*, “The spears in *flinders* flew.” Cp. Norwegian *flindra*, a fragment of stone, etc., *flindrast*, to split to pieces.

61. *jack*, and *acton*. *Jack*, “a jacket, or short coat, plated or institched with small pieces of iron, and usually worn by the peasantry of the Border in their journeys from place to place, as well as in their occasional skirmishes with the moss-troopers, who were most probably equipped with the same sort of harness.”—RITSON. The jack was usually made of leather, with or without the small iron pieces mentioned by Ritson: sometimes the word seems to mean the ordinary coat of mail.

The *acton* was a stuffed jacket, originally made of quilted cotton, as its name implies: it was worn under the mail armour. Spelt also *aketoun*, *haquetoun*: from Fr. *aqueton*, Spanish *alcoton*, Arabic *al-qitn*, the cotton. Cp. Chaucer, *Sir Thopas*, l. 148, “next his sherte an *aketoun*, And over that an *habergeon*.” The effect of Cranstoun’s thrust may be compared with *Octorian*, ed. Weber, iii. 205, which Skeat quotes in illustration of the above passage in *Sir Thopas*—

“And Florentyn, with his ax so broun,
All thorgh he smoot
Arm and mayle, and *akketoun*,
Thorghout hyt bot [bit].”

63. *saddle-fast*; firm in his saddle. A compound apparently coined for the occasion.

• 65. *girth*, *girth*, a strap passing under a horse, to keep the saddle in its place.

67. *pass’d his course*, continued his course. *Pass* in this sense does not usually take an accusative; the common idiom is ‘passed on his course.’

• VII. 73. *to stanch*. The *to* is now generally omitted after *bid*: but in the earliest English, and in Elizabethan English, both the pure infinitive and the infinitive with *to* are used. Cp. Shakespeare, *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 256, “bid you come in to dinner,” with *Merchant of Venice*, ii. 4. 17, “bid the Jew to sup to-night.”

75. *doubtful state*. The *doubt* is whether he would recover from his wound.

80. *myself*. This form of the first personal pronoun is *emphatic*: it is contrasted with *thou* in the previous line. ‘You can stay here and do what I tell you without any harm happening to you: but as for *myself*, unless I speed away quickly, etc.’

81. *the swifter*. *The* represents the old instrumental case of the demonstrative = by that, by that much.

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82. **Short shrift will be.** My enemies will allow me but a short time for confessing my sins and obtaining absolution before they kill me. He means of course that they will allow him no time at all for his shrift, but will slay him at once if they find him before he can escape.

Shrift, A.S. *script*, is not a true English word, but was borrowed, at a very early period, from the Latin *scriptus*, p.p. of *scribere*, to write, also to impose or prescribe a penance.

VIII. 83. **in speed.** We say ‘*in haste*,’ but usually ‘*with speed*.’

85. **withstood.** The prefix *with* has here the old sense of *against*, as it also has in the phrase *to fight with*. Cp. German *wider*, against.

89. **knight of pride**, a proud knight. This is called the *qualitative* use of the preposition *of*. Cp. a man of courage, a youth of promise, etc. A ‘knight of pride’ might be expected in those times to have a hearty contempt for books and bookmen; hence the dwarf’s surprise at finding him carrying a book under his corslet.

90. **book-bosom’d priest.** “‘At Unthank, two miles N.E. from the church (of Ewes), there are the ruins of a chapel for divine service in time of Popery. There is a tradition that friars were wont to come from Melrose, or Jedburgh, to baptise and marry in this parish; and from being in use to carry the mass-book in their bosoms, they were called by the inhabitants *Book-a-bosomes*.’—*Account of Parish of Ewes, apud Macfarlane’s MSS.*’—SCOTT.

IX. 98-100. Baptism was supposed to confer, upon those who underwent it, the power of resisting enchantment and overcoming spells. Merely making the sign of the cross was often sufficient to exorcise demons, or compel them to assume their proper shape. The “Borderer’s curdled gore” owed its efficacy to the fact that he had been christened; so that the spell by which the book remained closed had no effect against it. Cp. *The Lady of the Lake*, IV. xiii. *Ballad of Alice Brand*—

“Up, Urgan, up! to yon mortal hie,
For thou wert christen’d man;
For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,
For mutter’d word or ban.”

103. “**Glamour**, in the legends of Scottish superstition, means the magic power of imposing on the eyesight of the spectators, so that the appearance of an object shall be totally different from the reality. ... In the old ballad of Johnnie Faq, the elopement of the Countess of Cassilis with a gipsy leader is imputed to fascination:—

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‘As sune as they saw her weel-far’d face,
They cast the *glamour* ower her.’

The *jongleurs* were great professors of this mystery, which has in some degree descended, with their name, on the modern jugglers.”—SCOTT.

See also his note on the ballad of *Christie’s Will* in the *Border Minstrelsy*, where he quotes from *Mandeville’s Travels* an account of the performances of the “Jogulours and Enchantours of the Grete Chan,” who “maken to come in the air, the sone and the mone, be seeminge, to every mannes sight; and after, they maken the nyght so derke, that no man may se no thing; and aftre, they maken the day to come agen, fair and plesant, with bright sone to every mannes sight”; with many other wonderful feats. Scott quotes also from *Froissart*, and from the romance of *Valentine and Orson*, accounts of similar deceptions. Compare Chaucer’s *Frankelene’s Tale*, l. 411:—

“For I am siker that ther be sciences,
By which men maken divers apparences,
Swiche as thise subtil tregetoures play,
For oft at festes have I wel herd say,
That tregetoures, within an halle large,
Have made come in a water and a barge,
And in the halle rowen up and doun.
Somtime hath semed come a grim leoun,
And somtime floures spring as in a mede,
Somtime a vine, and grapes white and rede,
Somtime a castle al of lime and ston,
And whan hem liketh, voideth it anon.”

Chaucer, however, thinks that the day of magic is over: he speaks of it as

“Swiche folie
As in our dayes n’is not worth a fie
For holy cherches feith, in our beleve,
He suffreth non illusion us to greve.”

The spell learnt by the Goblin-Page from Michael Scott’s book was a spell of exactly the same kind as that described by Chaucer in the *Frankelene’s Tale*.

• *Glamour might* means the ‘power of enchantment.’

104. The relative is omitted: cp. II. 329.

108. *sheeling*, a shepherd’s hut.

X. 112. *buffet*, a blow. O.Fr. *bufet, bufe*, a blow.

116. *matted*, having the hair twisted together like a mat. One word. *Word* is here used with the meaning of ‘short sentence.’

118. This is of course imitated from the story of the Goblin-Page given in the note to II. 353.

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122. faster, tighter, firmer.

125. so mot I thrive, so may I thrive, as I hope to thrive. This phrase, used to strengthen an assertion, is very common in Chaucer, as is also the equivalent 'so mot I thee,' where *thee* is the A.S. *théon*, to flourish, to thrive. We also find 'so mot I gon' [gon = go]. See *The Nonne Prestes Tale*, l. 156, *Sir Thomas*, l. 106, *Clerkes Tale*, l. 116, etc.

Mote is the present tense (A.S. *mōt*), and *moste* the past tense, of a verb which is now obsolete, except in the form *must*, which, though now used as a present, is really the same as the past tense *moste*. The infinitive ought to be *mote*, *moten*, A.S. *motan*; but none of these forms exist. The meaning of *I mote* was I can, may, am free to; the notion of obligation, contained in the modern word *must*, is not original.

XI. 127. himself he address'd, he applied himself, turned his attention to.

128. high. Scott often uses this word without any very definite meaning: here it only gives a slight emphasis to the command, *behest*, command. The final *t* is what is called an *excrescent letter*, i.e. it formed no part of the original word, and has no etymological signification: cp. whilst, amongst, etc. A.S. *behaēs*: from *be-*, prefix, and *hās*, a command. Sometimes the simpler form *hest* is used: cp. *Lady of the Lake*, III. xviii. 30.

129. living corse. *Corse* is a poetical word; it is the same as *corpse*, being formed from it by dropping the *p*. In the French *corps*, from which we get *corpse*, the *p* is not pronounced: and the French pronunciation may have affected the English spelling. From Lat. *corpus*, a body. *Corse*, like *corpse*, generally signifies a *dead body*; a '*living corse*' is a body which, though living, appeared to be dead.

132. beards. An example of synecdoche, *beards* being put for *faces*.

133. after, afterwards, later on, when they were questioned.

134. wain, wagon. See note on I. 170.

137. but that. ... If stronger spells had not been spread ... he would have laid him. ...

140. gramarye, magic. Fr. *grammaire*; grammar; hence any abstruse learning. In the dark ages, all learning beyond the elements was considered to be magical.

143. well'd, rushed or bubbled out, like water from a spring. The noun *well*, a spring of water, is the same word.

XII. 146. train, draw away, entice. O.Fr. *trahiner*, trainer, Lat. *trahinare* from *trahere*, to draw.

147. at a word. The usual phrase to convey the meaning that is here intended is '*in a word*, in one word.'

149. Seem'd. *It* seem'd to the boy *that* some comrade, etc. This is not an impersonal use of the verb: the subject to "seem'd" is the following clause, "some comrade gay led him forth to the woods to play." See Maetzner, iii. p. 22. Abbott, *Shaksp. Gram.* § 404. The use of *it* merely anticipates the subject, which follows the verb.

152. terrier and lurcher. Two kinds of dogs. The French *terrier* is a rabbit's hole in the earth, from Lat. *terra*, earth: the *terrier*-dog was so called because it pursues rabbits, etc., into their holes. A *lurcher* is a dog that *lurches*, lurks, or lies in wait.

XIII. 153. fell. See I. 151 note.

155. The running stream dissolved the spell. "It is a firm article of popular faith, that no enchantment can subsist in a living stream. Nay, if you can interpose a brook between you and witches, spectres, or even fiends, you are in perfect safety. Burns's inimitable *Tam o' Shanter* turns entirely upon such a circumstance. The belief seems to be of antiquity. Brompton informs us that certain Irish wizards could, by spells, convert earthen clods or stones into fat pigs, which they sold in the market; but which always reassumed their proper form when driven by the deceived purchaser across a running stream. But Brompton is severe on the Irish for a very good reason. 'Gens ista spurcissima non solvunt decimas.' [Those most disgraceful people don't pay their tithes.]—*Chronicon Johannis Brompton apud decem Scriptores*, p. 1076."—SCOTT.

157. *vilde*, a corrupt spelling of *vile*. It occurs in Spenser, *F. Q.* I. ix. 46, and frequently in the old editions of Shakespeare.

158. had. Cp. I. 139.

160. spleen, anger, hatred. Properly a portion of the human body, supposed by the ancients to be the seat of anger and melancholy. Compare the use of *heart* for courage, *gall* for bitterness of disposition, etc.

163. but = only. In such sentences there is an ellipsis of the negative, the full expression being 'he did not but,' or 'he did nothing but scowl.'

XIV. 175. grisly, hideous, horrible: the same as 'gruesome.' Not the same word as 'grisly,' properly spelt 'grizzly,' grayish.

177. starting, i.e. starting with fright, being startled.

179. aye, always. With this word may be compared the Lat. *aevum*, Gk. *aἰών*, for *aἴωνις*, Sansk. *eva*, an age: also Gr. *ἀεί*, always. the more ... the farther. *The* is here the instrumental case of the definite article. The words therefore mean, 'in what degree more he sought his way, in that degree further he went astray.'

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XV. 188. *wilder'd*, not *bewildered*, in the sense of confused, perplexed, but, literally, lost in the wilds.

189. *furiouslie*. Archaic spelling.

198. *in act to spring*, in the act of springing; here rather 'on the point of, or making attempts at, springing.'

XVI. 206. *ban-dog*, for band-dog. See I. 137 note.

207. *good*. This adjective is often used with no very definite meaning, except to convey slightly the idea of possessing praiseworthy qualities: cp. 'the good greenwood,' 'good bended bow,' 'good sword,' and similar phrases in the old ballads.

210. *fro* is the Scandinavian form of *from*.

212. *bended*. The ordinary past tense is *bent*: cp. *wended* and *went*. *Bend* is a derivation of *band*: to 'bend a bow' is to strain it by fastening the *band* or string. Thence, by transference to the bowed or curved condition of a bent bow, the word came to have the meaning of 'to bow, to curve,' which is now its principal sense.

214. *Set off*, adorned.

215. *Old England*. 'Old' is used familiarly to express affection, with some trace also of its original meaning of 'ancient.' It is a common epithet of 'England,' especially in patriotic songs. St. George's Cross. See I. 46 note.

216. *barret-cap*. A little flat cap, such as used to be worn by archers. The same word as *biretta*, a square cap worn by priests.

217. *bugle-horn*. A musical instrument, formed of the horn of the 'bugle,' or wild ox: the word 'bugle-horn' is generally abbreviated to 'bugle.' From O.Fr. *bugle*, Lat. *cornu bos*, diminutive of *bos*, an ox.

218. *baldrick, falchion*. See notes, II. 215, I. 62. *All* is a mere intensive adverb: as such it is very common in old ballads and songs. Cp. Gay's song, *Black-eyed Susan*,

"All in the Downs the fleet was moored,"
and the ballad of *Adam Bell*,

"To Carlisle went these bold yeomen,
All in a morning of May."

XVII. 221. *kirtle*. See II. 299. Here it denotes a man's tunic. *forest green*: green cloth worn by foresters and huntsmen: commonly called 'Lincoln green' or 'Kendal green,' from the places of manufacture.

224. *furbish'd*, polished. From Fr. *fourbir*, to polish.

226. *fence*, means of defence, shield. See II. 28 note.

228. The relative pronoun is omitted: "(that) would strike," etc.

This description is imitated from Drayton's account of Robin Hood and his followers :—

"A hundred valiant men had this brave Robin Hood,
Still ready at his call, that bowmen were right good :
All clad in Lincoln green, with caps of red and blue,
His fellow's winded horn not one of them but knew.
When setting to their lips their bugles shrill,
The warbling echoes waked from every dale and hill ;
Their bauldrics set with studs athwart their shoulders cast,
To which under their arms their sheafs were buckled fast,
A short sword at their belt, a buckler scarce a span,
Who struck below the knee not counted then a man :
All made of Spanish yew, their bows were wondrous strong,
They not an arrow drew but was a clothyard long.
Of archery they had the very perfect craft,
With broad arrow, or but, or prick, or roving shaft."

Polyolbion, Song 26.

Scott also quotes two passages from Froissart, showing that it was considered unfair to wound an antagonist in the thigh or leg. A similar rule is observed by modern pugilists, among whom a blow given 'below the belt' is considered to be a foul stroke.

230. leash, band. See I. 137 note. *Leash* is O.Fr. *lesse*, from Lat. *laxus*, loose, lax : the sense being a 'loose' rope.

XVIII. 239. he is come of high degree, he is of noble descent, of high rank.

XX. 250. Gramercy, thanks. Formerly 'grand mercy,' as in Chaucer, *Clerkes Tale*, l. 1032, " 'Grand mercy, lord, God thank it you,' quod she." From French *grand merci*, great thanks.

252. such a clan, *i.e.* such as you have described.

254. thy command, the position of commander of thy clan, thy chieftain.

255. wardens, guardians of the border. See I. 51 note, and this canto, l. 356. Though *ward* and *warder* are English words, *warden* is French, as is shown by its suffix, the ultimate source being the Old High German *warten*, to watch, to be *wary*.

The French generally turned the German *w* into *g* or *gu* : so that *warter* became *garder* or *guarder* in French : hence our word *guard*, which is therefore a doublet of *ward*.

256. I will wager my bow against a hazel wand.

XXI. 266. annoy. As a substantive this word is used only in poetry, the common prose equivalent being 'annoyance.' The etymology is curious : from O.Fr. *anoi* (modern Fr. *ennui*), which is from the Latin phrase *in odio*, occurring in sentences like *est mihi in odio*, it is to me hateful, whence *inodio* was at length taken to be a substantive, 'hatred, dislike, annoyance.'

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270. **Maudlin**, a corruption of the proper name *Magdalene*.
tire, head-dress. *Tire* is abbreviated from *attire*.

271. **Sym**; short for *Simon*, a man's name.

272. **bandelier**, a shoulder-belt used for carrying charges of ammunition.

273. **hackbuter**, a soldier armed with a *hackbut*, which was a kind of gun. It is a corruption of Dutch *haakbus*, from *haak*, a hook, and *bus*, a barrel, the barrel of a gun. The *haakbus* was perhaps so called from its bent shape, the earlier guns having been made straight. The same word *bus* appears in *blunderbuss*. *Arquebus*, or *harquebus*, is the same word as *hackbut*.

277. **possess'd**, i.e. with an evil spirit.

XXII. 279. **had**, would have.

281. **To tend**. *Bused in tending* is the usual construction.

XXIII. 294. But she has ta'en ... And salved the splinter.
This is the celebrated 'sympathetic' cure of Sir Kenelm Digby. It consisted in applying a certain 'sympathetic powder' to the weapon that had caused the wound instead of to the wound itself: the latter was merely kept clean and cool. Sir Kenelm, who lived in the reign of James I. of England, pretended that he had learned this method of cure from a Carmelite friar who had learned it in Armenia or Persia. "I presume that the success ascribed to the sympathetic mode of treatment might arise from the pains bestowed in washing the wound, and excluding the air, thus bringing on a cure by the first intention. It is introduced by Dryden in the *Enchanted Island*, a (very unnecessary) alteration of the *Tempest* :—

'Ariel. Anoint the sword which pierced him with this
Weapon-salve, and wrap it close from air,

Till I have time to visit him again.'—*Act v. sc. 2.*

Again, in scene 4th, Miranda enters with Hippolito's sword wrapt up :—

'Hip. O my wound pains me !

Mir. I am come to ease you. [She unwraps the sword.

Hip. Alas, I feel the cold air come to me ;

My wound shoots worse than ever.

Mir. Does it still grieve you ?

[She wipes and anoints the sword.

Hip. Now, methinks, there's something laid just upon it.

Mir. Do you find no ease ?

Hip. Yes, yes ; upon the sudden all this pain

Is leaving me. Sweet heaven, how I am eased !'"—SCOTT.

308. **the dew was balm**. *Balm* (the same word as *balsam*) was a sort of aromatic ointment, pleasing for its fragrance, and valued for its healing and soothing properties when applied to wounds :

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hence the word is transferred to mean any soothing influence. The sentence in the text means therefore that the evening dew was soft and pleasant to the senses, unlike the damp and chilly mists of winter.

XXIV. 315. all between. See l. 218 note.

316. bower. See Introd. l. 28 note.

320. For lovers love the western star. Cp. Campbell, *To the Evening Star* :—

“Star that bringest home the bee
And sett’st the weary labourer free !
If any star shed peace, ‘tis thou
That send’st it from above,
Appearing when Heaven’s breath and brow
Are sweet as hers we love.

Star of love’s soft interviews,
Parted lovers on thee muse ;
Their remembrancer in Heaven
Of thrilling vows thou art,
Too delicious to be riven
By absence from the heart.”

And the beautiful song of “County Guy” in *Quentin Durward* :—

“The village maid steals through the shade
Her shepherd’s suit to hear ;
To beauty shy, by lattice high,
Sings high-born Cavalier.
The stir of Love, all stars above,
Now reigns o’er earth and sky ;
And high and low its influence know—.”

XXV. 321. Penchryst Pen is a hill not far from Branksome on the right of the Teviot valley : Priesthaugh-swire (line 346) is a little further to the south.

XXVI. 336. cresset. A kind of lamp, consisting of an open pot or cup at the top of a pole. From O.Fr. *crasset*, *creuset*, or *croiset*, which is derived from the Dutch, and is related to *cruse* and *crucible*.

340. Like reeds beside a frozen brook. The epithet ‘frozen’ calls up a picture of winter ; and we imagine the cold gusts of wintry wind shaking the reeds that grow on the margin of the brook.

XXVII. 341. Seneschal, a steward. From O.Fr. *seneschal*: this is a Teutonic word, and it means ‘old (and therefore chief) servant,’ from Gothic *sins*, old (cognate with Lat. *senex*), and *skalks*, a servant. A similar compound is *marshal*, O.Fr. *mareschal*, literally, a horse-servant, from O.H.G. *marah*, a battle-horse.

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345. **bale of fire.** A *bale* is a beacon-fire. Originally it meant any great fire, a blazing pile; from Icel. *bál*, a blazing fire: cognate with Sansk. *bhālaś*, lustre, Gk. φαλός, bright.

"The Border beacons, from their number and position, formed a sort of telegraphic communication with Edinburgh.—The Act of Parliament 1455, c. 48, directs that one bale or fagot shall be warning of the approach of the English in any manner; two bales that they are *coming indeed*: four bales, blazing beside each other, that the enemy are in great force.... These beacons (at least in latter times) were a 'long and strong tree set up, with a long iron pole across the head of it, and an iron brander fixed on a stalk in the middle of it, for holding a tar-barrel.'—Stevenson's *History*, vol. ii. p. 701."—SCOTT.

348. **scout, to spy.** O.Fr. *escouter*, from Lat. *auscultare*, to listen. For the loss of the initial e, see note on *squire*, I. 9, and Morris, *Hist. Acc.* ch. viii.

349. **Mount for Branksome** was the gathering word of the Scotts. The whole description of the gathering of the Scotts and their allies may be compared with that in the Border ballad of *Jamie Telfer*, given in the *Border Minstrelsy*:

"Gar warn the water, braid and wide,
Gar warn it sune and hastilie!
They that winna ride for Telfer's kye,
Let them never look in the face o' me!
Warn Wat o' Harden, and his sons,
Wi' them will Borthwick Water ride;
Warn Gaudilands, and Allanhaugh,
And Gilmanscleugh, and Commonside.
Ride by the gate at Priesthaughswire,
And warn the Curors o' the Lee;
As ye cum down the Hermitage Slack,
Warn doughty Willie o' Gorriberry.
The Scotts they rade, the Scotts they ran,
Sae starkly and sae steudilie!
And aye the ower-word o' the thrang
Was—'Rise for Branksome readilie!'"

356. **Warder.** Not the warden of the castle, who had himself given the first alarm, but the Warder or Warden of the Marches or Borders, an officer of the King, whose duty it was to protect the Borders from invasion, and in conjunction with the Warden on the English side, to settle disputes and assign compensation for the losses caused to both kingdoms by Border forays.

358. Scott gives a long extract from Carey's *Memoirs*, illustrating the speed with which the Borderers collected great bodies of horse.

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361. rung, sprung. See Introd. l. 99, note.

XXVIII. 367. rout, a disorderly crowd. The same word as *rout*, a defeat. From Fr. *route*, with the same meanings as the English *rout* and *route*: the French word is the Lat. *rupta*, fem. of *ruptus*, broken. “The different senses may be thus explained. 1. A defeat is a breaking up of a host, a broken mass of flying men. 2. A small troop of men is a fragment or broken piece of an army; and the word is generally used in contempt of a company in broken ranks or disorderly array. The phrase *in disorder* nearly expresses both these results. 3. A *route* was, originally, a way broken or cut out through a wood or forest.”—Skeat, *Etym. Dict.*

371. Those who went south to scout (l. 369) would ‘view their coming enemies’; the others, going ‘east and west and north,’ where their friends dwelt, would ‘warn their vassals and allies.’

XXIX. 374. need-fire, a beacon, a signal for assistance in time of need.

381. fraught, burdened. Past participle of an obsolete verb *fragten* or *frachten*. *Freight* (p.p. *frieghted*) is a later form of the same word, the change of vowel being due to the influence of the corresponding French word *fret*.

383. glanced to sight, flashed out so as to be seen.

385. tarn, a mountain lake.

386. earn, an eagle. Also spelt *erne*. A.S. *earn*, Swed. *örn*, Goth. *ara*; cognate with Gk. *ερνης*, a bird.

387. cairn, a heap of stones, chiefly used of a pile of stones raised over a grave, or on the spot where a death has occurred. From Celtic *carn*, a rock, a pile of stones. It occurs in several mountain names, as Cairngorm, Cairntoul, etc.

“The cairns, or piles of loose stones, which crown the summit of most of our Scottish hills, and are found in other remarkable situations, seem usually, though not universally, to have been sepulchral monuments. Six flat stones are commonly found in the centre, forming a cavity of greater or smaller dimensions, in which an urn is often placed. The author is possessed of one discovered beneath an immense cairn at Roughlee, in Liddesdale. It is of the most barbarous construction; the middle of the substance alone having been subjected to the fire, over which, when hardened, the artist had laid an inner and outer coat of unbaked clay, etched with some very rude ornaments; his skill apparently being inadequate to baking the vase, when completely finished. The contents were bones and ashes, and a quantity of beads made of coal. This seems to have been a barbarous imitation of the Roman fashion of sepulture.”—SCOTT.

390. Soltra and Dumpender Law are hills in the north-west of Berwickshire. *Law* means a hill, A.S. *hleaw*.

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391. **Regent.** The Regent of Scotland at the time of the tale was Mary of Guise, mother of Mary, Queen of Scotland, who was a child at the time.

392. **bowne**, prepare, make ready. An archaic word, much affected by Scott : it is very common in the old ballads : *Edom o' Gordon*, "Bush and boun, my merry men a'" ; in *Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne* the same line occurs. *Bourne, boun, bounie* is the Icel. *bánnu*, p.p. of *bána*, to get ready : *boun*, then, is properly a participial adjective and a new verb, to *boun* was, i.e. was formed from it. The modern form of the participle is *bound*, prepared or purposing to go, in such phrases as 'homeward bound,' 'outward bound,' 'the ship is bound for England.' *Busk* is the reflexive form of the same Icelandic verb ; *busk* = *básik*, where *sik* (term, *sich*) means 'self.' In Canto V. l. 499, *bowne* is used as meaning simply 'to go.'

XXX. 395. with **backward clang**. In times of danger, a common method of calling together the citizens of a town for purposes of defence was by ringing the church bells backward, i.e. by beginning with the bell of the deepest note and ending with that of the highest, thus reversing the ordinary succession of the chimes. Cp. *Fair Maid of Perth*, ch. xviii. But it is difficult to see how a single bell could be rung backward.

396. **larum**, short for *alarm*, the same word as *alarm*, a call to arms. Fr. *alarme*, from Ital. *allarme*, contracted from *alle arme* where *alle* = *a le*, 'to the,' and *arme*, arms, is plural of *arma*, a weapon.

398. **massy stone and iron bar**. Before the invention of modern artillery, these were the principal means of defence of a mediæval castle against assault. The stones and iron bars were thrown down from the battlements upon the heads of the besiegers or upon their battering-rams or other engines of assault. They were sometimes shot out of large crossbows worked by machinery, called *springalds*. The *sowie* mentioned in the following extract was a shed formed with a wooden frame covered with hides and mounted on wheels, which served as a cover to protect the besiegers when working the battering-ram. Cp. *Auld Mailand*, in the *Border Minstrelsy* :

"They laid their sowies to the wall,
Wi' mony a heavy peal;
But he threw ower to them agen
Baith pitch and tar barrel.

With springalds, stanes, and gads of airn,
Amang them fast he threw;
Till mony of the Englishmen
About the wall he slew."

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Gads of airn, *i.e.* goads, or sharpened bars, of iron, were an obvious and formidable missile weapon. Thus, at a fabulous siege of York, by Sir William Wallace :—

“Faggots of fire among the host they cast,
Up pitch and tar on feil sowis they lent;
Many were hurt ere they from the walls went;
Stones on springalds they did cast out so fast,
And goads of iron made many groan agast.”

HENRY the MINSTREL'S *History of Wallace*, B. 8. c. 5.

399. **keep.** The strongest part of a castle.

401. **the changing guard:** *i.e.* the soldiers on duty being relieved periodically by a fresh detachment.

402. **ward,** guard, sentinel.

404. **Blood-hound and ban-dog.** Scott seems here to distinguish between blood-hounds and ban-dogs; yet in st. xv. and xvii., the hound is called indifferently by either name. A ban-dog is properly a mastiff, kept tied up to protect a house as a watch-dog; the name is not properly applied to a blood-hound, which is a hunting-dog.

406. **high,** of great importance.

XXXI. 416. **black mail.** A tribute formerly exacted from farmers and small land owners on the borders of England and Scotland, and along the Highland border, by freebooting chiefs, in return for protection or immunity from plunder. *Mail* means rent: cp. house-mail, stable-mail, horse-mail, grass-mail: A.S. *male*, Icel. *mala*, rent. The word *mail* in the sense of rent occurs in the ballad of *Kinmont Willie*: “I'll pay ye for my lodging maill.”

417. **avail,** assistance, help. *effeſt*.

418: **lightly,** easily. *agen*: a poetical spelling of *again*, a revival of the spelling in the thirteenth century.

420. **peep of day,** dawn, daybreak.

431. **withal;** used, as in Shakespeare, at the end of a sentence, instead of *with*.

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1. 2. bale-fires. A *bale* is a beacon-fire. Originally it meant any great fire, a blazing pile; from Icel. *bdl*, a blazing fire: cognate with Sansk. *bhalus*, lustre, Gk. *φαλός*, bright.

"The border beacons, from their number and position, formed a sort of telegraphic communication with Edinburgh.—The Act of Parliament 1455, c. 48, directs that one bale or fagot shall be warning of the approach of the English in any manner; two bales that they are *coming indeed*; four bales, blazing beside each other, that the enemy are in great force.... These beacons (at least in latter times) were a 'long and strong tree set up, with a long iron pole across the head of it, and an iron brander fixed on a stalk in the middle of it, for holding a tar barrel'—Stevenson's *History*, vol. ii. p. 701."—SCOTT.

4. willow'd, overgrown with willows. "The willow, or weeping willow, as one species of it is called, is a tree with long, slender drooping branches, and is often regarded as an emblem of sorrow. *To wear the willow* is a well known phrase applied to one who mourns the desertion of her lover. Fuller says, 'the willow is a sad tree, whereof such as have lost their love, make there mourning garlands.' The Psalmist tells us that the Jews in captivity 'hanged their harps upon the willows' in sign o' mourning."—Brewer's *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*. 'shear scoren, p.p. of *sceran* to shear.

8. roll'd upon the Tweed, rolled or flowed into the Tweed, th Teviot being a tributary of the Tweed. Scott wrote at first 'rolled their way to Tweed.'

9. shepherd's reed. Cp. I. 296 and III. 11: the musical instrument or pipe used by shepherds was made from a reed.

10. bugle-horn. A musical instrument, formed of the horn

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the ‘bugle,’ or wild ox : generally abbreviated to ‘bugle.’ From O. Fr. *bugle*, Lat. *buculus*, diminutive of *bos*, an ox.

II. 11. Supply is after *unlike*. The tide of human time is unlike that of the Teviot described in the preceding stanza, or of any other stream. The course of time is very frequently compared to the course of a river, the one passing into eternity as the other flows into the ocean. Thus, in the well-known lines from *Cooper's Hill*, Denham describes the Thames as

“ Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity.”

In this stanza, however, the poet points out a difference between the two. A stream, he says, retains no traces of events that once happened on its banks ; but important incidents in the life of a man, his sins and his sorrows, are deeply imprinted on his mind, and are ‘reflected to memory’s eye,’ that is, are vividly remembered by him, even in the closing years of his life.

15. bears, used intransitively here in the sense of tends, flows.

19, 20. These lines are to be read in connection with the last lines of the preceding Canto. They furnish an answer to the inquiry whether the old minstrel had ‘no son to be his father’s stay.’ great Dundee, Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount of Dundee, ‘the conquering Græme’ of line 25, was killed at the battle of Killiecrankie in 1689.

21. the volleying musket. At the battle of Killiecrankie, the troops of King William received the charge of the Highlanders with a volley from their muskets, but were speedily swept away by the furious onset. For an interesting account of the battle, and of the death of Dundee, see Macaulay’s *History of England*, chap. xiii. *Volley*, from Fr. *volee*, a flight ; L. *volare*, to fly, is a flight of shot.

III. 27. wide and far, the usual order of the words is ‘far and wide.’

28. For pathless marsh, and mountain cell. “The morasses were the usual refuge of the Border herdsmen, on the approach of an English army.” Caves, hewn in the most dangerous and inaccessible places, also afforded an occasional retreat. — Scott. *Foe* = to go to, to take refuge in.

31. peel, a small border tower or fort, from Fr. *pile*, a mass or heap : Lat. *pila*, a pier of stone.

35. Dun, dark, dusky.

37. southern ravage, not the ravage of the south, but the ravage committed by the people of the south, or *Southerns*, as the English were called.

IV. 38. the .. gate-ward, the gate-keeper, the guard or sentry at the gate.

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40. **Watt Tinlinn.** "This person," says Scott, "was in my younger days the theme of many a fireside tale." He was a retainer of the Buccleuch family, and held for his Border service a small tower on the frontiers of Liddesdale." Watt is an abbreviation of Walter.

42. **snatchers**, freebooters, cattle-lifters. Men who suddenly seize and carry away cattle.

43. **prove the lock**, find by actual trial how hard it is to unlock or force open his gate.

44. **St. Barnabright.** Barnabright, otherwise Barnaby bright, Barnaby day, was the day or festival of St. Barnabas, the 11th June. In the old style of reckoning, before the revision of the calendar, this was the longest day; hence the epithet 'bright.' Cp. Spenser, *Epithalamium*, l. 266,

"This day the sunne is in his chiefest hight
With Barnaby the bright."

St. Barnabas was an apostle and a companion of St. Paul.

45. **sieged**, for *besieged*, which is the usual verb form. *Siege* is from the Lat. *sedes*, a seat, *sedere*, to sit. 'To sit down before a fortress' is to lay siege to it.

47. **twang'd the yew**, bent his bow (made of the yew) and shot his arrow. *Twang* is an onomatopoeic word expressing the sharp sound made by the bowstring when it is pulled and let go. Those who besieged him during the night knew how true his aim was, and did not care when the morning came to expose themselves to the certainty of being shot at and killed.

48. **Right sharp has been the evening shower.** Very pressing must the danger have been that compelled him to fly from his tower and take refuge in Branksome castle. The sudden approach of the English and the attack made upon him are compared to sudden shower of rain in the evening that compels people outside in the fields to fly for shelter.

51. **a Warden-Raid**, not an ordinary incursion of freebooters but an organized expedition under the command of the Warden himself, that is to say, the king's officer appointed to guard the Borders, and hence called the Warden of the Marches. Cp. H. 356, note.

V. 52. **yeoman**, see I. l. 20. The exact meaning and derivation of the word are by no means certain. Sometimes, as in the old ballads, a yeoman is nothing more than an archer, but the term is often applied to a tenant farming a small estate. Thus Bishop Latimer, speaking of his father, says "he was a yeoman and had no lands of his own, only he had a farm of three or four pound a year at the uttermost and hereupon he tilled so much kept half a dozen men." "Many solutions," says Skeat, "ha-

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been proposed of this difficult word," but they are all more or less unsatisfactory. Note the accent here is on the second syllable and not, as it usually is, on the first.

53. **barbican**, a tower over the gateway of a castle defending the entrance. There is considerable uncertainty about the origin of this word, which reaches us from the French. Col. Yule suggests Arab-Pers. *bab-khanah*, gate-house, the regular name in the East for a towered gateway.

54. **nag**, a small horse, literally a 'neigher,' a horse that *neighs*.

55. **hag**, a small portion of firm ground in a bog. The pony was so light and active that it could bound from one of these hags to another without slipping into the surrounding quagmire.

56. **Billhope**, a place in Liddesdale remarkable for game.

57. **twain**, archaic for *two*. The difference between *two* and *twain* was originally one of gender only, the former being the feminine form, and the latter, the masculine.

60. Of silver brooch and bracelet proud, "As the Borderers were indifferent about the furniture of their habitations, so much exposed to be burned and plundered, they were proportionally anxious to display splendour in decorating and ornamenting their females,"—SCOTT.

61. Laughed *to* her friends. The student should be careful to distinguish this from 'laughed *at* her friends.'

62. **passing**, surpassingly, exceedingly.

63. **withal**, besides, in addition.

64. **morion**, an open helmet or protection for the head, a French word, from Span. *morra*, the crown of the head.

65. **jack**. See III. 61 note. **enow**, an archaic and poetic form of *enough*; A.S. *genoh*, *genog*. The initial *g* has been dropped and the final guttural *g* has been changed into *w* as in many other words. Compare *foul* from A.S. *fugol*, *sorrow* from *sorg*.

68. six Scottish ells. Of very great length. An ell is a measure of different lengths in different countries. A Scottish ell is about 37 inches in length. The word is from A.S. *eln*, or *el*, a cubit, properly the length of the arm from the elbow to the tip of the middle finger: it is the same as *el* in the word *elbow*, and is cognate with Latin *ul-na*, elbow, and with *ar* in arm.

71. His hardy partner. His wife strong and inured to hardships.

VI. 73. **tidings**, what betides or happens. The word is now always used in the plural. To *show* tidings is not idiomatic English.

74. **Belted Will Howard**. Lord William Howard, third son of the Duke of Norfolk, was Warden of the Western Marches. By

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a poetical anachronism, he is introduced into the romance a few years earlier than he actually flourished."—SCOTT. For explanation of the word *belted*, see Canto V. l. 264.

75. **Lord Dacre.** "The well-known name of Dâcre is derived from the exploits of one of their ancestors at the siege of Acre or Ptolemais, under Richard Cœur de Lion."—SCOTT. *spear*, spear-man.

76. **German hackbut-men.** "In the wars with Scotland Henry VIII. and his successors employed numerous bands of mercenary troops."—SCOTT. A *hackbut*-man is a soldier armed with a *hackbut*, which was a kind of gun. It is a corruption of Dutch *haakbus*, from *haak*, a hook, and *bus*, a barrel, the barrel of a gun. The *haakbus* was perhaps so called from its bent shape, the earlier guns having been made straight. The same word *bus* appears in *blunderbuss*. *Arquebus*, or *harquibus*, is the same word as *hackbut*.

77. **Who have long lain.** Who have long been stationed or encamped. Cf. *Border Minstrelsy*, vol. ii. p. 95, *Hoblie Noble*, l. 53 and note:—

"Word is gone to the Land-Sergeant
At Askerton where that he lay."

Askerton is an old castle, now ruinous, situated in the wilds of Cumberland, about seventeen miles north-east of Carlisle, amidst the mountainous and desolate tract of country bordering upon Liddesdale, emphatically called the Waste of Bewcastle.

78. **curfew hour.** The curfew bell formerly rung at eight o'clock in the evening as a signal for putting out fires. It was a French institution, introduced into England by William the Conqueror. The name was retained for the evening bell long after the curfew law was abolished. From Fr. *courre-feu*, from *courrir*, to cover, and *feu*, fire.

80. **fiend.** From A.S. *feōdūl*, meaning the hating one, the enemy, and, therefore, the Devil, regarded as the arch-enemy of mankind. *Fiend* is the pres. part. of *feōn*, to hate, just as *friend* is from *freōnd*, pres. part. of *freōn*, to love.

81. This gives an idea, though perhaps rather exaggerated, of the state of the Border, when a man could consider it worthy to remark that his house had escaped burning for a whole year.

85. **Fergus Graeme.** It seems strange to find this thorough Scotch name belonging to one of the Southron invaders; but see Canto VI. st. x. and note.

90. **despite, angry hatred.** I owed him a grudge and hate him bitterly. Scott frequently uses the word *high* merely as a intensive epithet.

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91. He drove my cows, he stole or carried off my cows.
Drave is an old form of the past tense. *Fastern's night*, or *Fastern's e'en*, known also as Shrove Tuesday, the evening preceding Ash-Wednesday, which is the first day of the *Fast* of Lent. Hence the name. We have a fairly good picture in this stanza of Border life in the good old days. The barns and dwellings of the Borderers were liable at any moment to be burnt down and their cattle to be driven away. Deeds of violence, by whichever side committed, were sure to provoke acts of retaliation, and thus the Borderland was made a perpetual scene of strife and rapine.

VII. 92. scouts. Lat. *auscultare*, to listen with attention; O. Fr. *escoute*, a spy. The initial *e* has been dropped, as in the words *state*, *school*, *slander*, etc. Scouts are not exactly *spies* in the sense in which that word is used now. They are persons sent out to watch the movements of an enemy and bring in information.

94. ken, sight, observation.

100. Note the change in the metre of this and the next three lines to denote the hurry and bustle and excitement.

101. pricking, spurring of horses.

102. trysting-place. Appointed place of meeting: rendezvous. Almost obsolete in ordinary use: in poetry and romance it is still used, but almost always of *lovers'* meetings. *Tryst* is the same as *trust*.

103. lightly ~~head~~ of, little esteemed or little regarded by ladye. The word is both spelt and pronounced in archaic fashion with the accent on the second syllable. Lines 100-103 were not in the first edition.

VIII. 104. St. Mary's silver wave. St. Mary's Loch, in Selkirkshire, from which the Yarrow flows. See II. 386, note.

106. Thirlestane. "Sir John Scott of Thirlestane flourished in the reign of James V., and possessed the estates of Thirlestane, Gamescleugh, etc., lying upon the river of Ettrick, and extending to St. Mary's Loch at the head of Yarrow. It appears that when James had assembled his nobility, and their feudal followers, at Fala, with the purpose of invading England, and was, as is well known, disappointed by the obstinate refusal of his peers, this baron alone declared himself ready to follow the king wherever he should lead. In memory of his fidelity, James granted to his family a charter of arms, entitling them to bear a border of fleurs-de-luce, similar to the treasure in the royal arms, with a bundle of spears for the crest; motto, *Ready, aye ready.*" —SCOTT.

108. tressured. Arranged in the form of a *tressure*, which in heraldry is a kind of laced border round a shield. The Fr. *tressure*

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is from Fr. *tresser*, to twist or plait; Low Lat. *tricia*, a plait; from Greek *τρίχα*, threefold. *fleur-de-luce*. A *fleur-de-llys* is a lily flower, the French *lys*, or *lis*, being a contraction of Lat. *lilius*, a corrupt form of *lilium* (cp. *fils*, a son, from *filius*). *Luce* is a corrupt spelling of *lis*. He claims To wreath etc. He claims the right to bear on his shield a border of lilies granted to him as a badge or distinction by King James in grateful acknowledgment of the loyalty and fidelity shown by him when he alone of all the barons present expressed his readiness to follow James.

110. **mossy wave.** This appears to be a euphonious expression for *marsh*.

112. **feudal jars.** See I. 76. *jar*, meaning *strife, discord, or contention*, stands for an older form *char*, which appears to be connected with O. H. Ger. *kerran*, to chatter, croak, W. H. Ger. *quarren*, to grumble, and Lat. *garrire*, to chatter, prate, from which we get *garrulous*.

113. **What time**, at the time when. *What* has here the force of a demonstrative adjective. *Thirlestane*. To be pronounced in this line as a word of three syllables.

IX. 120. **to danger steel'd, inured to danger and rendered proof against it.**

121. **moss-trooper.** "This was the usual appellation of the marauders upon the Borders; a profession diligently pursued by the inhabitants on both sides, and by none more actively and successfully than by Buccleuch's clan. Long after the union of the crowns, the moss-troopers, although sunk in reputation, and no longer enjoying the pretext of national hostility, continued to pursue their calling."—SCOTT. 'A *moss-trooper* means literally a trooper or horseman who rode over the *mosses* or *moors* of the Scottish Border.'

122, 123. In these two lines the armorial bearings of the family of Harden are described. *azure*, in heraldry a blue colour on a shield or in a coat of arms. *field* is also a term in heraldry and means the surface of a shield. What is meant is that 'the stars and crescent,' which formed the cognizance of the Scotts, were emblazoned in blue on the bright yellow surface of his shield.

124. **Without the bend of Murdieston.** "The family of Harden are descended from a younger son of the Laird of Buccleuch, who flourished before the estate of Murdieston was acquired by the marriage of one of these chieftains with the heiress in 1296. Hence they bear the cognizance of the Scotts upon the field; whereas those of the Buccleuch are disposed upon a bend dexter assumed in consequence of that marriage."—SCOTT. *Bend* in heraldry is the space contained between two parallel lines crossing the shield diagonally from dexter chief (the top right hand

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corner) to sinister base (the bottom left hand corner) of the shield.

The bend of Murdieston was the device or ‘charge,’ as it is called, of the Murdieston family, which, transferred to the shield of the Buccleuch family, indicated that the families of Buccleuch and Murdieston had become united by marriage. Only those who could claim to be descended from this marriage were entitled to assume it. Now, Walter Scott of Harden was descended from a younger member of the Buccleuch family who lived before this marriage took place. He was not a descendant, therefore, of the Murdieston family, and could not wear the bend upon his shield. In other respects, his armorial bearings were the same as those of the Buccleuch family to whom, as a Scott, he was closely related.

The student, unfamiliar with such things, may be disposed to regard these heraldic terms and references as little better than jargon, but he must remember that in those early times when men fought clad in armour from head to foot, some device was necessary to distinguish not only friend from foe, but knight from knight and lord from lord, even when arrayed under the same standards. The arms and mottoes assumed, associated as they frequently were with some historical event, or some deed of daring, served to keep alive the glorious traditions of the family and fostered a feeling of pride among its members that was not without its use.

126. haunted, visited or frequented by ghosts or spirits of the dead.

128. His wood-embosom'd mansion. His house or residence situated in the midst of and buried, as it were, amongst surrounding trees. Pope has a somewhat similar expression, ‘His house embosomed in the grove.’ *Mansion*, from O.F. *mansion*, a dwelling-place, L. *mansionem*, acc. of *mansio*, an abiding, abode, L. *mansus*, p.p. of *manere*, to remain, dwell; as used now, is a house or residence of some size and pretension. Cp. *manor*, a nobleman’s residence, and *manse*, a clergyman’s house in Scotland. It seems very much like poetic exaggeration to apply such an expression to the residence of a freebooter like Walter Scott of Harden. The dwellings of these petty Border chiefs must have been buildings of the rudest and roughest description, with no pretensions to elegance or splendour. In the succeeding lines Scott seems to revel in the recollections of the lawless deeds of his marauding ancestor.

135. the Flower of Yarrow, “Mary Scott, daughter of Philip Scott of Dryhope, and called in song the Flower of Yarrow.”—SCOTT.

136. might tame, could subdue. His love for the beautiful Mary Scott, whom he married, could not repress in him the

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passion for war when he was a young man, and now in his old age he is just as eager and ready to fight.

137. **spurn'd at rest**, scorned or felt a contempt for rest. *Spurn* literally means to kick with the heels, from A.S. *spura* or *spora*, a spur, or heel on which the spur is worn. The word is now used in the sense of ‘to reject with scorn.’

140. **Dinlay**, a mountain in Liddesdale. Cp. *Border Minstrelsy*, vol. ii. p. 11, *Jamie Telfer*, l. 143,

“The Dinlay snaw was ne'er mair white
Nor the lyart locks of Harden's hair.”

143. **Harden's lord**. “Walter Scott of Harden, who flourished during the reign of Queen Mary, was a renowned Border freebooter, concerning whom tradition has preserved a variety of anecdotes. His castle was situated upon the very brink of a dark and precipitous dell, through which a scanty rivulet steals to meet the Borthwick. In the recess of this glen he is said to have kept his spoil, which served for the daily maintenance of his retainers, until the production of a pair of clean spurs, in a covered dish, announced to the hungry band that they must ride for a supply of provisions.”—SCOTT. See also II. 393, note.

144. **brand**, from A.S. *beornan*, *hyrnan*, to burn, meaning first a burning piece of wood, a fire-brand, and then a sword from its flashing in the light. The word furnishes an example of what is known as metathesis or the transposition of letters in a word.

X. 145. **stalwart**, strong, sturdy; from A.S. *stalworth*, steal-worthy. “The original sense seems to have been ‘good at stealing,’ as applied to troops, hence stout, brave, with reference to securing plunder. Cp. A.S. *stel-here*, a predatory army. If this be right, the etymology is from A.S. *steln*, theft, from *stelan*, to steal; and *wurð*, worthy, honourable, excellent.”—SKEAT.

It will doubtless occur to the student that the word is a most appropriate one to apply, in its original sense, to the Scotts of Eskdale and to the Borderers in general, though, of course, it is not used in that sense in the text.

156. Little they reck'd of, little they cared for. **Liege Lord**. *Liege* is the French *liege*, and is probably derived from O. H. G. *ledic*, *lidic* (G. *ledig*), free, especially from all obligations of service, so that a *liege lord* was properly a free lord or a lord of a free band. The sense of the word, however, has been altered by confusion with Lat. *ligatus*, bound. And *liege lord*, as used in the text, means a lord to whom allegiance was due, to whom, that is, his vassals were bound to be faithful.

158. **Homage and seignory**. *Homage*, from Lat. *homo*, a man, is the acknowledgment made by a feudal tenant in the presence of the lord that he was his *man* or vassal. *Seignory* is the power, right and authority of a lord, from Fr. *seigneur*, a lord, Lat.

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senior, elder, an elder or lord, comparative of *senex*, old.' Sire, sir, are contractions of the same word.

159. **Galliard**, a gay gallant. "From Spanish *gallardo*, gay, lively. The further derivation is unknown; but the word is probably Celtic."—SKEAT. **heriot**, a tribute paid to the lord of a manor on the decease of a tenant. "A.S. *heregeatu*, literally military apparel; hence equipment, which after the death of a vassal escheated to his lord; afterwards extended to include horses, etc. A.S. *here*, an army; *geatu*, *geatwe*, apparel, adornment."—SKEAT.

161. **bonny**, a common word in Scotland, meaning fair, beautiful. From Fr. *bonne*, fair, feminine of *bon*, good; L. *bonus*, good.

162. at pinch of need, in times of great difficulty or distress. *At a pinch* is by itself an idiomatic expression meaning 'in an emergency.'

164. **Bucksfoot**, the name of Gilbert's 'bonny white steed,' which Earl Morton demanded as a heriot.

165. gave fuel to fire. The usual idiomatic expression is to *add* fuel to fire, that is, to give fresh cause for provocation, and thus aggravate or increase the bitterness of feeling.

167. **But**=except, or it may be taken as a conjunction equivalent to *if not*. If the Earl had not taken, etc. the flight had ta'en, the correct idiom is 'had taken flight or taken to flight,' not 'had taken *the* flight.'

168. had, would have.

172. **threshold**, "a piece of wood or stone under an entrance-door. *Thresh-old*=*thresh-wold*, lit. the piece of wood threshed or beaten by the tread of the foot. M.E. *threshwold*. A.S. *therscwald*, later *therscold*. A.S. *therscan*, to thresh; *wald*, *weald*, wood, a piece of wood."—SKEAT.

XI. 173. to see, a gerundial infinitive.

176. to thy yoke, *under* thy yoke, as your vassals.

177. **cast**, a flight or a number of hawks let go at once from the hand. **Purse**, French, *borse*, from Low Lat. *bursa*, from Greek *βύρσα*, a hide or skin. So *purse* properly means a small leatheren bag to carry money; but yet we talk of a *silk* or *velvet* purse, just as we talk of a *steel* cuirass, though a cuirass was originally something made of leather, and a *steel* pen, though *pen* is literally a feather, and the word ought properly to be applied to the quill of a goose or other bird.

178. to have and hold, gerundial infinitives. In the oldest English the infinitive suffix was *-an*, and it had a dative form ending in *-anne*, and preceded by the preposition *to*. Between the

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twelfth and fifteenth centuries the infinitive suffix, previously weakened to *-en* and *-e*, was dropped altogether, at least in pronunciation, and the preposition *to* was borrowed from the dative infinitive and prefixed to the root as the sign of the ordinary infinitive. The dative infinitive was then distinguished by the use of the preposition *for* before *to*: thus we have, *Matt.* xi. 8, "What went ye out *for* to see?" This has now been dropped, and there is no distinction in form between the ordinary infinitive and the dative or gerundial infinitive.

'To have and to hold,' i.e. to be held in your possession, is the ordinary legal phrase used in a 'conveyance' or deed of transfer of land.

179. **beshrew**, may evil befall, or may a curse fall on thy heart. "M. E. *bi-schrewen*, to imprecate a curse on. From *schrewe*, adj., wicked; with prefix *bi-*."—SKEAT.

180. **Eske**, a Keltic word for 'water.' It occurs in the names of many places and rivers. "In England it takes the form of *Ece*, as in Exeter (*Exanaster*)—the camp on the *Ece*; or of *Ax*, as in Axminster; or of *Ox*, as in Oxford; or of *Ux*, as in Uxbridge; and as *Ouse* in Yorkshire and in the Eastern counties. In Wales and Scotland the hidden *k* changes its place and comes at the end. Thus in Wales we find *Ush*; and in Scotland, *Esk*. There are at least eight Esks in the kingdom of Scotland alone."—*The English Language*, by Meiklejohn. The omission of the definite article is to be noted.

a landed man. One holding lands or possessing an estate. A very unusual expression, though it is common enough to talk of 'landed property,' 'landed proprietors,' and 'landed security.' What are called participial adjectives are usually formed from verbs. Words like *landed*, *talented*, *turreted*, have been strongly objected to, therefore, as being derived from nouns, but they have established themselves in the language in spite of the purists, and cannot conveniently be dispensed with.

185. **amain**, with full force. *Main*, strength, as in the phrase 'with might and main,' is the A.S. *mægen*, from a root *mugh* which appears in Lat. *magnus*, Gr. *μέγας*, and in many other words.

186. **has ta'en**. Scott is not very particular about his grammar. This, of course, should be *took* and not *has taken*, to correspond to the tense of the verbs in the preceding and succeeding lines.

187. **merrymen**. A word frequently applied in the old ballads to archers and foresters and outlaws, because they were popularly believed, perhaps, to be always blithe and gay, leading merry lives. Scott gives (*Lady of the Lake*, Canto IV. xii., note on Alice Brand), "Merry (old Teut. *mere*) famous, renowned;

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answering, in its etymological meaning, exactly to the Latin *mactus*. Hence *merry-men*, as the address of a chief to his followers; meaning, not men of mirth, but of renown. The term is found in its original sense in the Gael. *mara*, and the Welsh *mawr*, great; and in the oldest Teut. Romances, *mar*, *mer*, and *mere*, have sometimes the same signification." But Scott is not a safe guide in etymological matters; and the ordinary meaning of merry gives very good sense in phrases like *merrymen*, *merry England*.

188. hold them. Hold or keep *themselves*. *Them* is reflexive here.

189. wended. Wend, meaning to go, is from A.S. *wendan*, to turn, proceed, go. The past tense *wende* became *wente* and finally *went*, displacing the original past tense of *go*, which in the form *gaed* is still used in Scotland.

192. Know thou me. Recognize me as. Receive and acknowledge me as.

194. Scotts play best at the roughest game. They come off best in the game of war. They always win when it comes to fighting, so it is dangerous to trifle with them.

XII. 200. winded. This is the proper participle of *wind*, to blow a horn (i.e. to put *wind* into it), which is a weak verb. Its conjugation is, however, often confounded with that of *wind*, to twist, which is a strong verb, having *wound* for its past tense and participle. Scott makes this mistake in *The Lady of the Lake*, I. xvii. 1.

206. Craikcross. See I. 154. *Craik* appears to be another form of *crag*.

208. A long line consisting of four anapaestic feet.

210. Pentounlinn. *Lin*, *Lyn*, or *Lynn*—(1) a cataract, (2) the pool under a cataract, (3) the face of a precipice. It occurs in the names of several places in Great Britain and Ireland. Cf. Roslin, Linlithgow.

212. Then had you seen. Then *would* you have seen if you had been there.

217. bore, past tense of *bear*, used in the sense of *pierced*. Cp. the use of the verb *run*; 'he ran him through with his sword.'

219. Haugh. "Low lying flat ground, properly on the border of a river, and such as is sometimes overflowed."—JAMIESON.

223. lost and won. Lost by the Beattisons and won by the Scotts on account of the refusal of Gilbert the Galliard to surrender his horse.

Stanzas x., xi. and xii., which describe how the Scotts acquired possession of the lands of the Beattisons in the valley of Esk, were not in the first edition. The poet has been found fault

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with for having inserted them in subsequent editions, but it must be remembered that his object was, as he himself tells us in his preface, "to illustrate the customs and manners, which anciently prevailed on the Borders of England and Scotland," and the story, which appears to be in strict accord with what tradition has preserved, does give us a fairly good picture of Border life in early times when 'might was right.' Besides, the story is flattering to the family pride of those to whom the minstrel sings his lay, and whose hospitality he is naturally anxious in some way to repay.

XIII. 226. *cleugh*. (1) a precipice or rugged ascent, (2) a narrow hollow between precipitous banks, (3) a hollow descent on the side of a hill. *swair* or *swire* (cp. *Priesthaugh Swire*, iii. 346) signifies the descent of a hill.

229. *Bellenden*, "situated near the head of Borthwick water, and being in the centre of the possessions of the Scotts, was frequently used as their place of rendezvous and gathering word."—SCOTT.

232. *aids*. An uncommon use of the word in the plural to mean 'those who came to her assistance.' When used in the plural, the word generally means extraordinary grants of money made to the king by Parliament, and also, in feudal law, certain payments made by a vassal to his lord on particular occasions.

233. *cross-bow*, not an ordinary bow, but a bow placed crosswise on a stock and usually bent by means of a mechanical contrivance, the missiles discharged consisting not only of arrows, but stones, and sometimes bullets. It seems never to have been a favourite weapon with the English, who preferred the long bow.

241. *The red cross*. The red cross of St. George, the patron saint of England, embroidered on the coats of English soldiers, and worn by them as a badge of their nationality. See *Canto III.* stanza xviii., also note on I. 46. The lady means that if he could hit a raven's nest, which is comparatively a small object to aim at, he would have no difficulty in planting an arrow in the breast of an English soldier, a wider and an easier mark.

XIV. 245. *wily*. Full of *wiles* or cunning, deceitful tricks; *wile* and *guile* are two different forms of the same word, the *gu* in words borrowed from the French corresponding to the *w* in cognate words of Anglo-Saxon origin. Cf. *ward* and *guard*. The *gu* in the French word shows that the word was originally Teutonic, with initial *w*; the French prefixed the *g* to assist the pronunciation.

The 'wily page' here is of course Lord Cranstoun's goblin page, who had assumed the appearance of the lady's son.

249. *plain'd*. An obsolete and poetical form of *complained*.

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251. In former days there was a superstitious belief entertained that fairies sometimes stole beautiful and intelligent children, putting in their place ugly and stupid ones. Such children were called ‘changelings.’

252. *wont*. Supply was before *wont*. The child was *wont* or accustomed to be free and bold. *Wont* is never now used as a verb; but Scott imitates the old usage of *wont* as the past tense of *won*, to be accustomed, both here and in *The Lady of the Lake*, IV. xii. 18, “thy fingers small, That *wont* on harp to stray”: cp. Milton, *On the Morning of Christ’s Nativity*, l. 10, “he *wont* at heaven’s high council-table to sit;” and Shakespeare, i. *Henry VI.* i. 2. 14, “whom we *wont* to fear.” “It is properly the past participle of A.S. *won*, meaning to dwell, remain, or be used to: it came to be used as an adjective and then as a substantive; and, its origin being forgotten, the suffix *ed* was again added, producing a form *won-ted*=*won-ed-ed*”—SKEAT.

256. *weakling*—a diminutive expressive of contempt—a weak, timid creature.

258. *Rangleburn*. To be pronounced here as a word of four syllables, Ran-gle-bur-en. Scott apparently was in the habit of trilling the letter *r*, that is, giving it a rough, rolling sound. See note on *Unicorn*, I. l. 207. It is not customary to give it this sound when it is followed by a consonant.

XV. 262. *the counterfeited lad*. This is a mistake. The counterfeited lad, that is, the lad who was counterfeited, viz., the lady’s son, was a prisoner in the hands of the English. Scott means the *counterfeit* lad, the false lad who personated the young heir of Buccleuch.

263. *palfrey*, a small horse for riding. From O. Fr. *palefrei*, Low Latin *paraveredus*, lit. an extra post-horse. A hybrid word, from Greek παρά, besides, extra; and Latin *veredus*, from *vehere*, to carry or draw, and *rheeda*, a Gaulish word for a kind of carriage. The German *Verd*, horse, has the same origin.

264. *freight*, burden, that with which anything is laden, but more especially, and now almost always, the cargo of a ship. See note on *fraught*, III. l. 381.

267. *mickle*, much; now only used in Lowland Scotch, though formerly common in English. From A.S. *mycel*, gréat; from the same root as *much*.

268. *a Scottish mile*. Rather longer than the English statute mile; eight Scotch miles being about nine English miles. *Mile* is from L. *mille*, a thousand=whence *mille passum*, a thousand paces, a Roman mile.

270. “It is a firm article of popular faith, that no enchantment can subsist in a living stream. Nay, if you can interpose a brook

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between you and witches, spectres, or even fiends, you are in perfect safety. Burns's inimitable *Tam o' Shanter* turns entirely upon such a circumstance. The belief seems to be of antiquity. Brompton informs us that certain Irish wizards could by spells, convert earthen clods or stones into fat pigs, which they sold in the market; but which always reassumed their proper form when driven by the deceived purchaser across a running stream. But Brompton is severe on the Irish for a very good reason. 'Gens ista spurcissima non solvunt decimas.' [Those most disgraceful people don't pay their tithes.]—*Chronicon Johannis Brompton apud decem Scriptores*, p. 1076.—SCOTT.

273. **Urchin.** Originally a hedgehog, then a goblin, or mischievous elf, who was supposed to take a hedgehog's shape, and now a rough, mischievous little fellow. O. Fr. *Eriçon, heresson*, Lat. *Ericius*, a hedgehog.

274. **a cloth-yard shaft.** An arrow as long as a yard for measuring cloth, shot from a long bow. The arrows or *quarrels* as they were called, shot from a crossbow, were much shorter.

277. **imp.** An interesting word. It was formerly used in a good sense and meant simply child, offspring. Thus in an old work, Prince Edward is described as "that most angelic imp," and Spencer writes:—

"Ye sacred imps that in Parnassus dwell."

The word now means, however, a little devil, or malignant spirit, and when applied to a child, unless playfully used, implies a disposition to mischief and evil. Compare the change in meaning which the word *brat* has undergone.

XVI. 288. **ken,** hear, recognize; properly to know; from A.S. *cunnan*, to know.

291. **The Almays.** The German mercenaries referred to in stanza xviii. Fr. *Allemand* from Lat. *Allemanni*, an ancient German tribe. **kettle-drum**, a drum so-called because it is made of a copper vessel, shaped like a kettle, covered with parchment.

292. **Crimson.** Sanskrit *krimija*, produced by an insect (viz., the cochineal insect). Skt. *krimi*, a worm; *jan*, to produce. *Crimson* is here a noun meaning crimson cloth; *sheen*, bright, splendid; properly an adjective, though now generally used as a noun, a new adjective, *sheeny*, being formed: cp. Byron, *Destruction of Sennacherib*, "the sheen of their spears."

Cp. *The Lady of the Lake*, IV. xii. 25,

"If pall and vair no more I wear,
Nor thou the crimson sheen,
As warm, we'll say, is the russet grey,
As gay the forest-green";

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and also the same poem, V. ii. 10,

“ That early beam, so fair and *sheen*,
Was twinkling through the hazel screen.”

The word is not derived from *shine* as usually supposed, but is allied to A.S. *sceawian*, to show, and appears in Mid. English as *schene*.

293. **Copse**, contracted from *coppice*, a wood of low growth, underwood frequently cut, brushwood; from Fr. *coup*, a stroke, L. *colaphus*, blow, stroke.

XVII. 296. **forayers**, properly those who engage in a *foray* or plundering incursion. *Foray* is the Lowland Scotch form of *forage*, which is the Fr. *fourage*, Low Lat. *fodrum*, merely a Latinized form of *fodder*, food for cattle. *Fodder* again is only a lengthened form of *food*. So that a *foray* is, in the first place, a raid in search of food, and then a raid in search of any kind of booty. But here the word is used more in the sense of *skirmishers*, or of men sent out in advance to reconnoitre.

297. **Loosely**, in loose order or formation, scattered, not in ‘close array’ as the archers were drawn up.

299. **Kendal**, a place in Westmoreland on the Ken or Kent. The archers from this place would seem to have acquired a reputation. **all in green**, dressed all in green, the appropriate colour for men who in times of peace were ‘foresters bold.’

302. **back, support**.

303. **bill-men**, men armed with the bill, a weapon much used by infantry in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, for defence against cavalry. It consisted of a broad hook-shaped blade, having a short spike at the back and another at the summit, attached to a long handle.

304. **Irthing**, a small river, forming for some distance the boundary between Cumberland and Northumberland, and running into the Eden.

305. **kirtle**, a sort of gown. The suffix is diminutive, and Skeat suggests that *kirtle* is a diminutive of *skirt*, the initial *s* being lost as in many Latin words. Cp. Lat. *curtus* (E. *curt*, Germ. *kurz*) for *s-curtus*, cognate with English *short*.

306. **That streamed o'er Acre's conquered wall.** See XXIII., 383, note.

309. They played the *tune* to which the song “Noble Lord Dacre, he dwells on the Border” is sung.

XVIII. 310. **bill and bow**. Billmen and bowmen. These were Lord Dacre’s troops. The men-at-arms were furnished by Lord Howard. These three divisions of an army correspond roughly to the infantry, artillery and cavalry of modern times.

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315. This line explains the word *mercenary*, which is derived from Lat. *merces*, pay, wages, or reward.

316, 317. These mercenaries, or ‘free-companies,’ as they were called, composed of men from all countries, sold their services to the highest bidder, and spent their lives in fighting. Scott quotes from Froissart an account of one such band of mercenary adventurers who described themselves as ‘frendes to God and enemies to all the worlde.’

319. the *levin-darting guns*, fire-arms, guns that flash fire or lightning. *Levin* is an obsolete word, meaning lightning, from A.S. *legen*, or *ligen*, flaming, like a flame.

It is doubtful when hand-guns were first introduced into warfare. Cannon, we read, were used for the first time by the English at the battle of Crecy, but they were slow to adopt the use of hand-guns.

320. Buff, a kind of leather, prepared in a peculiar way from the skin of the *buffalo*. *frounced*, adorned with flounces, fringes, or plaits. Cp. Milton, *Il Penseroso*, l. 123,

“ Not tricked and frounced as she was wont
With the Attick boy to hunt.”

Flounce is the modern form of the word, made by changing *r* into *l*: from O. Fr. *froncer*, to plait or wrinkle; *front* or *le front*, to frown or knit the brows; from Lat. *frons*, the forehead.

321. *morsing-horns*, flasks for holding powder for priming.

322. better knee, the right knee. Cp. ‘better hand,’ l. 362.

323. *escalade*, Fr. *escalade*, from Span. *escalado*, Lat. *scala*, a ladder, an attack made upon a fort, in which *ladders* are used for mounting the walls.

324. in rugged tongue, in the rough, guttural sounds of the German language.

[“The stanzas, describing the march of the English forces, and the investiture of the Castle of Branxholm, display a great knowledge of ancient costume, as well as a most picturesque and lively picture of feudal warfare.”—*Critical Review*.]

XIX. 329. chivalry, a body of knights on horseback, cavalry from Fr. *chevalerie*, horsemanship; *cheval*, a horse. Cp. Camp bell’s *Hohenlinden*,

“ The combat deepens—On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry”;

and Milton, *Par. Lost*, i. 305-7,

“ . . . when with fierce winds Orion arm’d
Hath vex’d the Red-Sea coast, whose waves o’erthrew
Busiris and his Memphian chivalry.”

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330. men-at-arms. From the fourteenth to the sixteenth century this was the designation of heavy cavalry soldiers fully equipped in armour. *glaive*, an obsolete word for sword ; Lat. *gladius*.

331. battle, army, men in battle array. Old writers frequently used the word in this sense.

“ Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each *battle* sees the other’s umber’d face.”

Shakespeare, *Henry V.* iv. Chorus.

333. To gain his spurs, properly to win knighthood, but here simply ‘to gain distinction.’

334. favour, a token of love, such as a scarf or ribbon, given to a knight by his lady-love, and worn by him on his sleeve or helmet when he went to battle.

337. display, equivalent etymologically, and here also in meaning, to the military term *deploy*, to unfold, to open out, to extend in a line ; O. Fr. *desploier*, from *des-*, Lat. *dis-*, apart, and *ploier*, *plier*, Lat. *plicare*, to fold. As the troops issued out or *debouched* ‘from beneath the greenwood tree,’ they opened out and formed themselves into ‘lengthened lines’ or ranks.

339. St. George, for merry England. St. George is the patron Saint of England. See I. 46, also IV. 187.

XX. 342. The first *they* in this line refers to ‘towers,’ the second *they* to the English.

343. The straining harsh, the harsh straining or jarring sound made by the stretching of the bow-string.

344. bartizan, a small overhanging turret which projects from the angles of a tower or parapet.

345. partisan, a kind of pike or halberd, a long staff with something like a bayonet fixed at the end. The etymology of the word is very doubtful. Some derive it from O. Fr. *pertuiser*, to pierce, but Skeat thinks it is from O. H. G. *partá*, M. H. G. *barte*, a battle-axe. There is another word *partisan*, meaning (1) an adherent of a party or faction, (2) the commander of a small body of light troops intended to scour the country, surprise the enemy whenever possible, and carry on an irregular kind of warfare ; this word is ultimately from Lat. *pars*, a part, and is unconnected with the former.

346. Falcon and culver, the names of small cannon used in former times. A *falcon* was so called on account of its resemblance to the bird of prey of that name in respect to the havoc it committed, and a *culverin*, because it resembled a snake in its long shape, *culverin* being derived from O. Fr. *couleuvrin*, adder-like ; Lat. *colubra*, *coluber*, an adder.

352. a witch’s cauldron. For the horrid ingredients of a

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witch's cauldron, see *Macbeth*, iv. 1. There the witches sing and dance round a cauldron, the ingredients of which

“For a charm of powerful trouble
Like a hell-broth, boil and bubble.”

Caldron or *cauldron* is properly a vessel for hot water, from Lat. *calere*, to be hot.

353. **the bridges**, the drawbridges over the moat.

354. **wicket**, a small door or gate usually made within a larger gate. From Norm. Fr. *wicket* (Modern Fr. *quichet*), a Norse word from a word signifying to turn, to give way, cognate with A.S. *wican*, to give way, and with *weak*.

355. **Seneschal**, a steward. From O. Fr. *seneschal*: this is a Teutonic word, and it means ‘old (and therefore chief) servant,’ from Gothic *sins*, old (cognate with Lat. *senex*), and *skalks*, a servant. A similar compound is *marshal*, O. Fr. *marschal*, literally, a horse-servant, from O. H. G. *marah*, a battle-horse.

XXI. 360. **chasten'd fire**, spirit subdued, moderated, kept under restraint.

361. **curveting**, Lat. *circus*, bent; *curvare*, to bend. The leap-ing of a horse in a particular way with his back bent or curved.

362. **better hand**, right hand.

364. **squire**, a shortened form of *esquire* from O. Fr. *escuyer*. Low Lat. *scutarius*, the bearer of the *scutum* or shield. The pre-fixed *e* in French is due to the difficulty of pronouncing words beginning with *sc*. in French: this difficulty is not felt by English people, and the *e* is therefore dropped in accordance with the rule of dropping unaccented syllables. See Morris, *Hist. Acc.* § 57 Skeat, *Elym. Dict.* under *space*; Brachet, *Hist. Gr.* p. 88; and *Elym. Fr. Dict.* under the word *espérer*.

365. **a gauntlet on a spear**. “A glove upon a lance was the emblem of faith among the ancient Borderers, who were wont when any one broke his word, to expose this emblem and proclaim him a faithless villain at the first Border meeting. This ceremony was much dreaded.”—SCOTT.

XXII. 372. **Border tide**. Cp. the ballad of *Kinnmont Willie* in the *Border Minstrelsy*, vol. ii, p. 53—

“And have they ta'en him, Kinnmont Willie,
Against the truce of Border tide?
And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch
Is Keeper here on the Scottish side?”

These Border tides were times or days of truce, according to the customary law of the Borders, ‘times of general assurance during which no feud was to be prosecuted. Such days of truce were employed in settling disputes and making mutual redress.

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for such wrongs as had been committed since the last truce of that sort. See the introduction to *Kilmont Willie*.

373. *guise*. A French form of the English word *wise*, meaning way, manner, or appearance. See note, l. 245.

376. *Scotland*. Note the accent here is on the second syllable, and compare l. 339.

377. *reads*, *advises*, from A.S. *rædan*, to advise, read; A.S. *ræd*, counsel. *swith*. An obsolete word meaning instantly or quickly. A.S. *swið*, strong.

‘King Estmere threw the harp aside
And *swithe* he drew his hand.’

Percy, *Reliques*, i. p. 75.

380. *As scare*, as to scare, or as may scare—a verb in the infinitive mood.

381. *but*, equivalent here to *if not*, and expressive of determination—‘May St. Mary not favour us, *if* we do not light a brand,’ etc.

382. Note the omission of the relative in the nominative case, before *shull*, a license which Scott very frequently permits himself. The lady means that the Scotch will in retaliation set fire to the homesteads of the English in Cumberland.

XXIII. 383. *Dacre's lord*. Lord Dacre, not Lord of Dacre; the expression is not quite correct, as there is no place of the name of *Dacre*.

384. *took the word*, made answer, or took it upon himself to answer, before Lord Dacre could reply.

387. *pursuivant*, an officer of lower rank or grade than a herald; an attendant upon a herald. Fr. *poursuivant*, a pursuer or prosecutor at law; Lat. *pro*, forward, and *sequi*, to follow.

389. *message*. Nominative absolute.

393. *All*, an adverb, meaning entirely, completely. *livery*, uniform or dress worn by his retainers. Fr. *livrée*, what is delivered or given freely. *Livery*, therefore, is the dress or uniform allowed by a lord or master to his servants.

394. *The lion argent*. The figure of a lion embroidered in white or silver threads on his coat to show that he was one of Lord Howard's officers, a ‘lion argent’ being the crest or cognizance of the Howards. So in *Marmion*, VI. xxvii. 9—

‘Then fell that spotless banner white
The Howard's lion fell.’

argent, in coats of arms, the heraldic term expressing silver. From Lat. *argentum*, silver.

398. *Obeisance*, a very low bow or other manifestation of profound respect. The word is another form of *obedience*. *meet*,

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suitable, becoming. herald, ‘an officer whose functions originally were to carry messages of courtesy or defiance between sovereigns or persons of knightly rank, to superintend and register the results of trial by battle, tournament, and other chivalric exercises, to record the valiant deeds of combatant, proclaim war or peace, marshal processions and public ceremonies, and especially, in later times, to regulate and determine all matters connected with the usage of armorial bearings.’ Blackie’s *Modern Cyclopaedia*, said, an inappropriate word use here—declared, made known.

XXIV. 400. irks, vexes, gives pain to. Used always impersonally. M. E. *irken*, to weary, to tire.

403. Wardenry, the jurisdiction of a warden, that portion country over which his authority extended.

404. law-contemning, setting the law at defiance, lawless. Similar expression conveying the opposite meaning is ‘la abiding.’

406. ill beseems, it is understood, it ill beseems or becon your rank.

407. flemens-firth, “an asylum for outlaws.”—SCOTT. Fr *fleme* or *fleme*, to banish, A.S. *flemingr*, an exile or outlaw, a *firth*, *fyrth*, or *frith*, a sheltered place, an enclosure.

409. march-treason pain, the pain or punishment for march treason. “Several species of offences, peculiar to the Border, constituted what was called march-treason. Among others, the crime of riding, or causing to ride, against the opposite country during the time of truce.”—SCOTT.

410. St. Cuthbert’s even. The day before St. Cuthbert’s day or the festival of St. Cuthbert. St. Cuthbert was a celebrated father of the early English Church, born about the year 634, died in 687. He became a monk, was appointed prior of Melrose, which he quitted after some years for Lindisfarne. He then retired to the desolate isle of Farne, where he lived life of a hermit, his holiness attracting many great visitors. anniversary of his death was a great festival in the English Church.

411. prick’d, spurred his horse to, galloped to. Leven, otherwise called the *Line*, is a small stream in Cumberland, run into the Solway Frith.

412. Harried, ravaged. A.S. *hergian*, to lay waste as is by an army; *here*, an army.

413. dint of glaive, a blow or stroke of his sword.

418. straight, at once, directly. A.S. *streccan*, to straiten, warrison. Scott explains this word to mean a ‘note of assaibut, apparently, there is no authority for the use of the wo

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this sense. There is a word *warison* used by old writers in the sense of 'reward,' 'guerdon.' Cp. Percy's *Reliques*, *The Battle of Otterbourne*, Fytte 2, l. 59,

“Mynstrells, playe up for your waryson,
And well quyt it schall be.”

Scott appears to have coined the word 'warrison' to mean 'war sound,' or war cry, or to have been misled by the first syllable.

421. King Edward, Edward VI. This fixes the date of the story.

XXV. 426. For a moment the Lady's cheer or face changed. Cheer from O. Fr. *chere*, originally meant the face; so in Milton, *Par. Lost*, Book VI. l. 496,

“He ended; and his words their drooping cheer
Enlightened, and their languished hope revived.”

From *face*, the word was transferred to the feelings of joy and gladness expressed in the countenance, and it is easy to see how from this meaning again the other present meanings of the word have been derived.

431. There is a struggle in the Lady's heart between her feelings as a mother and her duty as head of the clan during the minority of her son, a struggle which ends in the triumph of the latter. The sigh of sorrow which struggles to escape from her, she 'locks to rest,' or represses.

432. collected, calm and composed, as if there had been no conflict of feelings in her heart.

• XXVI. 434. emprise, a poetical equivalent of *enterprise*: used by Chaucer and Spenser. Through the French, from Lat. *im-* = *in-*, and *prendere* (*prehendere*), to lay hold of, to take. The Lady speaks scornfully and sarcastically in this and the next line. Note that *prize* is made to rhyme with *boys*! There are numerous instances of bad rhymes in Scott's poetry, but it would be difficult to find one worse than this.

437. Will cleanse him. *Him* is here reflexive. “In dubious cases, the innocence of Border criminals was occasionally referred to their own oath.”—SCOTT.

• 441. But, that not. There is no knight so good that William may not, etc. count ... blood, reckon up his kindred and genealogy to as great an extent; show as long a pedigree, and as noble a kindred. Cp. the play of *Albumazar*, iv. 7 (quoted in *Border Minstrelsy*, vol. iii. p. 83, introduction to *The Duel of Wharton and Stuart*),

“Understand'st thou well nice points of duel?
Art born of gentle blood and pure descent?
Is thy pedigree

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As long, as wide as mine? For otherwise
Thou wert most unworthy; and 'twere loss of honour
In me to fight."

442. Knighthood he took of Douglas' sword. "The dignity of knighthood, according to the original institution, had this peculiarity, that it did not flow from the monarch, but could be conferred by one who himself possessed it, upon any squire who, after due probation, was found to merit the honour of chivalry."—SCOTT.

443. "The battle of Ancrum Moor, or Penielheuch, was fought A.D. 1545. The English, commanded by Sir Ralph Evers and Sir Brian Latoun, were totally routed, and both their leaders slain in the action. The Scottish army was commanded by Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, assisted by the Laird of Buccleuch and Norman Lesley."—SCOTT.

444. but, save or only that; had it not been that. *wight* active, strong. From Icelandic, *vigr*, serviceable for war; *vig* A.S. *wig*, war. Allied to *victor*, from Lat. *vincere*. *Wight* is very common word in old ballad poetry.

446. Himself, Lord Dacre himself. *had* = would have. *dubbed* made or created a knight. To *dub* is to confer knighthood by stroke or tap of the sword. According to Wedgwood from O. Fr. *adoub*, armour; according to Skeat from A.S. *dubban*, O. Swed. *dubba*, Fries. *dubban*, to strike, beat. The Lady insinuates her that had not Lord Dacre fled fast from the battle, he would have fallen into the hands of the Scotch, and would have seen Douglas confer upon Deloraine the honour of knighthood.

447. For = as for.

451. if thy lords their purpose urge. If they are determined to carry out their threat; if they insist upon compliance with their demand, and will not agree to the terms I propose.

453. slogan, battle-cry. From Gælic *sluagh*, an army, as *gairm*, a call. *lyke-wake*, the watching of a dead body before its burial. A.S. *lic* or *lich*, corpse, and *wake*, *wacan*, watch. A wake is the sitting up of persons with a dead body. *dirge*. Lat. *dirige*, direct thou; any mournful tune or piece of music that accompanies funeral rites. It is contracted from the first word of a hymn beginning, 'Dirige, Dominus meus, conspectu tuo vitam meam, Direct, O my Lord, my life in Thy sight,' which used to be sung formerly at funerals, or form part of the service for the dead. The reply of the Lady to Lord Howard's message is bold and high spirited and finely compressed, and the whole scene before the castle walls is admirably sketched. Scott delighted in the pomp and circumstance of war, and few poets can vie with him in his graphic and animated descriptions of martial scenes.

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XXVII. 456. lighten'd, flashed.

458. Pensils. *Pensil*, *pencel*, or *pennoncel*, is a diminutive of *pennon*. From Lat. *penna*, wing or feather. A *pennon* was a thin ribbon-like flag, borne on the shaft of a spear or lance: it had a forked or swallow-tail end. A *pennoncel* was only half the width of a *pennon*, and ended in a point; it was borne by squires, *pennons* being reserved for knights. *Pennant*, and even *pendant* (a flag used on board ships), are corruptions of *pennon*.

466. grey-goose shaft, an arrow winged with the feathers of the grey-goose to steady it in its flight.

XXVIII. 470. What make you here. An old and obsolete expression, no longer idiomatic, meaning, what are you doing here? what are you about here? In Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, Act I. Scene i. line 26, Oliver entering asks his brother, "Now sir! what make you here?" and Orlando, quibbling on the expression, replies, "Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing."

471. walls ... war. The absolute construction. Walls being before you, war being behind you.

473. toils, snare or net, from Lat. *tela*, any woven stuff or web; *texere*, to weave. In this sense, the word is seldom used in the singular now. Cp. *Lady of the Lake*, V. xvi. 6, "Like wolf that dashes through the *toil*."

474. Ruberslaw, a mountain in Teviotdale.

475. weapon-schaw. "The military array of a country."—SCOTT. *Schaw* is the Scotch form of *show*, so that the word means 'a show of weapons or of military forces.'

481. the eagle and the rood, the arms of Lord Maxwell. *Rood* from A.S. *rōd*, pole or cross, is a crucifix, or representation of the cross with Christ hanging on it.

484. Merse or March is one of the districts into which Berwickshire is divided. *Merce* is a Scotch word meaning alluvial land on the side of a river or ground gained from the sea and converted into moss.

489. And cannot endure that my country should suffer any harm.

• XXIX. 493. yon crest. He means his flag or standard which was borne in triumph, not by his *father*, but by one of his forefathers, at the siege of Acre, and at other places in Palestine. See IV, 75, note.

494. Judah's sea, the sea of Galilee, known also as the Lake of Gennesaret or Tiberias in Central Palestine.

498. harquebuss, or arquebus, the same as *hackbut*, a hand-gun; an obsolete species of fire-arm resembling a musket. See III, 273, note. on row, in a row.

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XXX. 504. foray. See IV. 296, note. slack, slow, remiss, o backward, not eager; an adjective qualifying ‘*blanche lion*,’ no *foray*.

505. *blanche lion*, or the lion argent, l. 394. “This was th cognizance of the noble house of Howard in all its branches.”—SCOTT. *blanche* = white, Fr. *blanc*.

506. our Border flower, our best or choicest troops on the Borders.

509. Certes, certainly.

510. made, offered. No terms had as yet been *made* settled.

511. Ere conscious, before the Lady was aware that the Reger was advancing to her aid. But see line 553, where it is state that the Lady knew of ‘the coming help.’

514. cross'd, foiled, defeated.

XXXI. 524. This slight difference or disagreement led to feud between the two lords which resulted in bloodshed.

XXXII. 528. parleying strain, notes or sounds signifying the parley or conference was sought. *Parley*, from Fr. *parler*, t speak, is a talk or conference between the leaders of two armis or opposing forces, for the purpose of treating and of arriving, possible, at an amicable settlement. The Fr. *parler* is from Lo Lat. *parabolare*, to talk, from Gr. παραβολή, a parable, proper comparison; from the same source we get *parliament*, *parabl* *garlour*, *parole*, etc.

530. In Musgrave's right. On behalf of Musgrave.

532. A gauntlet at their feet he laid. According to the chivalric customs of the Middle Ages, the throwing down of gauntlet was intended as a defiance, and meant a challenge fight, and the picking up of it denoted acceptance of the challenge. A gauntlet was an iron glove worn by knights in former days part of their armour.

534. Lists, the ground or field enclosed for a tournament combat; derived from or connected with Lat. *luctum*, a thre or girdle. To enter the lists, as used now, is an expression meing to engage in a contest of any kind.

XXXIII. 546. gainsey'd, spoke against it, opposed it. It the only word in the language now in which the prefix *gain* found meaning *against*, but formerly it occurred in other word Thus *gaintand*, to withstand or oppose; *gainstrive*, to stri against or resist.

548. Jedwood's recent sack, the recent sack or plunder of Je wood by the English which the Regent of Scotland was too la to prevent. The Lady's friends are afraid that the fate that fell Jedwood might overtake Branksome also, in consequence

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the tardiness of the Regent. *Sack* is from Low Lat. *saccare*, to put into a bag, Lat. *saccus*, a sack, a bag being used to carry off plunder. Jedwood or Jedburgh was stormed by the Earl of Surrey in 1523, and again by the Earl of Hertford (afterwards Duke of Somerset) in 1545. It is to the latter of these two events that reference appears to be made in the text.

549. the Regent, the Earl of Arran became Regent of Scotland on the death of James V. in 1542, the celebrated Mary, Queen of Scots, being then only an infant.

551. prescience, foreknowledge of coming events. Lat. *præ*, before, and *scire*, to know.

552. the art she might not name, the black art or magic. See Canto I. stanzas i., xi., and xii. The student will readily see that there are some weak points in the story here. If the Lady had a foreknowledge of the coming relief, why did she propose terms which made the fate of her son depend upon the uncertain issue of a fight between Musgrave and Deloraine? Perhaps, it might be said, she had a foreknowledge here too of how the combat would terminate. Where then was the necessity for the strong emotion betrayed by her, and the conflict between her feeling as a mother and her sense of duty as chieftain of the clan? It is not easy to see, too, why the Lady should have 'gainsay'd' terms which were not very different from those which she herself had proposed. Of a truth, the introduction of the mystic element into the story rather complicates matters, and robs it of that reality which it would otherwise have possessed.

XXXIV. 567. career. Fr. *carrière*, a street or high road, also a race-course and a horse race, Lat. *currus*, a car or wagon.

568. when as, when that, or simply *when*. In old English *as* was frequently used in place of the conjunction *that*.

569. The favourite weapon of a knight was the spear or lance with which he charged on horseback in the lists or on the field of battle. It was only when the lance *shivered* or broke, as it frequently did, in the shock of the encounter, that he drew his sword, and made use of it. This was the usual mode in which knights encountered each other in the lists. But it was arranged that Musgrave and Deloraine should fight 'on foot with Scottish axe and knife,' contrary to the usual practice.

570. the jovial Harper. "The person here alluded to is one of our ancient Border minstrels called Rattling Roaring Willie. This *soubriquet* was probably derived from his 'bullying disposition, being, it would seem, such a roaring boy, as is frequently mentioned in old plays. While drinking at Newmill, upon Teviot, about five miles above Hawick, Willie chanced to quarrel with one of his profession, who was usually distinguished

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by the odd name of Sweet Milk, from a place on Rule Water, so called. They retired to a meadow on the opposite side of the Teviot, to decide the contest with their swords, and Sweet Milk was killed on the spot. A thorn-tree marks the scene of the murder, which is still called Sweet Milk Thorn. Willie was taken and executed at Jedburgh, bequeathing his name to the beautiful Scotch air called 'Rattling Roaring Willie.' — SCOTT.

574. Black Lord Archibald's battle-laws, certain statutes and ordinances regulating points of border warfare.

575. In the old Douglas' day, when the Douglases were all-powerful in Scotland. The Douglas family is greatly distinguished in the annals of Scotland. The person to whom reference is made here is Archibald, third Earl of Douglas, surnamed the Grim, who died in 1401.

576. The subject he is repeated in this line to make what is said more emphatic.

577. tax, find fault with, blame, charge.

579. when they the goblet plied, when ____ drank freely.

581. The Bard of Reull. See note above,—the minstrel called Sweet Milk. *Reull*, or Rule Water, is a tributary of the Teviot.

XXXV. 586. the rigid doom. He was seized and bound as he lay fast asleep 'in the links of Ousenam Water,' carried to Jedburgh, and there executed.

588. "The lasses of Ousenam Water

Are rugging and riving their hair,

And a' for the sake of Willie,

His beauty was so fair."

Quoted by Scott from the song called *Rattling Roaring Willie*.

591. Jedwood Air. Air is the same as *eire* or *eyre* (Lat. *iter*, a journey) used in the phrase 'justices in Eyre,' i.e. judges on circuit, *justiciarii itinerantes*. So 'Jedwood Air' means what we should now call 'Jedburgh assizes.'

595. yore, former times, literally, 'of years, during years,' originally the genitive plural of *geár*, a year.

605. legendary song, legend or old tale related in the form of a song. *Legend* comes from Lat. *legenda*, meaning literally, things to be read, *legere*, to read.

607. whose memory was not, the memory of which was forgotten, that is, by all except the minstrel.

609. which harbour now the hare, which gives shelter now to the hare. The words are intended to convey a picture of ruin and desolation. *Harbour* literally means 'army-shelter,' or

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‘shelter for an army.’ From Icel. *herr*, an army, and *barg*, *biarga*, *bjarga*, to shelter.

611. grey stone, marble or granite tombstone.

614. minion, favourite. Fr. *mignon*, dainty, pleasing, kind. O. H. G. *minna*, memory, love; closely allied to *mind*, according to Skeat.

615. The fading wreath, the perishable fame or distinction gained by a warrior.

617. hearse, here used in the sense of tomb, but properly a carriage for conveying a dead body to the grave. This word is “much changed in meaning. Originally a triangular harrow, (2) a triangular frame for lights in a church service, (3) a frame for lights at a funeral, (4) a funeral pageant, (5) a frame on which a body was laid, (6) a carriage for a dead body; the older senses being quite forgotten. From O. Fr. *herce*, Lat. *hirpicem*, accus. of *hirpex*, a harrow.”—SKEAT.

623. her dulcet breath, the sweet incense of flattery. The spirit and fancy of a poet in his old age are compared to a dying flame. But like the last flicker of a dying flame when it is trimmed into a momentary renewal of its former brightness, that spirit and fancy may be rekindled for a few brief moments by the sweet breath of flattery.

CANTO FIFTH.

THE well-known stanzas with which this Canto opens are suggested to the Minstrel by his recollection of the death of his master, the ‘joyful harper,’ whose sad fate he bewailed at the close of the last Canto. The first stanza sets before us the high calling of the Poet, and gives expression to a pleasing poetic fancy which is found embodied in the verses of more than one elegiac poem. The Poet is the Worshipper, the High Priest of Nature, and when he dies, all Nature mourns the loss of him who loved to sing her praises. In the second stanza, this fancy appears in a somewhat modified form. Inanimate things, it is admitted, cannot possibly mourn. It is, therefore, the spiritual world, not the natural world, that is thrown into grief when the Poet dies; and the balmy dewdrops, the sighing winds, and the mountain rills are but the manifestations of that grief which is felt, not by stream, and wood, and gale, but by the spirits that haunt them,—the spirits of those whom the Poet had celebrated in his verses, and who, now that he is dead, must be consigned to hateful oblivion.

I. 1. it, the belief referred to in the succeeding lines.

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2. Poet. This word from the Gr. ποιεῖν, to create, literally means a *maker* or *inventor*. The name appears to have been applied by the Greeks to the author of any imaginative production, whether metrical or not.

4. obsequies, funeral rites, literally *followings*. From Lat. *ob*, near; *sequi*, to follow. The word is now always used in the plural.

8. balm, a contracted form of *balsam*, meaning (1) the aromatic resin or juice from certain trees, and (2) anything fragrant and soothing. The 'tears of balm' are the fragrant dewdrops that trickle from the flowers. *distil*, Lat. *stillare*, to drop; *stilla*, a drop; literally, therefore, to fall in drops.

12. dirges. See note, Canto IV. l. 453.

II. 13. sooth, truth. "Sooth was originally an adjective: the A.S. *sooth* stands for *santh* (cp. *tooth* for *tanth*, Lat. *dens*, *densis*, Skt. *danta*). *Santha* is for *Asantha*, a participial form from root *as*, to be; so that *sooth*, means that which is, that which is real. Cp. Sansk. *satya*, true, put for *as-ant-ya*, being."—SKEAT. mortal urn, the grave or tomb containing the mortal remains of men. An *urn* is properly a vessel for preserving the ashes of the dead, but the word is often used in poetry for the grave or tomb. The name is generally applied now to a vase or ornamental vessel.

16. vocal, filled with voice, made to resound.

17. else, otherwise. The word is the genitive case of an old pronominal root *el* meaning *other*.

20. Whose. The antecedent is 'those who lived,' not 'poet.' The phrase 'with the poet's parting breath,' should come after 'death' in line 20, the meaning being that those 'who lived in the poet's faithful song' suffer the pains of a second death, when the poet dies, feeling that there will be no one now to commemorate their deeds, and that they must soon be forgotten.

21. shade, spirit or ghost, something shadowy in appearance and unsubstantial.

22. One frequent theme of a poet is a maid's true love, as in the Lay itself where the Minstrel tells us how Margaret of Branksome loved Lord Cranstoun in spite of her mother's opposition. When the poet dies, there is no one to sing of this love, and the story of it must be forgotten.

24. bier, from A.S. *beran*, to bear or carry, a frame or carriage for bearing dead bodies to the grave.

25. phantom, spectral, appearing or existing as a ghost. Gr. φάντασμα, a vision, from φάντασιν, to show; the same root appears in *phenomenon*.

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27. amain, with full force. Main, strength ; cp. ‘with might and main.’

29. crownlet, a word not frequently used,—coronet.

32. thanedom, the land or country under the jurisdiction of a *thane*, who, in Anglo-Saxon and Danish times, was a lord or chief. The word *thane* is usually derived from a German word *dienien* meaning to serve, but, according to Skeat, it comes from an Anglo-Saxon word which literally means ‘mature’ or ‘grown up,’ so that a *thane* was not ‘a servant of the king,’ as the word is usually interpreted to mean, but a grown-up man or warrior.

37. unstrung, deprived of its strings, and therefore no longer used or played upon.

III. 39. hot, fierce. assault, Lat. *ad* and *saltus*, a leaping or springing. The fierce attack that the English forces were preparing to make on Branksome Castle. staid, put a stop to. In prose, the auxiliary *was* would come immediately after *scarcely* and before the subject ‘hot assault.’

42. martial, from *Mars*, the god of war.

45. columns dun, dark bodies of troops moving through clouds of dust.

46. momentary, an adverb, momentarily, every moment, now and again.

47. fair, an adjective to ‘banners.’ Lines 47 and 48 exemplify the ambiguity that is sometimes caused in the meaning of a sentence from uncertainty as to which of two words in it is the subject and which the object, there being nothing in form to distinguish the nominative from the objective case. Here it seems doubtful whether it is *banners* or *bands* that is nominative to *displayed*; either construction would make good meaning, but having regard to the context, it would be better, perhaps, to take the former construction, and interpret the passage as meaning that the banners showed what troops or whose troops were advancing to the relief of Branksome Castle,—each feudal chief having his own banner. For instances of similar ambiguity compare the following—

“And all the air a solemn stillness holds.”

“The Duke yet lives that Henry shall depose.”

“Pyrrhus, I say, the Romans shall subdue.”

IV. 49. Vails, it vails or avails not to tell, it is of no use mentioning.

50. Note the omission of the relative *that* in the nominative case. the Middle Marches. “The governments of both countries (England and Scotland) in the fourteenth century, divided the frontier into the East, West, and Middle Marches, over each of

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which divisions wardens were appointed by their respective sovereigns."—*Chambers' Encyclopaedia*.

51. **The Bloody Heart.** "The well-known cognizance of the house of Douglas, assumed from the time of good Lord James, to whose care Robert Bruce committed his heart to be carried to the Holy Land."—SCOTT. See Aytoun's *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*, "The Heart of the Bruce."

52. **Douglas.** "The chief of this potent race of heroes, about the date of the poem, was Archibald Douglas, seventh Earl of Angus, a man of great courage and activity."—SCOTT. See also IV. 575, note.

53. **spear**, kicked the ground, tossed up their heels, that is to say, came galloping in haste. See IV. l. 137, note.

54. **the Seven Spears of Wedderburne**, the seven sons of Sir David Home of Wedderburne, who was slain in the battle of Flodden, were known by this name.

56. **Swinton.** "At the battle of Beaugé, in France, Thomas, Duke of Clarence, brother to Henry V., was unhorsed by Sir John Swinton of Swinton, who distinguished him by a coronet of precious stones which he wore round his crest. The family of Swinton is one of the most ancient in Scotland, and produced many celebrated warriors."—SCOTT. ~~in~~rest; the rest was a support for the spear when lowered into position for the charge.

59. **Nor list I say, and it does not please me to say, I do not care to say.** *List*, etymologically connected with the word *lust*, is from A.S. *lystan*, to desire, and is almost always found used impersonally, followed by the dative case. The correct expression would be 'me lists not to tell.' See II. l. 141, and also VI. 50.

60. **Merse**, the fertile land in Berwickshire bordering on the Tweed. **Lammermore**, a ridge of moorland hills extending for thirty or forty miles through the counties of Haddington and Berwick.

62. **the crest of old Dunbar.** "The Earls of Home, as descendants of the Dunbars, ancient Earls of March, carried a lion rampant, argent. . . . The slogan, or war-cry, of this powerful family was, 'A Home! a Home!'"—SCOTT.

63. **Hepburn's mingled banners.** "The Hepburns, a powerful family in East Lothian, were usually in close alliance with the Homes. The chief of this clan was Hepburn, Lord of Hailes, a family which terminated in the too famous Earl of Bothwell."—SCOTT.

V, 71. **ta'en**, fixed, settled.

73. **dear, dearly, earnestly.**

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76. cheer, hospitality. See IV. 426, note.

77. bade to feast, invited to *the* feast. Note the omission of the definite article before *feast*, which is here a noun.

80. to call, to invite.

82. Accepted Howard. The natural order is inverted. Howard accepted the invitation. *than whom*. We have here an instance of the very rare use of *than* as a preposition governing a pronoun in the objective case, and introducing an adjective clause. Cp. Milton—

“ Which when Beelzebub perceived, *than whom*
Satan except, none higher sat.”

Paradise Lost, Book II. l. 299.

83. dubb'd. See IV. 446, note.

87. pavilion, Lat. *papilio*, (1) a butterfly, (2) a tent, so called because spread out like the wings of a butterfly. The contrast between the courtly politic Howard and the rash and wrathful Dacre, as brought out here and in the fourth Canto, should be noted. Howard was something more than a mere soldier. He appears to have been an accomplished scholar and a man of great administrative ability, who justly deserved the honourable distinction he won of CIVILISER OF THE ENGLISH BORDERS. At the time of the story, however, he was not yet born, and it is an anachronism, therefore, to introduce him into it as one of the characters.

VI. 88. noble Dame, the Duchess of Monmouth, to whom the Minstrel relates the story.

89. were, subjunctive, deeming *that* it were.

91. set, made, arranged.

93. Breathed only blood, were animated by no other thought than that of shedding one another's blood.

97. them, reflexive, they sat down mingled together, friends and foes.

103. Visor, a part of a helmet which could be raised or lowered, intended as a protection for the face. Fr. *vis*, the face; Lat. *videre*, *visum*, to see.

105. Partook of social cheer, ate and drank together in a friendly, sociable spirit.

106. Some drove the jolly bowl about, some occupied themselves in *passing* or *pushing* the wine cup round merrily. Compare the expression, ‘Troll the brown bowl,’ used elsewhere by Scott. A bowl is a vessel for holding liquor. It is just possible, however, that there may be a reference here to the old English game of bowls.

107. draughts, a game resembling chess, played on a board

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divided into sixty-four squares, by two players, each provided with twelve pieces or men placed on every alternate square at each end of the board.

109. rout, a disorderly crowd. The same word, as *rout*, a defeat. From Fr. *route*, with the same meanings as the English, *rout* and *route*: the French word is the Lat. *rupta*, fem. of *ruptus*, broken. "The different senses may be thus explained. 1. A defeat is a breaking up of a host, a broken mass of flying men. 2. A small troop of men is a fragment or broken piece of an army; and the word is generally used in contempt of a company in broken ranks or disorderly array. The phrase *in disorder* nearly expresses both these results. 3. A *route* was, originally, a way broken or cut out through a wood or forest."—SKEAT.

110. Pursued the foot-ball play, played at foot-ball. Scott remarks that "the foot-ball was anciently a very favourite sport all through Scotland, but especially upon the Borders."

VII. 115. Had, would have.

119. whinger, "a sort of knife or poniard."—SCOTT. "A short hanger used as a knife at meals, and as a sword in broils."—Jamieson's *Scottish Dictionary*. *bare*, drawn from their sheaths, to be used as knives for cutting and dividing the meat.

121. Had found a bloody sheath. Would have been plunged into one another's bodies.

122. such sudden change. Scenes like the one described here, in which foes mingle together as friends during a truce, or in an interval of cessation from fighting, are not uncommon in war. Such a sight was seen, it is said, at the famous battle of Talavera, in Spain, when for a few hours the French and English armies desisted from fighting.

125. But yet, that is, although the truce might at any moment have been put an end to, and the friendly intercourse changed into deadly strife.

VIII. 128. wassel, or wassail, as it is usually spelt, revel, riotous festivity. From A.S. *wæs hāl*, be hale or whole, that is, "health be to you," an expression of good wishes, used in very early times by the Saxons when they drank to one another in friendship.

129. Did not grow less as evening came on.

130. latticed. Furnished with bars or shafts crossing one another and forming a kind of net-work.

132. Divided square. Divided squarely or into squares by slender shafts of stone which crossed one another at right angles. *Divided* is here an adjective to *windows*, and *square* is used as an adverb.

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133. **flakes**. Sheets of light appearing as separate layers as they streamed through the open spaces of the latticed windows.

134. Nor less, during the night, that is, than during the day. In the hall, as well, the day's festivities were not allowed to decline on the approach of night.

135. **beakers**. Wine-cups, drinking vessels.

139. **Give**. The use of *give* for *gave* here is a violation of the sequence of tenses. **watchword**, properly a word given to the sentinels and known only to friends or to those whose business it is to approach or pass the guards. A knowledge of the watchword serves to distinguish friends from foes. What is meant here is not so much a 'watchword' or 'password,' which would necessarily not be proclaimed aloud, but a rallying or gathering cry peculiar to each clan.

140. **bowls**, vessels for holding liquor, of a ruder description than the 'beakers' used in the 'lordly hall' of Branksome.

141. The Scotch would naturally sing the praises of their hero, Douglas, while the English would boast of the exploits of *their* leader, Dacre.

IX. 144. **you might hear**, i.e. if you had been there.

146. **the changing sentinel**. Cp. III. 401, 'the changing guard.' Except when the watchword was heard pronounced each time that the sentinels were relieved or there was a change of guards, there was no sound to disturb the silence of the night.

148. **dark profound**. It is doubtful which of these words is the noun and which the adjective. Wordsworth has 'through the blue profound.' If *profound* is a noun here, then 'the dark profound' = 'the dark deep,' the dark depths through which, from the 'nether lawn,' the sound ascended. If *dark* is a noun, then the phrase means 'the deep darkness.'

150. **nether**, lower; that is, beneath the castle walls. A.S. *nither*, downwards, *ni*, down, and *ther*, a comparative suffix as in the word *other*. **lawn**, an open space of ground covered with grass. The word is of doubtful origin. In Old and in Middle English it was spelt with a *d*, *laund*.

153. **lists**. See note, IV. 1. 555. *634*

154. **Against**, for. This use of the word, which is not very common now, does not imply *opposition*, as the word ordinarily does. As used here, the word is equivalent to some such phrase as 'so as to be ready or prepared.'

X. 157. Margaret was so occupied with her own thoughts that she did not notice, as she left the hall, the half-suppressed sighs of those who loved her, but who knew they had no hope of winning her.

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163. All is here only a slight intensive, as in "All in a garden fair"; "All in the Downs, the fleet was moored."

165. By times. Betimes, that is, by or at the proper time, and, therefore, early.

166. repose. Another instance of the wrong sequence of tenses.

168. hundreds. The word *hundred*, like the word *thousand*, is never used in the plural except to denote an indefinitely large number. "A.S. *hund*, a hundred; and *rēd*, *rād*, speech, discourse, but here used, in the early sense of 'reckoning' or rate, to denote the rate of counting."—SKEAT.

XI. 171. The moon was shining, but its light being intercepted by the tall tower, the 'inner court' of the castle was in comparative darkness.

172. Where coursers' clang, etc. The scene the day before had been one of bustle and excitement, as the knights bidden to the feast rode in and out of the castle. Now all was quiet and silent as the grave.

173. the *livelong* yesterday. The whole of the day before. Milton uses the word *livelong* in the sense of *long-lasting* :—

"Thou hast built thyself a *livelong* monument."

174. stalking slow. Walking in a slow and dignified manner; *stalking* is a participle agreeing with *warrior*.

178. Blessed Mary. An exclamation of surprise, i.e. of the surprise which Margaret felt when she saw and recognized Lord Cranstoun. It is the Virgin Mary, the mother of Christ, that is referred to.

179. Secure, free from fear. Lat. *Securus*, from *se* for *size*, without, and *cura*, care. Cp. *sure* and *sinecure*. *Secure* is now used as almost equivalent to *safe*; but formerly 'security' meant the freedom from apprehension of danger; safety, the actual absence of danger. Cp. Ben Jonson, "Man may *securely* sin, but *safely*, never." Ousenam, not far from Jedburgh, the seat of the Cranstouns.

183. one, a single.

184. His blood the price must pay! His blood must pay the price of his rashness, that is, he must die as the consequence of his rashness in venturing into Branksome Castle and placing himself thus in the power of his mortal enemy, the Lady of Buccleuch. See Canto I. stanza x.

185. Queen Mary. Either Mary of Guise, the widow of James V., the Queen Dowager, or her daughter, Mary Queen of Scots, who was at this time, however, a mere child.

187. Shall buy his life a day. Shall obtain for him the brief respite of a day, that is, shall save him from being put to death at once.

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XII. 188. hazard. The risk he ran. “*Hazard* is from the Span. *azar*, a hazard, the original sense of which must have been a die: cp. O. Ital. *zara*, a game at dice; Arab, *al zar*, literally the die.”—SKEAT.

189. bethink you of, remember. The *be* prefixed to *think* converts it into a reflexive verb. *spell*, an incantation, a form of magic words: originally ‘a saying’; the same word as the verb *spell*.

190. urchin. See IV. 273, note.

191. This, the spell.

192. glamour, magic. See III. 103, note.

193. Hermitage. Hermitage castle was on the Borders, in Liddesdale, and was formerly held by the Douglases: a ‘knight from Hermitage’ would therefore be regarded as a friend and ally to the Scots of Branksome.

194. Unchallenged. Without being stopped by the sentries and asked to give the watchword or countersign.

196. For, in spite of. *vassalage*, properly the state or condition of being a vassal, subjection or political servitude; but here used as a collective noun in the sense of a body of vassals.

197. quaint. Strange, odd, fantastic. From O. Fr. *coint*, neat, fine; Lat. *cognitus*, well known; confused with Lat. *comptus*, neat, p.p. of *comere*, to adorn. The word has changed its meaning. By early writers it is used in the sense of neat, elegant, ingenious. Thus Shakespeare has:

“ You were glad to be employed
To show how *quaint* an orator you are.”

ii. *Henry VI.* iii. 2. 274.

and again,

“ I never saw a better fashioned gown,
Mere *quaint*, more pleasing, nor more commendable.”
Taming of the Shrew, iv. 3. 102.

The word has come to be applied, however, to anything odd or curious in appearance, and more especially when it has the appearance of being antique or old-fashioned.

200. with surprise and fear. *Surprise*, because she did not expect to see Lord Cranstoun, and *fear*, because she trembled for the safety of her lover, who, if he had been discovered, would have paid for his temerity with his life.

201. And both could scarcely master love. Great as her surprise and fear were, they were not strong enough to overpower her love, or the pleasure she felt at seeing her lover.

202. Lord Henry's at her feet. He is on his knees before her.

XIII. 205. round, about, an adverb.

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207. sprite. A contracted form of *spirit*; from L. *spiritus*, breath; *spirare*, to breathe; Fr. *esprit*. The word is frequently, but very erroneously, spelt *spright*, a spelling retained in the word *sprightly*.

208. In such. In happy love, or in the meeting of happy lovers.

210. wrought. A.S. *gewroht*, another form of *worked*. In *wrought*, the letters *o* and *r* have, by metathesis, changed places, and the combination *gh* has lost the guttural sound of *k* it once had. Allowing for these changes, it will be seen that the two words are identical.

215, 216. It was impossible for the goblin page, who was of a base, grovelling nature, "of the earth, earthly," to comprehend or appreciate aright the depth and purity of that spiritual feeling of love with which Margaret and Cranstoun loved each other.

217, 218. These lines have passed into the language as 'a familiar quotation.' Cp. III. 1, and also the following passage from Byron:—

"Yes, love, indeed, is light from heaven;
A spark of that immortal fire
With angels shared, by Alla given
To lift from earth our low desire."—*The Giaour*.

218. the heaven. It is not usual to insert the article before *heaven* in the single number. We speak of 'the heavens,' however, meaning the sky.

219. fantasy. Another form of *fancy*.

224. The silver link, the silken tie. The delicate, or exquisitely fine bond of union, which knits heart to heart.

XIV. 230. port. Gaelic, a catch, a lively tune. "A martial piece of music, adapted to the bagpipes." The "pipe or bagpipe is a musical instrument in use among the Scotch. Though now often regarded as the national instrument of Scotland, especially Celtic Scotland, it is only Scottish by adoption, being introduced into that country from England. It consists of a leathern bag which receives the air from the mouth, or from bellows; and of pipes into which the air is pressed from the bag by the performer's elbow."—Blackie's *Modern Cyclopedia*.

232. trooping. Moving forward or pouring out in crowds.

234. blasted pines. Pine trees struck by lightning and stripped of their leaves. Ettrick wood. Ettrick is a district of Scotland, in Selkirk, through which the Ettrick water runs. Ettrick Forest once included the whole county of Selkirk as well as a part of Peebles and Edinburghshire. In the history of English literature Ettrick is associated with the name of James Hogg, the Scottish poet, known as the Ettrick Shepherd.

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237. *bandied*, exchanged. *To bandy*, properly to beat or toss a ball to and fro, as in tennis. Connected etymologically with the words *band* and *bind*.

XV. 241. *Of*, as to.

242. *'Twixt*. The word is unnecessarily and wrongly repeated.

243. They 'gan to reckon kin and rent. They began to consider and compare the degree of relationship in which they stood to their chief, and the value of their respective properties. Each urged his claim to consideration from the lady and his right to appear for Deloraine in the combat, basing his claim upon the nearness of his relationship and the amount of the rent he paid.

248. *from top to toe*. Cp. Fr. *Cap-à-pie*, from head to foot.

249. craved the combat due. Requested that he might be allowed to engage in the combat, as was his right, or as he was entitled to.

250. The Dame her charm successful knew. Knew it to be successful, or that it was successful. See Canto III. stanza xxxiii. The Lady fancied that the charms she had employed to heal the wounds Deloraine had received in his fight with Cranstoun had proved successful.

XVI. 252. *for*, to reach or to arrive at.

257. *feats*, deeds, exploits. A *feat* is properly a deed well done, from O. Fr. *fait*, Lat. *factum*, a deed; *facere*, to make or do.

258. ruff. Frilled or plaited collar. Flemish, because in the Middle Ages and in later times many of the towns in Flanders like Ghent, Liege, Ypres, etc., were famous for their cloth manufacturers, and were the most commercial places in Europe.

259. doublet, an inner garment, a sort of waistcoat, so called perhaps with respect to the cloak or outer garment worn over it, or because it was worn double for warmth. It may, however, have got its name from having originally been lined or wadded for defence. *buff*. See IV. 320, note.

260. *slash'd*. Having slashes, that is, cuts, slits, or openings in the cloth showing the satin folds and lining.

261. Tawny. This word should properly be spelt *tanny*, the literal meaning being 'having the colour or appearance of things tanned,' that is, a dull, yellowish-brown colour. *gold his spur*. As a knight, he wore the golden or gilded spurs which were the emblems of knighthood.

263. *hose*. Breeches or coverings for the legs, reaching down to the knees, worn in former times; *trunk-hose*. The word is now applied to *stockings*, or coverings for the feet. *with silver twined*, fastened or secured and ornamented with silver braid.

264. *Bilboa blade*. Sword made at Bilboa, or more correctly

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Bilbao, a town in the north of Spain. "The old fame of Bilbao's iron and steel manufactures is attested by the terms *bilbo*, 'a rapier,' and *bilboes*, 'irons,' both common in Elizabethan writers."—*Chambers' Encyclopaedia*. by Marchmen *selt*. The weight or sharpness of which had often been felt by the Scottish Borderers in the frequent wars on the Borders.

265. *studded*, having studs or knobs, probably of brass or steel. This description of the dress worn by Lord Howard, copied no doubt from some old painting, brings before us vividly the fashionable costume of high-born gentlemen of the Tudor period.

XVII. 269. *palfrey*: see IV. 263.

270. *foot-cloth*. An obsolete word meaning the housings of a horse, or the cloth which covered his body and reached down to his heels.

271. *wimple*. A plaited linen cloth, or a covering of silk, linen, or other material, laid in folds, for the neck, chin, and sides of the face, formerly worn by women as an out-door covering, and still worn by nuns.

272. *chaplet*, a wreath. O. Fr. *chapelet*, a head-dress. Low Lat. *capa*, a cape or hooded cloak.

274. *Angus*, the earl of Angus, chief of the Douglas family. See V. 52, note.

277. *Had strove*. Would have striven. *broider'd*, embroidered, ornamented with needlework.

280. *cause of terror*. The true cause of Margaret's terror was her knowledge that it was Cranstoun who was about to engage in combat with Musgrave. She naturally trembled for the safety of her lover. This, of course, was quite unknown to and unsuspected by Angus, who mistook the cause of her fear.

282. *crimson*. See IV. 292, note.

283. *the barriers graced*. Graced, by their presence, the barriers or lists. *Barriers* here means the lists, the space enclosed by a barrier or fence.

XVIII. 284. *Prize of the field*. The fate of the young Buccleuch was to be determined by the result of the battle. See Canto IV. stanza xxxii. Whether the English should retain possession of the boy or restore him to the Scotch depended upon whether the English or the Scotch champion proved victorious in the fight. It will thus be seen that, so far as the Scotch were concerned, the prize, or the real object of the fight, was to rescue the young chieftain, and not so much to clear Deloraine from the imputations on his character.

285. *view*, a noun, not a verb in the infinitive mood. *To view* = so as to be seen by all.

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286. rued, regretted. plight, state or condition, especially if attended with any risk, danger, or difficulty.

290. leading staffs, batons or truncheons, the signs or emblems of their authority.

291. marshals, officers appointed to regulate combats in the lists. *Marshal*, Fr. *mârechal*, is a word of German origin, and signified originally a man appointed to take care of horses. O. H. G. *marah*, a horse, and *scalh*, a servant. It rose afterwards to be a title of honour, conferred upon persons of the highest military rank. mortal field, the lists in which the two combatants were to engage in a mortal or deadly struggle.

293. Like vantage, similar advantage. They were careful to see that neither combatant had any advantage over the other in respect to sun and wind.

295. In the names of the King of England, of the Queen of Scotland, and of the Wardens, who were the lieutenants or representatives of their respective sovereigns.

296. lasts, for lasted.

298. champion. Lat. *campus*, a field; literally, therefore, one who takes the field or enters the lists in support or defence of any cause.

301. the alternate Heralds. A curious instance of the conversion of an adverb into an adjective, and of its transfer from the verb to which it relates, to a noun. The meaning is that the Heralds spoke alternately.

XIX. 303. freely born. Free-born is the more common and the more correct expression.

304. Amends. O. Fr. *amende*, *amender*, Lat. *emendare*, from *mendum*, a fault. Satisfaction or reparation for a fault or wrong committed. The word is always used in the plural form. crave. The word is hardly strong enough—to require, to demand.

305. Despiteous, an obsolete word formed from *despite*, meaning malicious. Cp.

"And though he holy were, and vertuous,

He was to sinful man nought despitous."

Chaucer's *Prologue to the Canterbury Tales*, ll. 515-16.

307. by, according to. Border laws. See IV. 409, note.

308. This, what he declares, that William of Deloraine is a false traitor.

309. So help him, etc., so may God and the goodness or the justice of his cause help him. 'So help me God' is an expression frequently found in forms of oaths. The so is equivalent to some such expression as this,—'So far as I speak the truth,

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or ‘to the extent to which I speak the truth.’ If I do not speak the truth, may God not help me.

XX. 311. strain, descent, lineage. *Streen* in Chaucer, *strene* in Spenser, A.S. *strýnd*, stock, product, from A.S. *strýnan*, to produce.

313. his coat, that is, his coat of arms, which had never been stained or tarnished. He had never suffered any dishonour or disgrace.

322. poised, lifted and balanced. O. Fr. *pois*; Lat. *pensum*, a portion weighed out; *pendere*, to weigh.

323. measured, slow, cautious, deliberate.

324. did close, engaged in a close, hand-to-hand, fight.

XXI. 327. to, in response or in reply to, that is to say, the helms or helmets of the two champions resounded to the blows that fell upon them.

330. either, this should be *each*.

333. war’s lightning, flashes from muskets and cannons.

334. Possibly the Minstrel refers here to that same battle of Killiecrankie in which his son was slain, and where, if he had been present at it, he must have seen the Highlanders armed with their claymores or broadswords engage in a hand-to-hand struggle with the English soldiers, armed with musket and bayonet. *claymore*, a Scottish broadsword. Gael. *claidheamh mor*, a great sword. The former part is cognate with Lat. *gladius*, a sword; the latter part, *mor*, is allied to Lat. *magnus*, great. bayonet. Fr. *bayonnette*, supposed to derive its name from Bayonne in France, where bayonets, it is said, were first made.

336. the reeling strife. The struggle of men staggering backwards and forwards, swaying to and fro.

337. for death or life. For fear of, death or to save his life. The old Minstrel was no coward, and had stood his ground manfully in battle.

XXII. 343. Undo. ‘Let some friendly hand *undo* the band.’

345. gorget. Armour for the throat. Fr. *gorge*, the throat. iron. The *r* in this word has displaced the letter *s* which appears in the older form of the word *isen*. A similar substitution of *r* for *s* occurs in the words *are* and *forlorn*, for *forlosen*.

346. bootless, useless, of no avail. A.S. *bdt*, profit.

348. shiven, absolved. In the Roman Catholic Church when a man is dying, he is required to make confession of his sins to a priest and receive absolution. He is then said to be *shiven*, and having made his peace with God, may hope for salvation.

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So in the account of Lord Marmion's death, when Clare returns with water to quench the Baron's thirst, she sees

"A monk supporting Marmion's head,
A pious man whom duty brought,
To dubious verge of battle fought
To shrive the dying, bless the dead."

Scott's *Marmion*, Canto VI. stanza xxx.

"*Shrive*, M. E. *scrivenen*, is from A.S. *scrifan*, to shrive, impose a penance; borrowed from Lat. *scribere*, to write, draw up a law, hence to impose a penance."—SKEAT.

349. smooth his path. Make smooth his way, that is, prepare him to pass from this world to heaven.

XXIII. 351. dyed with red. Stained or reddened with the blood of the combatants.

353. the shouts on high. Loud shouts, shouts that rose into the air, that reached the sky.

358. the crucifix. A cross with the figure of Christ nailed to it.

359. darkening eye, "glazing eye."—*Marmion*. Eye growing dim and dull.

361. His faltering penitence, his confession spoken faintly and inarticulately.

362. props him. Supports his head.

363. when soul and body part. Even after he is dead.

364. ghostly comfort, spiritual consolation. Words meant to give peace to his soul and assurance of divine mercy.

[With this account of the death of Musgrave, compare the account of the death of Marmion in Scott's poem of that name, Canto VI. stanza xxxii. There

"The monk with unavailing cares
Exhausted all the Church's prayers,"
and "the dying sinner" is exhorted in these words—

"O, look, my son, upon yon sign
Of the Redeemer's grace divine,
O, think on faith and bliss."

These lines explain why the Crucifix was held before Musgrave's darkening eye.]

XXIV. 371. beaver. The lower part of a helmet, so spelt by confusion with beaver-hat, or a hat made of the fur of the beaver. This word is from F. *bavière*, a child's bib, worn over the bosom to protect the dress when the child drinks. A *bavière* or beaver, therefore, is that part of the helmet which is let down to enable the wearer to drink. The name was given to it from a fancied resemblance to a bib.

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373. **gratulating.** Congratulating, wishing him joy.

378. **panic.** Sudden and groundless fear, extreme fright. From Pan, the Greek god, by whom such fears were supposed to be inspired.

382. **haggard,** worn or wasted by pain or loss of blood. "This word should properly be spelt *hagged*, that is, bag-like or like a withered old woman or witch. The present spelling is owing to the erroneous belief that the word is etymologically connected with *hagyard*, a wild hawk."—SKEAT.

384. **armed ground.** *Armed* is here a transferred epithet. All the *armed* men upon the *ground*.

386. **seat.** Supply *her* before seat.

387. **Vaulted,** leapt to the ground from his saddle.

392. **this fair prize.** The young Buccleuch, not Margaret as might perhaps be supposed, though, in reality, so far as Cranstoun was concerned, she was the prize for which he had fought and staked his life.

XXV. 396. **under all her dauntless show.** Though outwardly she had appeared brave and composed, though she had betrayed not the slightest emotion in her face, she had been full of anxiety, and her heart had throbbed painfully at every blow received by the Scottish champion in the fight. She thought that it was Deloraine who was fighting, and knowing how desperately wounded he had been, she was afraid he might not prove victorious.

398. **greet,** to greet, a verb in the infinitive mood.

400. **what words were made,** what entreaties were urged, what intercession was made.

404. **forego,** relinquish. A mis-spelt word. The prefix should properly be *for* and not *fore*.

XXVI. 408. The prophecy was that the stars would shower no kind influence "On Teviot's tide and Branksome tower, Till pride be quelled and love be free." See Canto I. stanza xvii.

410. **Not you,** that is, you who have interceded for Cranstoun.

411. **influence** is used here in its original sense as a term of astrology; a something flowing into or on us from the stars by which our actions and fortunes are affected. The word is used in this sense by Milton:—

"The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious *influence*."

On the Morning of Christ's Nativity, 69-71.

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And again—

“With store of ladies whose bright eyes
Rain *influence*, and judge the prize.”

L'Allegro, 121, 122.

So also Fletcher—

“Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all *influence*, all fate.”

Upon an Honest Man's Fortune.

413. Her pride has at last been subdued, and Margaret and Cranstoun are free now to love each other.

415. might, could.

420. betrothing day, the day of betrothal, the day on which two lovers plight their troth or faith to each other. *Troth* is another form of the word truth. [The real interest of the story which centres in Margaret and Lord Cranstoun might be said to terminate here with the triumph of love and the betrothal of the happy lovers.]

XXVII. 423. All. “Even, just, passing into a mere intensive or emphasing adjunct.”—*New English Dictionary*. Cp.

“And he, their courtesy to requite,
Gave them a chain of twelve marks' weight,
All as he lighted down.”

Marmion, I. xi. 10-12.

424. gain, learn.

428. high, proud, not used here in the sense of lofty or elevated.

429. gramarye, magic. Fr. *grammaire*, grammar, cp. the use of *spell*.

430. dight, here, clad or equipped, but properly, prepared. “Obsolete except in poetry, *dight* is short for *dighted*; although it occurs in Anglo-Saxon (*dihstan*), it is not an original English word, but is borrowed from Lat. *dictare*, to prescribe, dictate,” I. 42, note. Milton uses the word in the sense of decked, adorned.

“And storied windows richly *dight*,
Casting a dim, religious light.”

Il Penseroso, lines 159, 160.

432. took on him, undertook.

433. half his tale, that portion of it which referred to his interview with Margaret.

436. in view of day, in the light of day, in broad daylight, that is, openly, publicly.

437. She resolved to make use in secret of her knowledge of

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the magic art for the purpose of humiliating and punishing the goblin page.

439. the Book, the book of magic which the goblin page had stolen from Deloraine when the latter lay wounded and insensible on the ground after his encounter with Cranstoun. See Canto III. stanzas viii., ix., and x.

440. Michael's grave. The book had belonged to Michael Scott, the great wizard. It was his book of magic, and had been buried with him in Melrose Abbey. See Canto II. stanzas xv. and xxi.

441. Needs, used impersonally, it needs, there is no need.

445. bandied, exchanged. See l. 237, note.

447. fair maids. The Minstrel addresses the maids that were in attendance upon the Duchess of Monmouth.

XXVIII. 450. taught, had taught or informed him that, etc. listed, enclosed by a barrier or fence.

456. Who held him for, who took him for, who supposed him to be. fleeting wraith, a flying spirit or ghost. "A wraith is an apparition in the likeness of a person, supposed to be seen before or soon after death,—so called because it was supposed to be that of one's guardian angel. A.S. *weard*, a guardian watchman or keeper."—Jamieson's *Scottish Dictionary*. If this explanation be correct, the word is etymologically connected with the words ward, warden, warden. It is but right to add, however, that other explanations, more or less fanciful, have been suggested, and the etymology of the word is very doubtful.

457. a man of blood and breath, a living, breathing mortal. The more common expression is 'a man of flesh and blood.'

459. what hap had proved, what had happened, or how matters had ended.

461. debate, used in its old sense of contest, strife. Cp. Chaucer, *Man of Law's Prologue*, l. 130, "Tales, both of pees and of debat," and *Sir Thopas*, l. 156, "His cote-armour ... in which he wol debate." This meaning agrees with the derivation from Fr. *debattre*, from Lat. *de*, down, and *batuere*, to beat.

462. rancorous, spiteful, malicious. It is akin to the word *rancid*, from *rancere*, to stink.

465. men-at-arms, here used simply in the sense of armed men, or men bearing arms, who might be treated, therefore, as combatants, and slain in battle.

466. for, in prosecution of. William of Deloraine, rough and stern as he was, was not altogether a cruel and pitiless man. He never shed blood unless he was resisted by armed men, and

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unless he was required to do so in prosecution of a death feud against the mortal enemies of his clan.

474. *epitaph*, properly an inscription upon a tomb. Gr. *éπι*, on; *τάφος*, a tomb. It is here used, however, in the sense of praise or eulogy pronounced over the dead body of a person.

XXIX. 476. *ween, think*. Obsolete except in poetry.

479. *dungeon*. “O. Fr. *donjon*, the chief tower of a castle. Low Lat. *dominonem*, acc. of *domnio*, a dungeon-tower, chief tower, shortened from *dominio*, dominion, feudal power.”—SKEAT.

480. *Naworth castle*. Lord Howard's castle. See I. 51. long months three. For three long months.

481. *mark*. A coin, or money of account, equal in England to thirteen shillings and fourpence. The word is a particular use, according to Skeat, of A.S. *mearc*, a mark or stamp; but some derive the name from St. Mark, the patron Saint of Venice. Note the omission of the sign of the plural, which is often dispensed with in the names of numbers, weights, measures, etc. Cp.

“ Away went Gilpin—who but he ?
His fame soon spread around ;
He carries weight ! he rides a race !
‘Tis for a thousand *pound*.”

Cowper's *John Gilpin*.

482. *long of thee*. Along of you, that is, owing to or on account of you. The expression, which is used now only in a vulgar or colloquial way, and is to be avoided in serious composition, is found in Shakespeare. “All this is *long of you*”—*Coriolanus*, v. 4; and again :

“ O, she was naught ; and *long of her* it was
That we meet here so strangely.”—*Cymbeline*, v. 5.

487. *rest thee God*. May God rest thee or give thee peace.

490. *word, motto*. *Snaffle, spur, and spear*. Taken from Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

“ The lands that over Ouse to Berwick forth do bear
Have for their blazon had the *snaffle, spur and spear*.”

Snaffle, put for *snaffle-piece*, i.e. nose-piece. “ Du. *snavel*, a horse's muzzle; O. Du. *snavel, snabel*, bill, snout. A *snaffle*, therefore, is a bit or bridle for a horse.”—SKEAT. [The motto of all those who lived in the northern counties was “ *Snaffle, spur and spear*,” that is, it was the most important business of their lives to ride well and carry their spears in the foray or in the chase. For this they had to be ever ready at a moment's notice.]

491. *gear*. A word with a most comprehensive meaning, and applied by old writers to all manner of things—goods, garments, ornaments, riches, trappings, accoutrements, etc. In Scotland

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the word means property, wealth, *goods* and *gear* being a law phrase. In the text it means property plundered, booty. *To follow gear*, therefore, is to follow those who had stolen, and were carrying off the gear or booty. Musgrave used to be foremost in the pursuit of Deloraine and his companions when, after a raid into England, they were returning home with their booty. “*Gear*, M. E. *ȝear*, is from A.S. ‘*gearwe*, fem. pl., preparation, dress, ornament. A.S. *gearo*, ready.’”—SKEAT.

493. **chase.** That which is pursued or hunted.

“The frightened *chase* leaves her late dear abodes.”

Somerville, *The Chase*.

By the *chase* here, Deloraine means the Scottish raiders returning with their booty to Scotland, hotly pursued by Musgrave. *wind*, follow. Properly to follow by the scent, as hounds *wind* an animal.

494. **the dark blood-hound.** Bloodhounds were frequently employed by the English in their Border wars to pursue and track fugitives and marauders. “The pursuit of Border marauders was followed,” says Scott, “by the injured party and his friends with bloodhounds and bugle-horn, and was called the *hot-trot*. He was entitled, if his dog could trace the scent, to follow the invaders into the opposite kingdom; a privilege which often occasioned bloodshed.”

495. **rouse the fray!** Rouse or stimulate the courage of his men in battle. *Fray* is a shortened form of *affray*.

497. **if** is understood in this line. If dark Musgrave were alive again, that is, I would give all I have to restore him to life, if that were possible.

XXX. 499. **bowning**, going, wending their way. *Boune* usually means to prepare, make ready, as in III. 392. An archaic word much affected by Scott: it is very common in the old ballads: *Edom of O'Gordon*, “Busk and bown, my merry men a’”; in *Robin Hood* and *Guy of Gisborne* the same line occurs. *Boune*, *boun*, *boune* is the Icel. *buinn*, p.p. of *bîn*, to get ready: *boun*, then, is properly a participle adjective: hence its use as a verb is derived. The modern form of the participle is *bound*, prepared or purposing to go, in such phrases as ‘homeward bound,’ ‘outward bound,’ ‘the ship is bound for England.’

502. **levell'd lances**, lances laid horizontally across the shoulders of the bearers. *four and four*, four at a time.

506. **sable**, black. The sign of mourning. *Sable* is the name of an animal covered with *black* fur. *stole* (1), a long, loose robe reaching to the feet; (2) a scarf or narrow band of silk worn by priests across their shoulders. Gk. στολή, equipment, στέλλειν, to equip.

507. **requiem**, a funeral hymn or service sung for the dead,

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that is, for the *rest* of their souls,—so called from the first word of a prayer recited at the service, “*Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine,*—Give eternal rest to them, O Lord.” Lat. *requiem*, acc. of *requies*, repose; Lat. *re*; *quies*, rest. Cp. the word *dirge*.

509. trailing pikes, pikes carried in a particular position, as arms are usually carried in a funeral procession, held, that is, by the right hand near the middle, and allowed to incline forwards, with the butt end nearly touching the ground. *trode*, marched.

511. Leven, a small river in Cumberland.

512. Holme Coltrame, in Cumberland, on the Solway Firth, apparently the family burying-place of the Musgraves. nave, properly, the body of a church, as distinguished from the aisles or wings, but, by synecdoche, put here for the whole church. Fr. *nef*, a ship; Lat. *navis*, a ship. “The similitude by which the Church of Christ is likened to a ship tossed by waves was formerly common.”—SKEAT.

515. The old Minstrel had ceased to sing, but he continued to play on his harp a mournful tune that was an imitation of the ‘dead-march’ or solemn music played as an accompaniment to the funeral procession when Musgrave’s body was borne to the grave.

516. it, the march of death, or dead-march, as it is usually called.

517. Now meets, and now eludes the ear, at one time sounds loud, falls full upon the ear, as when the procession sweeps along some mountain side, fully exposed to view, and there are no objects between to intercept the sound; at another time, it sounds faint, is hardly perceptible to the ear, as when the procession enters a deep valley where it is lost to view, and the sound is buried, as it were, and hardly reaches the ear of the listener. The old Minstrel reproduces, by his skilful touch, the effects on the minds of those who actually witnessed the funeral procession and heard ‘the march of death.’ elude. Lat. *e*, out, and *ludere*, to play; to avoid in a sly, artful way, to escape, shun, mock.

520. It is understood. It seems now, etc. the Minstrel. Not the one who sings the Lay, but the Minstrel referred to in line 505, who headed the funeral procession.

521. the sad requiem, the requiem sung by the four priests in ‘sable stole’ who followed the body. loads the gale, comes borne on the wind mournfully. Here again the power of the Minstrel over his instrument is brought out. Such is his skill, that the notes he produces might well persuade his listeners into believing that they could actually hear the requiem of the priests

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and ‘the plaintive wail’ of the Minstrel in the funeral procession, so wonderfully well are these sounds imitated.

522, 523. The Minstrel ends with a burst of music in which many different notes are mingled together, like the commingling of many voices and many instruments. He imitates the sound of the voices of the full choir of singers singing the funeral service as the body is lowered into the grave in the Abbey. choir, a band of singers, especially in a church service. *choral*, pertaining to or sung by a *choir*. stave, in music, is the name given to the five horizontal and parallel lines and the spaces between on which the musical notes are written; here the word means a verse or part of a hymn.

524. they, the Duchess and her attendants.

527. Wander, usually followed by *over* or *through*, but used here transitively.

528. Southern Land, England.

530. howsoe'er, although, notwithstanding that.

532. Liked not to hear, etc. The Minstrel was jealous of his reputation as a poet, and did not like to hear his skill in playing, his skill as a musician praised more than his skill as a poet.

533. flowing poesy, verse or poetry poured out easily, smoothly and copiously. *Poesy* is another form of *poetry*. A contracted form of *poesy* is *posy*, which means—1, a motto in verse on knives and rings, and 2, a nosegay or bunch of flowers. Probably called by this name from the flowers being used enigmatically to express the words of the posy. See Skeat.

535. Misprised. This should properly be *mispriſed*, that is, prized little, slighted, or undervalued. *Misprise* is a legal expression, now seldom or never used, meaning to mistake, from Fr. *misperſer*; *mes*, wrong, amiss, and *prendere*, to take: Lat. *prehendere*.

536. High, proud and indignant. The inquiries of the Duchess and her maids, and the description of the feelings they call forth in the heart of the Minstrel, are intended to lead up to the noble lines with which the next Canto opens.

CANTO SIXTH.

THE necessity for prolonging the poem by the addition of a sixth Canto has been doubted by some critics, and Scott himself appears to have shared in this doubt. In a letter to Miss Seward he writes:—“The Sixth Canto is altogether redundant; for the poem should certainly have closed with the union of the lovers,

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when the interest, if any, was at an end. But what could I do? I had my book and my page still on my hands, and must get rid of them at all events. Manage them as I would, their catastrophe must have been insufficient to occupy an entire Canto; so I was fain to eke it out with the songs of the minstrels." It is just possible, however, that Scott was not quite in earnest when he so expressed himself, and that whatever he may have *said* afterwards from modesty or from a desire to deprecate the wrath of critics, he did feel, and must have felt at the time he wrote it, that the story required for its completion some account of the betrothal festivities and of the fate of the goblin page. However this may be, there can be no question, we think, that Scott acted wisely in adding another Canto to the poem, and apart from any question as to whether the interest of the story required it, no one can regret the necessity he felt for eking it out, as he said, with the songs of the minstrels. Some of Scott's most perfect poems are the little songs and ballads that are to be found scattered through his larger works, and none of these is more excellent in its way than the pathetic lay of Rosabelle. Had Scott not written the Sixth Canto, we should have lost, perhaps, the noble verses on the love of country with which it opens. Scott, one of the manliest of English poets, was nothing if not patriotic, and nowhere in English poetry does the spirit of patriotism speak in more genuine and in more manly tones than in these spirited stanzas which every schoolboy knows, or ought to know.

I. 1. Breathes there the man. Does there breathe the man? Does such a man live? Is such a man to be found anywhere? with soul so dead. So wanting in spirit. So ought properly to be followed by *as*, introducing a phrase, or by *that*, introducing a clause, and not by *who* as in the second line.

4-6. One cannot help thinking when he reads these lines of the longing that Scott felt to return home, when, for the last time, he left it for 'the Sunny South,' in hopes of recovering his shattered health.

"The news of Goethe's death had been lately brought. Scott's impatience redoubled: 'He at least died at home!' he exclaimed; 'Let us to Abbotsford.' Hurrying across Europe, but overtaken again by the disease as he went, he reached London as if only to die (June, 1832). Much public sympathy was roused by the intelligence; the Royal Family made daily inquiries; 'Do you know if this is the street where he is lying?' was the question of labourers collected in it;—but of all this Scott was unconscious; barely rousing himself for a moment from stupor when friends and children approached him. *Then the one passion which had survived all others compelled its way*, and he was borne back to draw his last breath at Abbotsford. Scott lay as if insensible in the carriage; 'but as we descended the vale of

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Gala he began to gaze about him, and by degrees it was obvious that he was recognizing the features of that familiar landscape. Presently he murmured a name or two—*Gala Water*, surely, *Buckholm, Torwoodlee*. As we rounded the hill, and the outlines of the Eildons burst on him, he became greatly excited; and when, turning himself on the couch, his eye caught at length his own towers, at the distance of a mile, he sprang up with a cry of delight.'”—Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, quoted by Palgrave, introduction to Scott's *Poetical Works*, Globe edition.

5. **home**, an adverb, homewards.

6. **strand**, properly shore, but here used in the sense of country. A.S. *strand*, Icel. *strönd*, margin, edge. *To strand* is to run ashore.

8. **minstrel raptures**. The ecstasy felt by a minstrel when he sings of brave exploits and heroic deeds. Compare

“ And lightened up his faded eye,
With all a poet's ecstasy.”

Introduction, ll. 89-90.

swell, rise in the bosom of the minstrel. For him, that is, on his account, no minstrel strikes his *harp* and wakes his soul to ecstasies of joy. *Rapture* is from Lat. *rapere*, to seize, to carry off by force. It literally means, therefore, that state or condition of mind in which one may be said to be carried away from himself by extreme joy. Compare the words *transport*, *ecstasy*, *exultation*, through all of which runs the same idea of being carried or lifted out of oneself.

10. **claim**, wish, desire.

11. **Despite**, in despite of, a preposition here. It is also used as a noun; see Canto IV., l. 90. *pelf*, money, wealth, regarded as something that is contemptible; O. E. *pelfry*, booty, O. Fr. *pelfrer*, to pillage, from Lat. *pillare*, to plunder, and *fure*, to make. Cp. *pilfer*.

12. concentrated all in self, wrapped up entirely in himself, caring only for himself, and so, utterly selfish.

13. **Living**. While alive, during his lifetime.

14. **doubly dying**. Dying, as it were, a twofold death—first, in the sense that he sinks into the grave; and, secondly, in the sense that he passes into oblivion, ‘his name unknown, his praise unsung.’

15. **the vile dust**. In the words of the Bible, “The Lord God formed man of the *dust* of the ground.”—*Genesis*, ii. 7. And in the Church of England service for the burial of the dead the priest speaks these words, “We therefore commit his body to the ground, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, *dust to dust*.” *Vile* is used in contempt of the material and grosser part of our nature,

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as opposed to the spiritual part. What is implied is that the sordid wretch, being wholly vile, will return wholly to the vile dust from which he sprung. *from whence*. As the word *whence* means ‘from which,’ it is not usual for *from* to precede it.

16. A well known and frequently quoted line.

II. 17. **Caledonia.** “The name applied by the Romans to the country north of the wall of Antoninus, which ran between the Firths of Forth and Clyde. First occurring in Lucan (first century A.D.), it was probably like *Britannia*, a Latin coinage from a native name—*Calido*. By Scott and others the name Caledonia has been poetically applied to the whole of Scotland.”—Chambers’s *Encyclopaedia*. According to Taylor, the word contains the root *gael*, and “if so,” he says, “the Caledonians would be the Gaels of the duns or hills. The usual etymology is from *coildaone*, the ‘men of the woods.’”

18. What the poet needs chiefly is *imagination*, and this faculty is nourished and developed by wild and striking scenery such as is to be found in Scotland.

19. **heath**, or heather, the name of a plant that grows wild on the moors and mountains of Scotland. **shaggy**, rough, wild.

20. **flood.** This word is made to rhyme with *wood*, but the rhyme, if at all it can be called such, is a rhyme to the eye and not to the ear.

22. **the filial band.** The tie of affection which unites me *as a son* to my fatherland. *Filial*, pertaining to a son or daughter, from Lat. *filius*, a son; *filia*, daughter.

25. **Think what is now, and what hath been.** Think of the present and of the past, think what a change has come over the country, and how different things are now from what they once were.

26, 27. The prose order of these lines is, ‘(It) seems as (if) thy woods and streams were left sole friends to me, bereft of all.’

28. **And thus I love them better still.** The very fact of his being so friendless and homeless makes him cling all the more fondly to the woods and streams of his country so dear to his heart.

29. **extremity of ill.** Extreme misfortune.

32. **Ettrick.** The valley of the Ettrick is meant. **break**, a verb in the infinitive mood, meaning here ‘to burst, to come or blow in gusts.’

There is something very pathetic in the lines of this stanza, recalling, as they do, the closing years of Scott’s life—years that were darkened by sickness and misfortune, years that found him “in extremity of ill.”

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30-33. These lines, expressing the poet's deep love for his home and country, are inscribed on his monument in Selkirk.

III. 37. **Not scorn'd like me.** In the Middle Ages, when chivalry flourished, the minstrel was a person of some consequence. He was sure to be seen at every fair and feast and wedding, and wherever he went was highly honoured. But 'old times were changed, old manners gone,' and with the decay of chivalry, this regard for the person and profession of the minstrel declined also, until he who once had been 'high placed in hall, a welcome guest,' came in the reign of Queen Elizabeth to be classed with beggars and vagabonds. See Introduction, lines 9-19, and note on *Minstrel*, line 2.

38. **festive call**, call or invitation to festivities.

39. **Trooping**, in troops, in crowds, in numbers. **near and far**, the usual order is *far and near*.

40. **joyful**, literally, born under the lucky planet, Jove, or Jupiter, and hence, gay, merry, jolly. Compare the words *Saturnine* and *Mercurial*, which, like the word *joyful*, preserve traces of the old belief in astrology, in the influence of the stars over the fortunes and dispositions of men. **priest**. A.S. *þrest*, contracted from *presbyter*, Gr. *πρεσβύτερος*, meaning an elder. The "priests of mirth and war" are those whose office it was to celebrate both mirth and war, to promote festivity in Castle hall at weddings and at feasts, and when occasion required it, to stimulate by their martial strains the courage of warriors marching to battle.

43. **of late**, lately; that is, when the hostile forces were advancing on Branksome Castle; see Canto V. stanza iii. The phrase 'of late,' as generally used, denotes *duration* of time, and is not very correctly employed here.

45. **every merry mate**, every jolly companion, every jolly minstrel that came to the castle. The minstrels were all brethren of 'the gay or joyous science,' as minstrelsy was called.

46. **portcullis**, a sort of sliding door or gate, made of bars of wood or of iron, studded with spikes, which was hung over the gateway of a castle, and, by means of chains, could be let down or drawn up as required. M. E. *portcolise*, O. Fr. *porte coulisse*, from Lat. *porta*, a door, and *coulus*, p.p. of *coulare*, to flow, glide, slide.

IV. 50. **Me lists**. See V. 59, note. **tide**, time. Cp. *Noontide*, *Christmastide*, etc.

51. **spousal**, wedding. Lat. *sponsa*, a betrothed woman, *spondere*, to promise.

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52. muster'd, gathered, assembled. A *muster* is a gathering of men, literally, for purposes of *display* as at a review or parade; from Lat. *monstrare*, to show.

54. *owches*, or *ouches*, ornaments of gold set with precious stones. The word occurs in the Bible, "Thou shalt make them (the two stones with the names of the Children of Israel) to be set in *ouches* of gold."—*Exodus*, xxviii. 11. It appears to be corrupted from *nouch*, the form in which it appears in Chaucer, just as *an aduler* has resulted by mistake from *a nadder* and *an orange* from *a norange*.

55. braided hair, locks plaited or entwined.

56. miniver. O. Fr. *menuver*, *menu*, small, and *vair*, the fur of a small, white animal in Russia like the ermine, so called from its variegated appearance, from Lat. *varius*.

57. *plumage*, a collective noun, the plumes of *knight*s who had assembled in the church to witness the wedding.

59. to speak, *of* is understood, to speak of, to describe.

62. awe and shame. Awe, felt in the presence of the sacred rites about to be performed, and shame, that is, the modesty or bashfulness natural to a maiden in such circumstances.

V. 63. have sung. Supply the conjunction *that* to introduce the noun clause: 'The Lady high came not nigh chapel or altar.'

65. And she durst not grace the rites of spousal; she dared not be present in church at the marriage ceremony, because she practised the unchristian, the unholy art of magic.

67. slanders, false, malicious stories intended to do her injury. *Slander* is another form of the word *scandal*, and is derived from Lat. *scandalum*, Gk. σκάνδαλον, a snare, a stumbling-block.

68. She wrought not by forbidden spell. The Lady did not make use of any spells or magic charms which were unholy, and which, as a Christian, therefore, she could not properly have recourse to. She had no reason, therefore, to be afraid of approaching holy places or sacred objects. A distinction is drawn here between two kinds of magic; one, a comparatively innocent art in which the influence of the planets and the hidden powers of nature are employed; the other, the Black Art, or Necromancy, in which wonderful effects are produced by the aid of supernatural beings or of departed spirits. It was the former, not the latter art, that the Lady practised. Scott writes, "Popular belief, though contrary to the doctrines of the Church, made a favourable distinction between magicians, and necromancers or wizards; the former were supposed to *command*, the evil spirits, and the latter to *serve*, or at least to be in league and compact with these enemies of mankind."

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70. **sprites.** See V. 207, note. **in planetary hour**, hours or times when certain planets are in the ascendant, and can exercise their influence. In the Middle Ages when the belief in astrology or in planetary influence prevailed all over Europe, it was not the magician only who waited for some planet to be in the ascendant before he employed his magic spells, in the belief that they would be more potent then than at other times. The practice of almost every art was in some way mixed up or combined with astrology. The physician, for instance, could not administer his medicines without consulting the stars, waiting for some favourable planet to be in the ascendant. Thus Chaucer, describing his physician in the Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, tells us,

“He kepte his paciēnt wonderly wel,
In hours by his magic naturel,”

houres here meaning astrological or planetary hours, and *magic natural*, a knowledge of the stars.

71. **scarce I praise, I do not quite approve of.**

72. **tamper**, to meddle with or practise. It is the same word as *temper*, used actively, but in a bad sense; “to influence in a bad way.”—SKEAT.

78. **Guarded, edged, bordered.** *ermine*, the fur of the ermine, an animal supposed by some to derive its name from *Armenia*. The word, by metonymy, is sometimes used for the office or dignity of a judge, whose robes, being lined with ermine, which is white in colour, are regarded as emblematic of purity.

79. **merlin**, a kind of hawk. “A merlin or sparrow hawk was actually carried by ladies of rank, as a falcon was in time of peace the constant attendant of a knight or baron.”—SCOTT. It appears to have been the practice also for these hawks to be taken into church by lords and ladies.

80. **leash, a thong or strap of leather to hold in a dog or falcon.** Fr. *laïsse*, Low. Lat. *laxxa*, a thong or loose rope, Lat. *laxus*, slack, loose. **twist**, a cord made up of separate threads twisted or wound round each other.

VI. 84. **the gorgeous festival, the splendid banquet.** “The sense of ‘gorgeous’ was originally proud, from the swelling of the throat in pride. Cotgrave gives Fr. *se rengorger*, ‘to hold down the head, or thrust the chin into the neck, as some do in pride, or to make their faces look the fuller.’ Hence the derivation is from Fr. *gorge*, throat.”—SKEAT. Cp. *gorget*.

85. **heedful, attentive to the wants of the guests.**

86. **Marshall'd the rank**, arranged the guests at the table according to their rank, or in the order of precedence.

88. **to carve, to cut and disjoint the roast, before ‘helping’ it**

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round. Apparently it was the duty of the pages to wait upon the lords and ladies at table, and perform this office. Carving appears to have been a necessary accomplishment in those days for pages and squires. Thus Chaucer, after enumerating the many excellent qualities of the knight's son, the 'yong Squyer,' ends with

"Curteys he was, lowely, and servysable,
And *earf* byforn his fader at the table."

The Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, ll. 99, 100.

89. **heron-shew**, or heron-shaw, a young heron. O. Fr. *herouneau*, a later form of *herounrel*, a young heron, diminutive of *hairon*. The word appears in various forms in old writers, *herneshaw*, *handsaw*, etc.

90. **princely peacock**. "The peacock, it is well known, was considered during the times of chivalry, not merely as an exquisite delicacy, but as a dish of peculiar solemnity. After being roasted, it was again decorated with its plumage, and a sponge, dipped in lighted spirits of wine, was placed in its bill. When it was introduced on days of grand festival, it was the signal for the adventurous knights to take upon them vows to do some deed of chivalry, 'before the peacock and the ladies.'" —SCOTT.

91. **boar-head**. "The boar's head was also a usual dish of feudal splendour. In Scotland, it was sometimes surrounded with little banners, displaying the colours and achievements of the baron at whose board it was served." —SCOTT. *garnish'd*, decorated. O. Fr. *garnis*, from *garnir*, to warn, fortify, supply. Compare *garrison*, which comes from the same root and the true form of which should be *garnison*. *brave*, bravely, that is, showily, finely. The Scotch *braw* is the same word.

92. **cygnet** from St. Mary's wave. "There are often flights of wild swans upon St. Mary's Lake, at the head of the river Yarrow"—SCOTT. So in Wordsworth's *Yarrow Visited*,

"The swan on still St. Mary's Lake
Floats double, swan and shadow."

A cygnet is a young swan. "Strangely enough," says Skeat, "this word is not from Lat. *cygnus*, a swan; but the oldest O. Fr. spelling was *cisne*, from Low Lat. *cecinus*, a swan."

93. **ptarmigan**, the name of a bird. It is a Gaelic word. *venison*, properly, the flesh of any beasts of chase, but now usually restricted to the flesh of deer. Lat. *venatus*, p.p. of *venari*, to hunt.

94. **spoke**, spoken. It is usual for Christians, when they sit down to eat, to offer up a short prayer asking God to bless the food. If a priest is present, it is he who asks a blessing, or who blesses the food himself. *benison*, blessing, another form

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of *benediction*. O. Fr. *beneison*, Lat. acc. *benedictionem*, *bene*, well, *dicere*, to speak. Cp. the opposite words *malison* and *malediction*.

97. **balcony**. This is an Italian word, and usually means a projection from the external walls of a building. What is here meant is a sort of gallery *inside* the hall where the minstrels were placed. In the last century the accent on this word was placed on the second syllable. See Cowper's *John Gilpin*, l. 142.

98. **shalm**, written also *shawm*, a wind instrument. O. Fr. *chalemie*, a reed pipe, allied to *charme*, a straw; Lat. *calamus*, a reed. **psaltery**, a stringed instrument resembling a harp. It was much used by the Jews, and is referred to in the Bible, "Praise the Lord with harp: sing unto Him with the *psaltery*, and an instrument of ten strings."—*Psalms*, xxxiii. 2.

103. **hooded**, having hoods, that is to say, caps or coverings of leather for the head and eyes, worn by hawks when seated on their perches, or before being flown. Hawking or falconry, still practised in India, was an amusement once very prevalent in Europe, ladies being allowed to share in it. It was the favourite sport of nobles and princes down to the beginning of the seventeenth century.

109. **sewers**, officers whose duty it was to bring in dishes, and see to their arrangement on the table, and perhaps, also, to carry them round to the guests. The origin of the word is doubtful. Skeat derives it from A.S. *seaw*, meaning (1) juice, (2) sauce. Some think it is from Fr. *essayeur*, one who essays or makes trial, as originally the sewers were expected to taste or make trial of each dish to prove there was no poison in it. Their task was to set and remove dishes, and see that the guests were helped.

110. **all is mirth and revelry**. Compare Byron's lines in *Childe Harold*—

"Soft eyes looked love to eyes that spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell."

VII. 111. **still**, always; he never omitted an opportunity.

112. **of ill**, for doing mischief.

113. **while blood ran hot and high**, while their blood was made warm with the wine they had drunk, and they were in an excited state of mind.

117. **cross'd**, interfered with, thwarted or opposed, and so, provoked.

120. **Smote**, agrees with its nominative, Conrad, in l. 115.

121. **A hot and hardy Rutherford**. "The Rutherfords of Hunthill were an ancient race of Border Lairds, whose names occur in

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history, sometimes as defending the frontier against the English, sometimes as disturbing the peace of their own country. Dickon Draw-the-Sword was son to the ancient warrior, called in tradition the Cock of Hunthill, remarkable for leading into battle nine sons, gallant warriors, all sons of the aged champion.”—SCOTT.

122. Draw-the-Sword, he was so called because he was ever ready to draw his sword, ever ready to fight.

123. He, that is, ‘Conrad, Lord of Wolfenstein, the leader of the German mercenaries.’ the page’s saye, the page’s word or statement. *Saye* is here a noun. Conrad, relying on the statement or assurance of the page, took it, that is to say, believed that Hunthill had driven these steeds away.

128. bit his glove. “To bite the thumb, or the glove, seems not to have been considered, upon the Border, as a gesture of contempt, though so used by Shakespeare, but as a pledge of mortal revenge.”—SCOTT.

132. lyme-dog, a hound, a hunting dog, so called because led by or held in a *lime*, or *leam*, that is, a leash.

136. What is implied is that Conrad was slain by Hunthill who thus possessed himself of Conrad’s sword, and ever afterwards wore it. It does not appear that Cologne was ever famous, like Toledo and Bilbao, for its sword blades. The fact of the sword being of German or foreign manufacture seemed to show that it had belonged to Conrad, and the fact that it was in Hunthill’s possession furnished a clue as to the person by whom Conrad had been killed. Note the accent in Cologne here is on the first syllable. It is usually pronounced in the French fashion with the accent on the second syllable.

VIII. 138. espie, this, by aphæresis, has been shortened into *spy*.

139. buttery, a sort of pantry or room in which provisions are kept. It is a corruption of M. E. *bottelerie*, a buttery, properly a place for a butler. *Butler* again is from M. E. *boteler*, one who attends to or has charge of bottles, so that *buttery* is properly *bottillery*, a place for bottles. The word has no connection with *butter*, with which however it has been confused. See Skeat. Some take *buttery* to be a place for *butts* or casks of wine.

142. selle, seat. Fr. *selle*, Lat. *sellā*, for *sedula*, from *sedes*, a seat; *sedere*, to sit. By old writers, the word is usually applied to a seat on horseback, a saddle.

143, 144. raise The pledge to, raise his cup and drink to the health of. The wishing of health to another is a *pledge*, that is, a *token* or *proof* of goodwill and friendship.

144. Arthur Fire-the-Braes. “The person bearing this re-

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doubtful *nom de guerre* was an Elliot, and resided at Thorleshope, in Liddesdale. He occurs in the list of Border riders, in 1597."—SCOTT. As an Elliot, this individual belonged to the opposite faction, to the Carrs, that is, with whom the Scotts had been at feud. Watt Tinlinn showed the generosity of his nature when he forgot all cause of animosity, and drank to the health of a feudal enemy. *Fire-the-braces*, one who sets fire to the braes or hill slopes.

145. **he**, that is, Arthur Fire-the-Braes, as by his breeding bound, as good manners required him to do.

146. Drank to the health of Howard's men, that is, the English, his national enemies. **merry-men**. See IV. 187, note. it, that is, the wine cup, which Watt Tinlinn had handed him after drinking from it, and which he now passed on.

147. **To quit them**. *Quit* is used here reflexively. To quit themselves, that is, to relieve themselves of the obligation imposed on them, by doing that which they were *bound* to do, and which they were expected to do, in return for the courtesy shown to them. In other words, 'to return the compliment.' Note the word *them* refers not to the Scotch, but to the English.

148. **Red Roland Forster**, an Englishman, one of Lord Howard's merry-men.

149. I drink or let us drink a deep carouse to the health of the fair, young bride, that is, Margaret. **carouse**, as used here, means a drink or draught, a glass of liquor full to the brim, a 'bumper.' The etymology of the word appears to be doubtful. Skeat gives G. *garans*, right out, used of emptying a bumper; G. *gar*, quite, and *aus*, out.

150. **At every pledge**, at every time a health was drunk. **vat**, a large cask.

151. **Foam'd forth in floods**, poured out frothing.

152. **the riders**, the Border riders, moss-troopers.

153. The origin of the name Buccleuch is given by Scott in the following note which explains the reference in this and in the succeeding line:—"Two brethren, natives of Galloway, having been banished from that country for a riot, or insurrection, came to Rankleburn, in Ettrick Forest, where the keeper, whose name was Brydone, received them joyfully on account of their skill in winding the horn, and in the other mysteries of the chase. Kenneth MacAlpin, then king of Scotland, came soon after to hunt in the royal forest, and pursued a buck from Ettrick-heugh to the glen now called Buccleuch, about two miles above the junction of Rankleburn with the river Ettrick. Here the stag stood at bay; and the king and

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his attendants, who followed on horseback, were thrown out by the steepness of the hill and the morass. John, one of the brethren from Galloway, had followed the chase on foot; and now coming in, seized the buck by the horns, and, being a man of great strength and activity, threw him on his back, and ran with his burden about a mile up the steep hill, to a place called Cracula-Cross, where Kenneth had halted, and laid the buck at the Sovereign's feet."

155. *cleuch*, "a strait hollow between precipitous banks, or a hollow descent on the side of a hill."—Jamieson's *Scottish Dictionary*.

IX. 157. *Remember'd him of*. *Him* must be taken here as reflexive, but the whole expression is unusual. We may say 'bethought him' or simply 'remembered.' *Tinlinn's yew*. See IV. 274-276.

158. The it here is anticipative: it refers to what is said in the next line "That ever he the arrow drew." The goblin swore that he would take revenge on Tinlinn and make him suffer for having wounded him.

162. *Solway strife*. The reference here is to the disgraceful flight of ten thousand Scots before three hundred English horsemen, which is said to have broken the heart of James V. The fight is known as the battle of Solway Moss, 1542.

163. *cheer'd his wife*. Consoled her during the absence of her husband. Something more, of course, than mere consolation is implied.

165. *At unawares*. Suddenly, unexpectedly. *Unawares* is generally used as an adverb without a preposition before it. The *a* in *aware* is not the common prefix *a*, but a corruption of *ge*. In Middle English the word was written *ivar* or *ywar*, from A.S. *genear*.

166. *trencher*. A wooden plate to cut things on. Fr. *trencher*, Lat. *truncare*, to cut.

169. *bodkin*. Originally a small dagger, as in Shakespeare—
"For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,

When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin?"—*Hamlet*, iii. 1.

The word is now generally applied, however, to a kind of needle for drawing tape through a loop. It is a diminutive of *bidog*, a Welsh word, meaning a dagger.

171. *rued*. Suffered from, felt the consequences of.

172. *spurn'd*. This word is seldom or never used now as it is used here, in the literal sense of *kicked*.

176. *darkling*. Usually an adverb meaning 'in the dark,' but

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here an adjective. Cp. Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, Canto IV., stanza xii., ll. 23, 24,

"For *darkling* was the battle tried
And fortune sped the lance";

also Shakespeare, *Lear*, i. 4, 237,

"So out went the candle and we were left *darkling*."

As an adjective, cp. Moore, *Fireworshippers*, "the *darkling* precipice."

X. 178. By this, that is, by this time. lest, for fear that.

182. of that ancient name. The name of Graeme—"John Graeme, second son of Malice, Earl of Monteith, commonly surnamed *John with the bright sword*, upon some displeasure risen against him at court, retired with many of his clan and kindred into the English Borders, in the reign of King Henry the Fourth, where they seated themselves, and many of their posterity have continued there ever since." Mr. Sandford, speaking of them, says, (which indeed was applicable to most of the Borderers on both sides,) 'They were all stark moss-troopers and arrant thieves: Both to England and Scotland outlawed; yet sometimes connived at, because they gave intelligence forth of Scotland, and would raise 400 horse at any time upon a raid of the English into Scotland. A saying is recorded of a mother to her son, (which is now become proverbial,) *Ride, Rowley, hough's i' the pot*: that is, the last piece of beef was in the pot, and therefore it was high time for him to go and fetch more.'—*Introduction to the History of Cumberland*.

The residence of the Graemes being chiefly in the Debateable Land, so called because it was claimed by both kingdoms, their depredations extended both to England and Scotland, with impunity; for as both wardens accounted them the proper subjects of their own prince, neither inclined to demand reparation for their excesses from the opposite officers, which would have been an acknowledgment of his jurisdiction over them. See a long correspondence on this subject betwixt Lord Dacre and the English Privy Council, in *Introduction to History of Cumberland*. The Debateable Land was finally divided betwixt England and Scotland by Commissioners appointed by both nations.—SCOTT.

183. Was none. Supply *there*. There was none.

184. the Land Debateable. "One district which was the cause of much trouble to the wardens of the West March, was that known as 'the Debateable Land,' which lay partly in England and partly in Scotland. Its south boundary was formed by the Esk, from its junction with the Liddel to where it enters the Solway; and within the Debateable Land were comprehended the baronies of Kirkandrews and Morton in Cumberland and Brettalach or Boystallone (now Canobie) in Dumfriesshire. It

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is first mentioned in a proclamation of 15th Nov., 1449, as ‘the lands called Batale or Threep lands.’ Its chief families were the Armstrongs and Grahams, both clans being noted as desperate thieves and freebooters. They had frequently to be dealt with by force of arms, till, in the 17th century, the Grahams were transported to Ireland, and forbidden to return upon pain of death.”—*Chambers's Encyclopædia*.

185. friended. Befriended, which is the usual verb form.

Whether it was the English or the Scotch who lost, the Grahams, as living on the Debateable Land, and enjoying the protection of powerful friends on both sides, were sure to benefit.

187. beeves. Oxen. The singular beef, in the sense of an ox, is seldom or never used now. Fr. *bauf*, Lat. *bos, bovis*, an ox.

189. In homely guise. In plain, simple style or manner. *Guise* =wise, that is, way or manner. as nature bade. According to the promptings of nature, or the natural feelings. His song was not polished; it borrowed nothing from art.

190. said. A song is never *said* but *sung*. Scott is not very particular as to the appropriateness of the verb he uses at the end of a line, when he requires it to make a rhyme.

XI. [“It is the author’s object, in these songs, to exemplify the different styles of ballad narrative which prevailed in this island at different periods, or in different conditions of society. The first (Albert’s) is conducted upon the rude and simple mode of the old Border ditties, and produces its effect by the direct and concise narrative of a tragical occurrence.”—JEFFREY.]

The second and fourth lines in each stanza, as occurring over and over again with slight variations, form what is known as the ‘burden’ or ‘refrain’ of the song. Scott writes “The burden is adopted, with some alteration, from an old Scottish song beginning thus:—

‘She lean’d her back against a thorn,
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa’;
And there she has her young babe born,
And the lyon shall be lord of a.’”

193. would. Was determined to.

202. For ire. On account of his anger, because he was angry. The father favoured the suit, but the son was bitterly opposed to it.

203. meadow and lea. Meadow is properly land on which grass is *mowed*, to be made into hay: A.S. *madu*, from *maian*, to mow. *Lea* refers rather to grass pastures for cattle and to the grassy glades found in or between woods; but the distinction is not always preserved. *Lea* is properly *uncultivated* land, suffered to lie fallow; it is found in many place-names both English and foreign, and is the same as *loo* in Waterloo.

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205. **he swore her death.** He swore that she should die. Swore, that is, to put her to death.

XII. 207. Scarcely had she tasted the wine.

209. The wine had been poisoned.

210. By dying in the arms of her lover, she showed that nothing can quench love. Love triumphs over all other feelings and all other considerations.

211. **He.** The Scottish knight, the lady's lover.

213. Supply *who* before *would*.

215. **he took the cross.** He became a crusader, the cross being worn, as a badge, by those who took part in the crusades, the religious wars undertaken by the nations of Europe for the rescue of Palestine or the Holy Land from the hands of the Infidels.

XIII. 224. **of loftier port.** Of a more dignified bearing than Albert Graeme. Grander, more majestic in appearance.

225. **sonnet, rhyme, and roundelay.** A *sonnet* is a short poem of fourteen lines of five feet each, written in the iambic metre, the rhymes being arranged in a peculiar way. It is a *form* of poetry that was imported into England from Italy by Sir Thomas Wyatt and "the gentle Surrey" referred to in the stanzas.

Rhyme. It is not clear in what sense the word is used here. It cannot be what Milton calls "the jingling sound of like endings," the recurrence of similar vowel sounds at the ends of lines in poetry, for in this sense *rhyme* is to be found in sonnets. The word is used also, as by Milton, in the sense of verse or poetry:—

"Who would not sing for Lycidas? He knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty *rhyme*."

Lycidas, ll. 10-11.

And again in *Paradise Lost*, book I., l. 16—

"While it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or *rhyme*."

Perhaps Scott means what is known as heroic verse. *Rhyme* ought properly to be spelt *rime* when it means the correspondence of sounds at the ends of lines, as it is derived from A.S. *rim*, meaning number, reckoning, and has no connection with the word *rhythm* with which it has been confounded, and to which it owes 'its false spelling.' According to Skeat it is impossible to find an instance of the spelling *rhyme* before 1550.

Roundelay. "Fr. *roundelet*, diminutive of O. Fr. *roundel*, later *rondeau*, a kind of ballad, a poem containing a line which recurs or comes *round* again."—SKEAT.

Webster defines it as "a sort of ancient poem, consisting of thirteen verses, of which eight are in one kind of rhyme and five in another. It is divided into couplets; at the end of the second

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and third of which the beginning of the poem is repeated, and that, if possible, in an equivocal or punning sense."

228. ~~silver~~ song, clear, melodious song.

229. The gentle Surrey. "The gallant and unfortunate Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, was unquestionably the most accomplished cavalier of his time; and his sonnets display beauties which would do honour to a more polished age. He was beheaded on Tower-hill in 1546; a victim to the mean jealousy of Henry VIII., who could not bear so brilliant a character near his throne."—SCOTT.

231. His, Surrey's soul. He possessed the lofty spirit of a hero.

232. And his the bard's immortal name. Surrey was the author of *Songs and Sonnets*, and, besides other poems, of a translation in blank verse (the first in our language) of the second and fourth books of the *Aeneid*. Puttenham, in 1589, wrote of him and Sir Thomas Wyatt as "two chieftanes, who having travelled into Italie, and there tasted the sweete and stately measures of and stile of Italian Poesie, as novices newly crept out of the schooles of Dante, Ariosto and Petrarch, they greatly polished our rude and homely manner of vulgar Poesie, from that it has bene before, and for that cause may iustly be sayd the first reformers of our English metre and stile." "I repute them," he says elsewhere, "the two chief lanternes of light to all others that have since employed their pennes upon English Poesie; their conceits were lofty, their stiles stately, their conveyance cleanly, their termes proper, their metre sweet and well proportioned."—Adam's *Dictionary of English Literature*.

233. exalted high, elevated and ennobled. *Exalted* itself means 'raised high,' from Lat. *exaltare*, to make high, *altus*, high.

234. the glow of chivalry, the ardour or fervour of a generous and romantic nature.

XIV. 235. climes afar, distant countries. Italy is meant.

241. some hermit saint, some saint who had lived a lonely solitary life like that of a hermit. *Hermit* is here an adjective. The word, which appears in Old English, and sometimes in poetry, as *eremite*, literally means, a dweller in a desert. M. E. *heremite*, Low Lat. *heremita*, more commonly *eremita*, Gr. ἐρημίτης, a desert. laid, buried. So sweet was the music, so heavenly did it seem, that the pious Italian peasant, hearing it on his way, paused to listen, fancying it proceeded from angelic spirits that had descended from heaven, and were hovering over the grave of some departed saint.

244. Geraldine, 'Surrey's absent love.' It is not known for

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certain who the lady Geraldine was. All that is known of her is contained in the following famous sonnet, which we quote both as an example of a sonnet, and as an interesting illustration of Surrey's versification :—

"From Tuscane came my lady's worthy race ;
Fair Florence was some time their ancient seat ;
The western isle whose pleasant shore doth face
Wild Camber's cliffs, did give her lively heat ;
Fostered she was with milk of Irish breast ;
Her sire, an earl ; her dame of prince's blood ;
From tender years in Britain doth she rest
With king's child, where she tasteth costly food.
Hunsden did first present her to my eyen :
Bright is her hue, and Geraldine she hight :
Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine ;
And Windsor, alas ! doth chase me from her sight.
Her beauty of kind, her virtue from above--
Happy is he that can obtain her love."

XV. 246. knew, felt, experienced.

247. Surrey, of the deathless lay. Surrey, whose songs and poems will never perish, or which are destined to be immortal.

248. The charge against Surrey was that he had quartered the royal arms, the arms of Edward the Confessor, on his shield. It was pretended that this indicated a treasonable design ; but, as a fact, the royal arms had been borne by Surrey's ancestors, and they were assumed now in furtherance of a scheme to prevent the regency from falling into the hands of the Seymours, and to secure it for the Howards, Henry being at this time on his deathbed.

250. His harp call'd wrath and vengeance down. He invoked the anger and vengeance of heaven upon Henry, pouring out his angry denunciation in song to the accompaniment of his harp.

251. iron towers, strong and massive towers,—and dark and cheerless, too, as compared with the green glades and courtly bowers to which he had been accustomed in Surrey's lifetime. Compare the double meaning the word *iron* has in line 35 of the Introduction :—

"But never closed the *iron* door
Against the desolate and poor."

253. his patron's name. The name of Howard,—a famous English history, and borne by one of the oldest and best families in the country. Pope alludes to this fact in the Epistle IV. l. 203.

"In ennable sots, or slaves, or cowards,
Or all the blood of all the Howards."

Epistle IV. l. 203.

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255. foremost, chief. A double superlative: the base is *fore* or *for*, in front, before, to which the superlative suffix *-ma* is added, producing A.S. *for-ma*, first, with which compare Lat. *pri-mus*, Skt. *prata-ma*, first. The superlative force of *-ma* being forgotten, a second superlative *formest* was formed with the ordinary suffix *-est*: this was afterwards corrupted to *fore-most*, the suffix being wrongly supposed to be *most*.

256. minstrelsy, a collective noun, minstrels; so, in *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* by Coleridge:—

“The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she,
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.”

XVI. “The song of the supposed bard (Fitztraver) is founded on an incident said to have happened to the Earl in his travels. Cornelius Agrippa, the celebrated alchemist, showed him, in a looking glass, the lovely Geraldine, to whose service he had devoted his pen and his sword. The vision represented her as indisposed, and reclining upon a couch, reading her lover's verses by the light of a waxen taper.”—SCOTT.

257. All-souls' eve. The day before All-Souls' Day, a festival celebrated by the Roman Catholic church on behalf of the souls in purgatory, for whose release the prayers of the faithful are this day offered up and masses performed. It is observed on the 2nd of November. As the mention of All-souls' Eve here can have no special significance, it is probable that Scott meant All-Saints' Eve, or Hallowe'en, as it is called, the evening or night before All-Saints' Day, the 1st November. The following extract from Chambers' *Book of Days* will make it clear what night is referred to, having regard to what is related in the song:—“The leading idea respecting Hallowe'en is that it is the time of all others, when supernatural influences prevail. It is the night set apart for a universal walking abroad of spirits, both of the visible and invisible world; for, as will be afterwards seen, one of the special characteristics attributed to this mystic evening, is the faculty conferred on the immaterial principle in humanity to detach itself from its corporeal tenement and wander abroad through the realms of space. Divination is then believed to attain its highest power, and the gift asserted by Glendower of calling spirits from ‘the vasty deep’ becomes available to all who choose to avail themselves of the privileges of the occasion.”

259. mystic hour, the hour when supernatural influences prevail.—

“The very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to the world.”

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260. **Cornelius.** "Cornelius Henry Agrippa, born in 1486 at Cologne, was a man of talents, learning and eccentricity. In his youth he was secretary to the Emperor Maximilian I.; he subsequently served seven years in Italy, and was knighted. On quitting the army he devoted himself to science, and became famous as a magician and alchemist, and was involved in disputes with the Churchmen. After an active, varied, and eventful life, he died at Grenoble in 1535."—Blackie's *Modern Cyclopedia*.

261. **the ladye of his heart.** His ladye-love, the lady that he loved.

262. **Albeit,** although; a compound made up of *all*, *be*, and *it*, meaning, however it may be.

263. **hight,** promised. Cp. Chaucer, *Knights Tale*, l. 1614,
‘Palamon, that is thyn owne knight,
Schal have his lady, as thou hast him *hight*.’

Often confused with *hight*, ‘is or was called,’ but they are really different words, though from the same root. The past tense of A.S. *hātan*, to call, is *ic hātē*, I was called, while the past tense of A.S. *hātan*, to promise or command, is *ic hāht*, I promised. Both words are now obsolete. *Behest*, and the obsolete *hest*, a command, are from the same source as this word.

XVII. 269. **hallow'd taper,** a candle that had been blessed or consecrated.

270. **mystic implements.** Those mentioned in the succeeding lines. might, powers.

271. **character.** Magical or cabalistic letters, marks and symbols. *talisman*, a magical figure or image supposed to derive its wonderful properties from its having been cut or made under planetary influence. It is said to be derived from Arabic *tils̄im*, plural of *tilsan*, *tilism*, a magical image; this is not originally an Arabic word, but is borrowed from the Greek *τέλεσμα*, a mystery or initiation.

272. **almagest.** A celebrated astronomical work composed by Claudius Ptolemy, so called by the Arabs because it was considered the greatest or largest work on the subject. *ad*, the Arabic article *the*, and Gr. *μέγας*, greatest, largest. *nothing bright, nowise bright, not at all bright*: *nothing* is here an adverb.

273. **fitful, unsteady, flickering.**

274. **watchlight.** “A light used for watching or sitting up in the night; especially a candle formerly used for this purpose, having a rush wick.”—WEBSTER. departing, dying.

XVIII. 275. **mirror.** The mirror was no ordinary one, but possessed magical virtues. Almost every wizard had a mirror of this kind, which formed in fact part of his ‘stock-in-trade.’

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278. as, like those of. The forms at first seem confused and indistinct, gradually assume definite shapes and arrange themselves in order.

281. Part. Either an adverb equivalent to partly, or a noun in the absolute case, part being lighted.

282. a couch of Agra's silken loom. A couch covered or lined with silk from the looms of Agra, that is to say, of Indian manufacture. Agra rose into importance in the beginning of the 16th century and was the capital of the Moghul Empire down to the year 1658. As such, its fame must have become known to the people of Europe, who would naturally regard all costly articles of Indian manufacture, wherever they may have been made, as coming from Agra. *Loom*, from M.E. *lome*, A.S. *geloma*, a tool, implement, instrument, means properly a machine for weaving cloth, and not the cloth woven. The epithet *silken* applies, therefore, not to the loom, but to the cloth manufactured in it.

283. moonshine, moonlight. The word is frequently, however, used in the sense 'of something wanting in substance, something unreal.' part was hid in gloom. The construction here is changed. Part cannot be taken here as an adverb meaning *partly*. It is a noun in the nominative case to *was hid*. The room was lighted partly by a lamp and partly by moonshine, but (a) part (of it) was hidden in gloom.

XIX. 284. pageant. A spectacle, an exhibition, something showy and beautiful in appearance. Skeat derives the word from Low Lat. *pagina* (appearing in M. E. as *pagent*) meaning a scaffold stage for shows, made of wooden planks. Lat. *pagina*, a page of a book, also a plank. The letter *t* in the word is crescent, or intrusive; cp. *ancient* (Fr. *ancien*) and *tyrant* from *tyrannus*.

286. hazel. Of a bright brown colour, like the colour of the hazel nut.

287. for, from, on account of.

289. eburnine, eburnean, made of ivory. Lat. *eburneus*, from *ebur*, ivory. The word *ivory* is itself derived from *ebur*, which is supposed to be from Sansk. *ibha*, an elephant.

290. strain, verse, poetry. that seem'd her inmost soul to find. That seemed to penetrate her heart deeply, to affect her much.

291. favour'd. Because she deigned to read it. raptured, inspired, written under the strong influence of his passionate love for her.

XX. 295. royal envy. King Henry is represented here as having been jealous or envious of the fame that Surrey had acquired. roll'd, caused to roll. murky, spelt also *mirky*, dark, gloomy.

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297. Compare line 250.

299. **caprice.** Supposed to be derived from Lat. *caper*, *capra*, a goat, a *caprice* being a sudden and unaccountable change of feeling and conduct, like the fantastical leaping and frisking of a goat.

300. **The gory bridal bed.** The reference here is to the execution of Anne Boleyn, and to the indecent haste shown by Henry in marrying Jane Seymour the very next day. **the plunder'd shrine.** The reference is to the dissolution of the monasteries, and the appropriation of their lands and resources.

Jeffrey writes: "The second song, that of Fitztraver, the bard of the accomplished Surrey, has more of the richness and polish of the Italian poetry, and is very beautifully written in a stanza resembling that of Spenser." Apart from this 'richness and polish,' however, there is very little merit in the song. It has nothing of tragic interest in it, nothing to awaken one tender emotion. In this respect it is far inferior to the 'piteous lay' of Rosabelle, sung by Harold. The incident described in Fitztraver's song can possess very little interest, and if it did occur, as, indeed, it is said to have occurred, it only furnishes a proof of how even accomplished persons like Surrey could in those days have been imposed upon by so-called wizards and magicians, the only things needed being a dimly-lighted room, cunningly adjusted mirrors, and 'the mystic implements' of a magician's trade.

XXI. 303. **Applauses.** Literally, praise or approbation expressed by the clapping of the hands; Lat. *applaudere*, p.p. *applausus*, *ad* and *planere*, to clap the hands.

304. **These.** The 'Southern chiefs.' They hated Henry on account of his tyranny. **as death.** As much as they hated death.

304-305. **These hated... And those still held.** *These* should refer to 'Southern chiefs' as the nearer of the two nouns, and *those* to 'Scots.' It has been suggested, however, that *these* may refer to the Scots, who hated Henry's name on account of Flodden, when

'The English, for ance, by guile wan the day,'
and 'The Flowers of the Forest were a' wede away,'
and that *these* may refer to the Southern chiefs, many of whom, like the Howards, still held 'the ancient faith.' But if the Scotch had reason to hate Henry's name, so had the English gentry and nobility, especially in the north, where so many of them fell victims to his cruelty and tyranny, after the insurrection known as the *Pilgrimage of Grace*. Besides, at the time of the story, the Reformation had not established itself in Scotland, and most of the Scottish chiefs must still have been Roman Catholics.

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305. those. The Scots. the ancient faith. The Roman Catholic religion.

308. feasting high at Home. Being entertained hospitably and in princely style at Home castle.

309. that lord. The Earl of Home. St. Clair being a visitor at Home castle, accompanied the Earl of Home when the latter joined the relieving army of Douglas. Coming from the remote north, St. Clair would not personally be interested in Border warfare.

311. Orcades. The name by which the Orkneys were known to the ancients.

312. Where erst St. Clair held princely sway. "The St. Clairs are of Norman extraction, being descended from William de St. Clair, second son of Walderne Compte de St. Clair, and Margaret, daughter to Richard, Duke of Normandy."—SCOTT.

The Orkneys belonged to Norway in the Middle Ages. Sir William St. Clair, who lived in the days of Robert Bruce, married Elizabeth, daughter of Malice Spar, Earl of Orkney and Strathern, in whose right their son Henry was, in 1379, created Earl of Orkney, by Haco, king of Norway. His title was recognized by the kings of Scotland, and remained with his successors until it was annexed to the Crown in 1471 by Act of Parliament. In exchange for this earldom, the castle and domains of Ravenscraig, or Ravensheuch, were conferred on William Saint-clair, Earl of Caithness. *erst*, once, formerly, in very early times. M. E. *erst*, A.S. *árest*, superlative of *ár*, soon.

314. Still nods their palace to its fall. Their palace still stands, but in a ruined condition, and looking as if *ready to fall*.

315. Thy pride and sorrow, fair Kirkwall. Kirkwall is the capital of the county of Orkney. Among its buildings is the palace or old castle of the Earls of Orkney, of which it is proud, as furnishing evidence of the fact that Kirkwall was once the seat of an earldom and a town of much greater importance than it is now, while, at the same time, the ruined state of the palace is a cause for sorrow as reminding Kirkwall of its departed greatness. "The Castle of Kirkwall," says Scott, in a note, "was built by the St. Clairs while Earls of Orkney. It was dismantled by the Earl of Caithness about 1615, having been garrisoned against the Government by Robert Stewart, natural son to the Earl of Orkney."

316. fierce Pentland. The stormy Pentland Firth, which separates the Orkneys from the mainland.

317. grim Odin. The fierce Odin, who in Scandinavian mythology was the chief of all the gods and the giver of victory. Reference is made to Odin because the Orkneys were long a possession of Norway, and many of the old Scandinavian beliefs and

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superstitions lingered in these islands long after the people of England and Scotland had become converted to Christianity. The inhabitants must have had a large admixture of Norwegian blood in their veins. It will be noticed that Scott gives to 'the bard of brave St. Clair' a Danish or Norwegian name, while Surrey's courtly minstrel bears a Norman name.

318. **the whilst**, the while, at the same time. *Whilst* is here used as a noun: it is properly an adverb, formed by adding an unnecessary *t* to *whiles*, the genitive case of *while*, time. Cp. Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*, iv. 2. 3, "I'll call Sir Toby the whilst"; or Thomson, *Castle of Indolence*, i. 18, "The whilst, amused, you hear." This construction is now obsolete. *visage*, face. Fr. *vis*; Lat. *visum*, from *videre*, to see.

319. **the struggling sail**. The ship struggling with wind and wave, trying to make its way through the storm-tossed waters of the 'fierce Pentland.'

320. **all of wonderful and wild**. All things of a wonderful and wild nature.

XXII. 323. **cull**, to gather, especially by picking out or selecting, as to *cull* flowers, to *cull* choice passages from a poem. O. Fr. *coillir*, *cuillir*, to collect; Lat. *colligere*, *col* for *con=cum*, with, and *legere*, to gather.

325. **Lochlin's sons**. Lochlin is the Gaelic name for Scandinavia. According to Brewer, it generally means 'Denmark.' 'Lochlin's sons of war' = the warlike sons of Norway, the warlike Scandinavians. The epithet *roving* describes the kind of war they carried on. They were *sea-rovers* who wandered from shore to shore plundering as they went.

326. **Norsemen**. Northmen, Scandinavians.

327. **the raven's food**, the bodies of those who were slain in battle that furnished food for the raven. The old Scandinavian pirates were trained to battle and delighted in slaughter. The raven, as is well known, was the standard of the Danes. Alluding to the defeat of the Norwegians at Stamford Bridge, Tennyson makes Harold say:—

"We have shattered back
The hugest wave from Norseland ever yet
Surged on us, and our battle-axes broken
The Raven's wing, and dumbled the carrion croak,
From the gray sea for ever."

Tennyson's *Harold*, iv. 3.

The banner of Regner Lodbrok, a famous king of Denmark, which was called *Landeyda*, or 'the desolation of the country,' had for its device a raven woven on it by his daughters. This banner had wonderful powers. When the raven flapped its

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wings, the Danes were assured of victory, but when its wings were seen to droop, it was considered ominous of defeat.

328.9. **Kings of the main their leaders brave.** “The chiefs of the *Vikingr*, or Scandinavian pirates, assumed the title of *Sarkounygr*, or sea-kings. Ships, in the inflated language of the Scalds, are often termed the serpents of the ocean”—SCOTT. These chiefs or sea-kings are sometimes called *Vikings*, but as is seen from Scott’s note, the Vikings (*Vikingr*) were not the leaders, but the pirates whom the sea-kings led to battle. They were called *Vikings*, because they haunted or frequented bays and creeks, the word *Viking* meaning literally ‘a creek-dweller,’ from Icel. *vik*, creek, inlet, bay; and the suffix *ingr*, which means ‘son of’ or ‘belonging to.’ See Skeat’s *Etymological Dictionary*.

330. **there,** ‘in these rude isles.’

331. **Scald.** A Scandinavian poet or minstrel in the old heathen times. The word literally means a ‘loud-talker’ or ‘claimer,’ from Icel. *skjalla*, to resound, the chief business of the Scald being to relate the story of brave deeds and sing the praises of heroes.

332. **Runic column.** Stones or monuments bearing inscriptions in the Runic character. “The Norsemen had a peculiar alphabet, consisting of sixteen letters or characters, called *Runes*, the origin of which is lost in the remotest antiquity. The significance of the word *Rung* (mystery) seems to allude to the fact that originally only a few were acquainted with the use of these marks, and also that they were mostly applied to secret tricks, witchcrafts, and enchantments”—WEBSTER. Skeat gives the following as the origin of the word:—“M. E. *rune*, counsel, A.S. *rūn*, a rune, mystery, secret conference, whisper. Original sense ‘whisper’ or murmur, hence a mystery, lastly an incised character, because writing was a secret known to few.”

333. These Runic monuments mark, it is supposed, spots where heathen rites were celebrated, and where probably also human sacrifices were offered up. Hence they are said to have ‘witnessed grim idolatry.’

335. **Saga.** The *Sagas* are the mythical legends and historical traditions of the old Scandinavians, written in rude, barbarous rhyme. The word is etymologically connected with *say*. Icel. *saya*, a tale, *segja*, to say, A.S. *seigan*. uncouth. This word originally meant ‘unknown,’ from A.S. *un*, not, and *cuth*, known, p.p. of *cunian*, to know. It is now used in the sense of strange, rude, awkward.

336. **Of that Sea-Snake.** “The *jormungandr*, or Snake of the Ocean, whose folds surround the earth, is one of the wildest fictions of the Edda. It was very nearly caught by the god Thor,

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who went to fish for it with a hook baited with a bull's head. In the battle betwixt the evil demons and the divinities of Odin, which is to precede the *Ragnarockr* or Twilight of the Gods, this snake is to act a conspicuous part."—SCOTT.

338. those dread Maids. "These were the *Valcyriur*, or Selectors of the Slain, despatched by Odin from Valhalla, to choose those who were to die, and to distribute the contest. They are well known to the English reader, as Gray's fatal Sisters."—SCOTT.

339. Maddens the battle's bloody swell. Infuriates the combatants and makes the battle grow more fierce and more bloody. *Swell* may mean either the fury or the din of battle, which increases with the yells of the dread maids.

340-345. "The northern warriors were usually entombed with their arms, and their other treasures ... Indeed, the ghosts of the northern warriors were not wont tamely to suffer their tombs to be plundered; and hence the mortal heroes had an additional temptation to attempt such adventures; for they held nothing more worthy of their valour than to encounter supernatural beings.—Bartholinus *De Causis Contemptus a Danis mortis*, lib. i. cap. 2, 9, 10, 13."—SCOTT.

341. death-lights. Tomb-fires, or fires, which, according to the old beliefs recorded in the Sagas, burnt within the tombs of dead warriors. Compare the 'wondrous light' that perpetually illuminated the tomb of Michael Scott. See Canto II., 186-187.

342. Ransack'd. Searched and plundered. It is a Scandinavian word. Icel. *rannsaka*, to search a house, *rann*, a house, *sak*, base of *sakja*, to seek.

343. falchions. Short, curved swords, from Lat. *falcis*, a sickle. The word is in the objective case governed by *wrech'd*. There are four verbs agreeing with *who* in l. 340, *ransacked*, *wrenched*, *waked*, and *bade*. *corpses' hold*. The hands of *corpses* that grasped the swords.

344. the deaf tomb. The silent tomb. alarm, literally a call to arms. "Ital. *all'arme*, to arms! put for *alle arme*. Low Lat. *ad illas armas*; from Lat. *ad illa arma*, to these arms! to your arms!"—SKEAT.

346. With war and wonder all on flame. With his mind inflamed or excited by the tales of war and the wonderful myths and legends he had heard in his native islands.

348. sweet glen and greenwood tree. In contrast with the ruder and wilder scenes in the north which he quitted when he came to Roslin's bowers in the south of Scotland. The St. Clairs held estates in the south of Scotland as well as in Orkney. As Earls of Orkney, they were vassals of the King of Norway; as Roslin's chiefs, they were vassals of the crown of Scotland.

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350. **the Northern spell.** The northern style of composition, wild and enchanting. *Spell*, in the sense of a magic charm or incantation, is from A.S. *spel, spell*, a saying, story, narrative, as in *gospel*, the story of God, that is, the life of Christ.

351. **the softer numbers.** The milder verse. The word *numbers* is applied to poetry, as, in lines of poetry, the syllables are numbered. Cp. Longfellow's *Psalm of Life*—

“Tell me not in mournful *numbers*,
Life is but an empty dream”;

and the well-known line in which Pope speaks of himself—

“I lisped in *numbers*, for the *numbers* came.”

XXIII. This is decidedly the best of the three songs sung by the minstrels at the wedding of Margaret. Jeffrey writes:—“The third song is intended to represent that wild style of composition which prevailed among the bards of the Northern Continent, somewhat softened and adorned by the minstrel’s residence in the south. We prefer it upon the whole to either of the two former, and shall give it entire to our readers, who will probably be struck with the poetical effect of the dramatic form into which it is thrown, and of the indirect description by which everything is most expressively told, without one word of distinct narrative.”

According to Mr. Hales, “The supreme virtue of this ballad is the simple vigour with which its pictures are drawn. There is no personal intrusion; there are no vain cries and groans; there is no commenting and explaining. The pictures tell their own story, and tell it so vividly and thrillingly that nothing more is needed.”—Hales’s *Longer English Poems*.

352. O, listen, listen, ladies gay! The song as telling of no haughtyfeat of arms, and as being a sad and gentle lay, is addressed to the ladies.

353. **feat of arms**, a warlike exploit, a brave deed in war. *Feat* is properly a deed, that is, a deed well done. Lat. *factum*, a deed, *faceri*, to do. tell, relate.

355. **Rosabelle.** “This was a family name in the house of St. Clair.”—SCOTT. It is a Norman-French name meaning ‘beautiful rose.’

356. The student will notice here that without one word of explanation, without mention of any previous circumstances, we are abruptly introduced to a conversation between two persons, and left to draw our own inferences. The poet does not tell us who the lady is, but we know she is the daughter of Roslin’s chief; he does not tell us what has happened, but we know that for some reason she left her father’s castle, and crossed the firth, and is now anxious to return; he does not tell us why she is so

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anxious to return in spite of the boatman's warning, but notwithstanding what the lady protests herself, we know the secret of her anxiety, we know that she is in love with young Lindesay, that she has promised to open the ball with him, and is anxious to witness his skill in the knightly sport of tilting at the ring.

The conversation ended, the poet does not tell us plainly and directly that the boatman allowed himself to be persuaded, that the attempt was made to cross the firth, and that the boat went down with all her crew and with the lovely Rosabelle, but we are left to infer this from the description given of two contrasted scenes. This is what Jeffrey means by the 'dramatic form' into which the poem is thrown and what Mr. Hales means when he says that 'the pictures tell their own story.'

358. Rest thee. Rest thyself. *Thee* is here reflexive. Castle Ravensheuch, "A large and strong castle, now ruinous, situated between Kirkcaldy and Dysart, on a steep crag, washed by the Firth of Forth. It was long a principal residence of the Barons of Roslin."—SCOTT. Ravensheuch = Raven's Crag.

359. Nor tempt. And do not attempt or venture to cross.

360. The blackening wave, etc. These were indications of a gathering storm. Blackening = growing darker and darker. edged with white, tipped with foam.

361. Inch, isle. Irish, *innshe*; Gaelic, *insh*. sea-mews, sea-gulls, so called from the *mew* or cry of the bird.

362. the Water-Sprite. Called in Scotland Kelpie, or water-kelpie. "The spirit of the waters, who, as is vulgarly believed, gives previous intimation of the destruction of those who perish within his jurisdiction, by preternatural lights and noises, and even assists in drowning them."—JAMIESON'S *Scottish Dictionary*. Cp.—

"By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking."

Campbell's *Lord Ullin's Daughter*.

364. Seer. One who can see into the future and foretell what is to happen. In the Highlands of Scotland and in the Hebrides, the gift of what is called 'second sight,' or prophetic vision, is claimed to be possessed by some persons. A well-known instance of this is furnished in Campbell's poem, *Lochiel's Warning*, where a 'gifted seer' or wizard tells Lochiel that "A field of the dead rushes red on his sight" and warns him of impending disaster, adding,

"'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before."

365. A wet shroud. The vision meant that some lady was fated to be drowned. A *shroud* is a sheet wrapt round, or thrown over, a dead body. *swathed*, wrapped round.

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366. **Fair**, a noun here meaning ‘fair one.’ Cp. *Lady of the Lake*, I. xxii. 19, and VI. xxvii. 13. The peculiarity is that *fair* is used without either article or adjective: with an adj. it is fairly common. Cp. Shakespeare’s *M. N. D.* i. 1. 82:

“O happy *fair!*
Your eyes are lode-stars.”

368. The lady betrays herself here. Jealous of her maiden modesty, she does not wish it to be suspected why she is so anxious to return, but the eagerness with which she makes excuses lets it be seen that her real motive is the very one which she disavows.

369. **leads the ball**. Opens the ball, begins the dance. The reader is to infer that she had promised to dance the first dance with Lindesay.

372. **ring**. In the objective case by the preposition *at* understood. *Riding at the ring*. This was a favourite pastime with knights in later feudal times when the *joust* and the *tournament* were going out of fashion. The sport was so called because a ring was suspended from a beam, and those who took part in the sport were required to show their skill by thrusting their lances through the ring, riding at full speed, and bearing it off on their lance point. He who succeeded in doing this showed himself to possess a sure eye and a steady hand. It was something like the modern sport of tent-pegging, the only difference being that, in tent-pegging, instead of a ring suspended from above, a peg is driven into the ground which it is the object of the rider to pierce and bear away on the point of the lance.

374. **sire**, father. It is a weakened form of O. Fr. *senre* = Lat. *senior*, the comp. of *senex*, old. *Sir* is short for *sire*. The word *sire* is frequently used in addressing a king. *the wine will chide*. Will find fault with the wine, will complain that it is bad.

375. **it**, the winecup. These references to her father and to her mother are little touches by which the poet heightens the pathetic interest of the story. Rosabelle is the darling of her parents—perhaps their only child. The castle may be full of guests, but if Rosabelle is not by her side, her mother sits lonely in the hall; the wine may sparkle in the wine cup as brightly as ever, but if it is not poured out by Rosabelle’s hands, her father cannot enjoy it.

377. **A wondrous blaze**. The fire from ‘the holy vault’ in which Roslin’s barons were buried.

380. **Roslin**. For explanation of the word, see note below on line 391.

381. **ruddied, reddened**. *copse-wood*. See IV., l. 293, note.

382. **grove**. Now always used in the sense of a cluster or collection of trees, but if the derivation usually given be correct,

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—A.S. *grafan*, to cut or dig out,—a grove ought properly to be a glade or avenue, that is to say, a place where the trees are cut and an opening is made.

383. **Hawthornden.** This place is associated in English literature with the name of William Drummond, a Scottish poet, who made it his residence. “If beautiful and romantic scenery could create or nurse the genius of a poet, Drummond was peculiarly blessed with means of inspiration. In all Scotland there is no spot more finely varied,—more rich, graceful, or luxuriant,—than the cliffs, *caves*, and wooded banks of the river Esk, and the classic shades of Hawthornden. In the immediate neighbourhood is Roslin Chapel, one of the most interesting of ruins; and the whole course of the stream and the narrow glen is like the ground-work of some fairy dream.”—Chambers’s *Cyclopaedia of English Literature*.

384. **chapel.** A small church. From Low Lat. *capa*, *cappa*, cape, or hooded cloak. The origin of the present meaning of the word is to be found in connection with a legend that is told of St. Martin, who, seeing a poor beggar perishing with cold at the gate of Amiens, divided his cloak with him. “This cloak, being most miraculously preserved, long forswere one of the holiest and most valued relics of France; when war was declared, it was carried before the French monarchs as a sacred banner, and never failed to assure a certain victory. The oratory in which this cloak or cape—in French *chape*—was preserved, acquired, in consequence, the name of *chapelle*, the person intrusted with its care being termed *chaplain*; and thus, according to Collier de Planey, our English words chapel and chaplain are derived.”—Chambers’s *Book of Days*.

386. **for**, instead of, as.

387. **panoply.** Complete armour. Gr. *πανοπλία*, full armgur; Gr. *πάν*, all; *πλάς*, arms.

389. **sacristy.** A room in a church where the sacred vessels and vestments are kept—a vestry. Lat. *sacer*, sacred, holy. Compare *sacristan*, now abbreviated into *sexton*, the keeper of the sacred things in a church. **Deep**, far receding, extending far back. **pale**, limit, enclosure—the space fenced in or enclosed with *palings* or stakes. *The altar's pale* is what is usually called the ‘chancel,’—that end of the church where the altar or communion table is placed, which is separated from the rest of the building by a railing.

390. **foliage-bound.** Encircled with carvings of leaves. See note on the next line.

391. **And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail.** “The beautiful chapel of Roslin is still in tolerable preservation. It was founded in 1446 by William St. Clair, Prince of Orkney, Duke of Olden-

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burgh, Earl of Caithness and Stratherne, Lord St. Clair, etc., etc., etc. This lofty person, whose titles, says Godscroft, might weary a Spaniard, built the castle of Roslin, where he resided in princely splendour, and founded the chapel, which is in the most rich and florid style of Gothic architecture. Among the profuse carvings on the pillars and buttresses, the rose is frequently introduced, in allusion to the name, with which, however, the flower has no connexion; the etymology being Rosslinhe, the promontory of the linn, or water fall. The chapel is said to appear on fire previous to the death of any of his descendants. This superstition, indorsed by Slezer in his *Theatrum Scoticæ*, and alluded to in the text, is probably of Norwegian derivation, and may have been imported by the Earls of Orkney into their Lothian dominions. The tomb-fires of the north are mentioned in most of the Sagas. The barons of Roslin were buried in a vault beneath the chapel floor.”—SCOTT.

392. battlement, “a notched or indented parapet of a fortification formed by a series of raised parts called *caps* or *merlons*, separated by openings called *crenelles* or *embrasures*, the soldier sheltering himself behind the merlon while he fires through the embrasure. Battlements were originally military, but were afterwards used freely in ecclesiastical and civil buildings by way of ornament on parapets, cornices, tabernacle work.”—Blackie’s *Modern Cyclo-pedia*. According to Skeat, the word is not derived from *battle*, as might be supposed, but is ‘no doubt equivalent to O. Fr. *bastillement*, from O. Fr. *bastiller*, to fortify, derivative of O. Fr. *bastir*, to build. *pinnet*, *pinnacle*. The word appears to be obsolete now. Low Lat. *penna*, a peak, Lat. *penna*, a feather.

393. rose-carved, carved with roses. Adorned with carvings of the rose. See note to line 391. buttress. A support to a wall, frequently seen in churches built in the Gothic style. The word was originally a plural form, as if for *bouterets*. O. Fr. *bouter*, plural of *bouteret*, a prop. Fr. *bouter*, to thrust, prop.

394. So still they blaze. See note above, line 390. Still, yet, even now. when fate is nigh, when death approaches.

397. The relative is omitted. (Who) lie buried. *chapelle*. Note the accent is on the second syllable here. The word is both spelt and pronounced in the French fashion.

401. With candle, with book, and with knell, with all the solemn rites of the Church observed at the burial of the dead. During the funeral service, lighted *candles* are held, prayers are read from a *book*, and the bell tolls.

The contrast between the two pictures, that of the Barons lying quiet and undisturbed in the ‘holy vault,’ in consecrated ground, and that of Rosabelle, lying beneath the waters of the storm-tossed sea, is intended to heighten the effect and deepen the sympathy for the ill-fated damsel. “The last stanzas,” Mr.

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Hales remarks, "bring out well the contrast between the two pictures already so vividly drawn—between the repose and the tossing, the stillness of the chapel and the wild sea ~~murmurs~~—the priestly services and the tumultuous ritual of nature."

In the last two stanzas, there is a variation in the metre, anapaestic feet being freely introduced. The student should be asked to point out the anapaestic feet. It will be noted, also, that in lines 400 and 402 the middle and final syllables rhyme, *St. Clair* with *there* and *rung* with *sung*. The name Leonine verse was given to Latin verse of this kind, from Leo or Leonius, a poet of the 12th century, who made use of it.

XXIV. 405. Scarce mark'd the guests. That the guests scarcely noticed.

408. eddying, whirling, moving round and round like an eddy, or a current of air or water in circular motion. Icel. prefix *ith-*, A.S. *ed-*, back.

409. Drain'd. Drawn or sucked up.

410. Wise men, astrologers, had not foretold an eclipse. *eclipse* means literally a leaving out or failure, that is, a failure of light. Gk. *ék*, out, and *λεπτρεύ*, to leave.

411. it. The shade or darkness. *'apace.* This word has changed its meaning. In Chaucer's time it meant 'slowly,' but it now means 'fast.' *Apace* = a pace, i.e. a foot pace.

412. face, in the objective case, governed by *bchold* in the next line.

413. stretch'd, outstretched, extended.

414. A secret horror. A horror felt at heart, but not expressed by look or word.

416. high, proud, haughty. *aghast*, horror-struck. "Misspelt for *agast*, which is short for *agasted*, p.p. of M. E. *agasten*, to terrify."—SKEAT.

417. She knew some evil on the blast. She knew (that) some evil (was) on the blast, was being borne on the wind, was impending.

419. The usual cry of the page was 'Lost! Lost! Lost!' but now he had been found by the wizard, Michael Scott, and was summoned to meet his fate.

XXV. 424. Glanced, flashed, shone. Swed. *glans*, lustre; whence *glänsa*, to shine.

426. trophied beam, adorned with trophies, or the spoils of war,—the arms and standards of vanquished enemies preserved as tokens of victory. "A trophy, Gr. *τρόπαιον*, *tropaeum*, was originally a monument erected on the spot where a victory had been obtained; or, in the case of naval warfare, upon the nearest point of land to where the action had taken place. It was

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originally formed with the trunk of a tree, upon which and its branches some arms belonging to the defeated party were suspended, but latterly trophies were designed as elaborate works of art in marble or bronze, and erected apart from the battle-field as permanent mementoes of the contest.”—*Dictionary of Roman and Greek Antiquities* by Rich. Gr. *τροπή*, a return, putting to flight of an enemy, from Gr. *τρέπειν*, to turn. The trophies might also be ‘trophies of the chase,’ i.e. the heads, horns, and skins of deer, boar, and other animals used as adornment on the walls of houses. Compare *Lady of the Lake*, Canto I. stanza xxvii.—

“For all around, the walls to grace,
Hung trophies of the fight or chase;
A target there, a bugle here,
A battle axe, a hunting spear,
And broadswords, bows, and arrows store,
With the tusked trophies of the boar.”

427. instant, for an instant were seen and in an instant were gone.

428. the guests’ bedazzled band, the band or company of bedazzled guests, that is, guests whose eyes were dazzled by the light. The prefix *be* in *bedazzle* merely intensifies the verb.

429. the levin-brand, the flash of lightning. For *levin*, see IV. 319, note.

430. smouldering smoke, smoke as from a smouldering fire,—a fire that is smothered or burns with insufficient air.

433. Dismay’d, from O. Fr. *desmayer*, a hybrid word, the prefix *dis* being Latin, and the rest of the word being from O. H. G. *maya*n, to have power, to be able. The word originally had a passive, intransitive sense, to lack power, to be faint, or disengaged, but came afterwards to have the active force it now has, ‘to discourage,’ ‘to terrify.’ A similar change has taken place in the word *appal*, which originally meant ‘to grow pale.’ In Middle English *appalled* meant ‘faded in look’ or ‘rendered pale.’

434. larum, a shortened form of *alarum*, which again is merely a Northern English form of *alarm*.

XXVI. 442. summons. M. E. *soumons*, from the original form (*somone*) of Fr. *semonce*, which was originally the fem. of the p.p. of O. Fr. *senondre*, the original form of which was *somondre*. From Lat. *summonere*, *sub*, and *monere*, to advise or warn. “The final *s* in summons has nothing to do with Lat. *summoneas*, as some have imagined.”—SKRAT. The word takes a regular plural form, *summonses*. *Gylbin*. The name of the goblin page was *Gilpin* or *Gylbin* Horner.

444. him, himself.

447. shook, trembled.

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451. **freeze.** Another word frequently used in this connection is ‘curdled.’ The blood curdles with fear.

452. It was feared he had lost his senses for ever.

453. **wan.** This word is made to rhyme with *rav* in the next line, but the vowel sounds in the two words are not the same. *Wan* rhymes with *don* and *gone*.

454. **the story.** It is said that a soldier, in a drunken fit, once molested a spectre-dog, called the *Mautho Doog*, that used to haunt Peel Castle, in the Isle of Man. He was sobered in an instant, but was struck dumb, and died three days afterwards in great agony.

455. **spoke, spoke to, addressed.** The verb *speak* does not usually take a direct *personal* object. **the spectre-hound.** The belief in apparitions called spectre-hounds or spectre-dogs is said to be very common in England, almost every county having its own spectre-dog. These spectre-dogs are popularly supposed to be fiends or evil spirits that have assumed the form and habits of hounds, or the spirits of evil persons that, as a punishment, have been transformed into the appearance of dogs.

456. **by fits, not continuously, but in a broken manner, irregularly, at intervals.** ‘By fits and starts’ is a common expression. **darkly,** in a mysterious manner.

457. **shuddering,** either a participial adjective to *cold*,—with shuddering cold,—or a participle, ‘he shuddering cold,’ cold in this case being an adverb.

459. **amice,** a hood or cape, covering the head and shoulders, made of, or lined with, grey fur. It was worn by pilgrims and by members of the religious orders. From O. Fr. *amunuce*, Fr. *amusse*. The Provengal form is *almussa*, with which compare Spanish *almucio*, Low Lat. *almucium, almussa*, etc. The prefix *al* is supposed to be the Arabic article, the second part of the word being Teutonic, the same as the German *mütze*, cap, Scotch *mutch*. *Amice*, in this sense, must be distinguished from another *amice*, meaning a square white linen cloth worn by Roman Catholic priests about the neck and shoulders: this word is the same as Fr. *amict*, Lat. *amictus*, from *am* = *ambo*, around, and *jacere*, to throw; so that *amictus* is a garment thrown round the neck. The former word is usually distinguished by the epithet *gray*, as in Milton’s *Paradise Lost*, IV. 427.

460. **wrought, worked, embroidered.** **baldric,** a shoulder-belt. The origin of the word is obscure: it is generally derived through the French, from O. H. G. *baldreich*, a shoulder belt: and the German word is said to be from Lat. *bultens*, a belt, A.S. *belt*, Ger. *batz*, Celtic *baht*. It is uncertain whether the Latin and Teutonic words are borrowed from the Celtic or whether the Latin is the original from whence the others are derived.

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461. *pilgrim*. “O. Fr. *pellegrin*, only found as *pelerin*, a pilgrim; but cp. Ital. *pellegrino*, *peregrino*, a pilgrim; Lat. *peregrinus*, foreigner, stranger; *pereger*, a traveller, one who passes through a land; Lat. *per*, through, *ager*, land, field.”—SKEAT.

[This description agrees with the description given of the dress of Michael Scott in Canto II. stanza xix., and what is implied is that the shape seen by Deloraine was that of the great wizard.]

462. *but how it matter'd not*, but it did not matter *how* he knew. Deloraine did not like to tell of the visit he had paid to Melrose Abbey, and of what he had seen there.

466. *spoke*, spoken; put, instead of the correct form, for the sake of the rhyme.

XXVII. 468. *plight*, pledge, promise. M. E. *pliht*, danger, also engagement, pledge; A.S. *pliht*, risk, danger; O. H. G. *plegan*, to promise or engage to do.

469. St. Bride of Douglas. “This was the favourite saint of the house of Douglas, and of the Earl of Angus in particular.”—SCOTT.

470. *take*, undertake, go on.

471. *for the sake*. For the repose of, in order that Michael's troubled spirit might find rest.

473. *each*. Nominative to *addressed*. To ease. To give relief to, to calm.

477. *Rood*, cross. *Holy Rood*, the Holy Cross on which Christ was crucified, and to which it was common for churches to be dedicated. *Rood* is the same word as *rod*. A.S. *rōd*, a gallows, cross, properly a rod or pole.

476. *our Ladye*. The Blessed Virgin Mary.

479. *his patron*. His patron saint, to whom each addressed his prayers, and who was called upon to bear witness to the vow that was taken. *witness*, the indirect object of *did make*. Each did make his patron a witness.

482. *weal*, welfare. M. E. *wele*, A.S. *wela*, weal, prosperity. *Wealth* is formed from M. E. *wele*, and meant originally what *weal* does now, welfare, prosperity.

485. *aye*, ever. “M. E. *ay*, Icel. *ei*, ever, and A.S. *ā*, ever, also *āwā*; Goth. *aīw*, an adverb formed from *aīws*, an age, which is allied to Lat. *aērum*, Gk. *aīw*, an age.”—SKEAT. The word is not to be confounded with *aye* or *ay*, meaning yes, which appears to be a corruption of *yea*.

XXVIII. 487. *Which after in short space befell*. Which soon afterwards took place.

492. *meet*, proper, suitable, fitting, connected with *mete*, to measure. A.S. *metan*, to measure. To mark the day. To take

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note of the day, to distinguish it from other days, by describing or recording what took place.

495. Melrose' holy shrine. Melrose Abbey. See I. 354, note, and Canto II. stanza i. *Shrine*, from A.S. *scrin*, a box, Lat. *scrinium*, chest, box, is properly some place or receptacle in which the relics of a saint are preserved, and regarded, therefore, as being holy. From this it means any sacred place, such as an altar, a church, or an abbey.

XXIX. 496. sackcloth, a kind of coarse cloth for making sacks or bags; worn by pilgrims and penitents to mortify their bodies and signify contrition. Frequent reference is made in the Bible to the wearing of sackcloth for this purpose. Thus in II. *Samuel*, iii. 31, David tells Joab who had treacherously slain Abner, "Rend your clothes, and gird you with sackcloth, and mourn before Abner," and in *Matthew*, xi. 21, Christ denouncing the cities of Chorazin and Bethsaida exclaims, "... if the mighty works which were done in you, had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago *in sackcloth and ashes*." From this old Jewish practice, the phrase 'to sit in sackcloth and ashes' has passed into the language.

499. standers-by. By-standers, which is the more usual form of the compound. *unearth*, with difficulty. *eath* is an old Anglo-Saxon word, now obsolete, meaning easy or easily. Cp.

"For why, by prooфе the field is eath to win."

Gascoigne's *Works*, v. 8.

"Who thinks him most secure, is eathest sham'd."

Fairfax, *Tasso*, x. 42.

500. high-drawn. A very unusual expression, used apparently to mean breath drawn so faintly as not to be heard, though in this sense *low-drawn* would have been a more appropriate epithet to use.

505. This line explains why the standers-by could hardly hear 'Footstep, or voice, or high-drawn breath.'

506. high altar. The chief altar standing at the east end of the church. In large churches there is often more than one altar. The word altar literally means a high place. Lat. *altare*, from Lat. *altus*, high. In the Bible the expression 'high places' is used for altars. "Then ye shall drive out all the inhabitants of the land from before you, and destroy all their pictures, and destroy all their molten images, and quite pluck down all their high places."—*Numbers*, xxxiii. 52. *hallow'd*, holy, sanctified. A.S. *hālȝian*, to make holy, *hāliȝ*, holy, which again is from A.S. *hāl*, whole. The word is etymologically connected therefore with *hale* and *whole*.

507. them, reflexive.

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509. departed brave. The definite article is omitted. *The* departed brave.

510. letter'd stones. Tomb-stones, or stones covering the graves of 'the departed brave' bearing inscriptions on them. Such stones are frequently found on the floor of large churches within the walls of which it used to be the practice once to bury the great.

511. dead. An adjective to 'fathers.'

512. garnish'd. See note on VI. 91. niche, a recess in a wall for a statue.

513. Stern saints, etc. That is to say, the statues of saints and martyrs placed in the niches along the walls looked sternly on the kneeling supplicants. stern. Severe in aspect, austere-looking. martyrs. Gk. *μάρτυς*, *μάρτυς*, a witness, literally one who remembers, records, or declares. "The name is applied by the Christian Church to those persons, in particular, who, in the early ages of Christianity, and during the great persecutions, suffered ignominy and death rather than renounce their faith." Some of them endured the most cruel tortures before they were put to death.

XXX. 514. aisle, the wing of a church; the part on either side of the nave or central portion. French *aile*, from Lat. *ala*, a wing. The *s* has no meaning, and is due to a confusion with *isle*: cp. *island*, wrongly spelt for *land*.

515. cowl, either the long, full gown worn by monks, with a hood to cover the head, or the hood by itself. scapular or scapulary (Lat. *scapulae*, the shoulder-blades), part of the dress of the monastic orders, consisting of two bands of woollen stuff, one crossing the back or shoulders, and the other hanging down the breast.

516. stoles. See V. 506, note. The monks of the Cistercian order, to which order the monks of Melrose Abbey belonged, wore white robes with a black scapulary.

517. Fathers. Priests or monks.

519. Taper. Candle. In almost all the services of the Roman Catholic Church, the lighting of candles is a very noticeable feature. host, from Lat. *hostia*, a victim, a sacrifice in the Roman Catholic church, 'the Eucharistic elements after consecration.' 'The consecrated wafer, believed to be the body of Christ, which in the Mass is offered as a sacrifice.'

520. banner. In the objective case governed by bare. flourish'd. Adorned, embellished, emblazoned.

521. the Redeemer's. Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world, called the Redeemer, because he rescued and delivered men from the bondage of sin, purchased their salvation, as it were, with His

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blood. *Redeem*—Fr. *redimer*, Lat. *redimere*, to buy back, from Lat. *re-*, or *red-*, back, and *emere*, to take, purchase.

523. *mitred*. Wearing a mitre, which is a covering for the head worn by bishops and archbishops, cardinals, and in some instances by abbots, on solemn occasions. *Abbot* (Syriac *abba*, father), the head of an abbey, and very often a person of great influence and power. In later times many of the abbots vied with the bishops and nobility in rank and dignity, *wearing a mitre* and keeping up a great style.

525. *With holy cross*. With the *sign* of the holy cross.

526. *sage in hall*. Wise in council.

527. *in field*. On battle-field.

528. *mass*. In the Roman Catholic Church the service, i.e. the prayers and ceremonies, which accompany the consecration of the Eucharist, or the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, in which the bread and wine represent the body and blood of Christ. There are two kinds of mass, *high mass* and *low mass*. The former is sung or chanted, the latter is merely read. Here, it will be noted, the 'mass was sung,' that is high mass was celebrated. The word *mass*, Low Lat. *missa*, is derived from Lat. *missus*, p.p. of *mittere*, to send away, the service being so called, it is said, because in the ancient churches the public services ended with the words *ie missa est* (go, the congregation is dismissed). This explanation, however, of the origin of the name is very doubtful.

529. *requiem*. See V. 507, note.

530. *And bells toll'd out*. The practice of slowly and solemnly tolling church bells after death and at funerals is very common in all Christian countries.

532. *And ever in the office close*. An 'office' is a form of prayer or service prescribed for a particular occasion. The Catholic Church, however, among her sacred offices has one set apart peculiarly for the benefit of the souls of the faithful departed, known as 'the Office for the Dead.' It is to this apparently that the poet refers. [The student must bear in mind that Catholics believe that the souls of the faithful departed are helped by prayers (i.e. offices), alms, and especially by having the merits of the sacrifice, called the Mass, applied to them by means of the commemorative prayers in 'Masses for the Dead.'] close, pause or cessation. At every pause in the prayers which formed the 'office,' the hymn of intercession was heard. Cp. Dryden, *Fables : Flower and Leaf*, l. 197 :—

"At every close she made, the attending throng
Reply'd, and bore the burden of the song."

533. *The hymn of intercession*. It is not very clear what

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hymn the poet refers to. It may be the intercessional prayer, *Requiem eternam dona eis, Domine; et lux perpetua luceat eis* (Eternal rest give to them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine on them), which is frequently and regularly repeated at the close,—not of the ‘office,’—but of each division of the office. The same prayer is found in what is known as the Responsory, which is sung after Solemn Mass for the Dead. Note that the word *hymn* is not used here very correctly. It is properly a song of *praise* or thanksgiving.

535. *burthen*, or the *refrain*, as it is also called, is the verse repeated at the end of each stanza or each part of a song. It usually gives the theme or subject of the song. In the song of Albert Graeme, for instance, the line ‘For love will still be lord of all,’ with its variations, forms the burden. The word is derived from Fr. *bourdon*, a drone-bee, humming of bees, drone of a bagpipe. *the song*. The reference here is to the celebrated Latin hymn on the Day of Judgment, called the ‘*Dies Iræ*,’ from the first words of the first stanza :

“ *Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvet sæculum in favilla.
Teste David cum sybilla.* ”
(The day of wrath, that dreadful day
Shall all the world in ashes lay,
As David and the sybils say.)

It is generally used as part of the requiem or mass for the souls of the dead. The hymn is supposed to have been written by Thomas de Celano, a Franciscan friar of the 13th century, and was either suggested by or founded upon the following verses in the Bible :—“ That day is a day of wrath, a day of trouble and distress, a day of wasteness and desolation, a day of darkness and gloominess, a day of clouds and thick darkness, a day of the trumpet and alarm against the fenced cities, and against the high towers.”—*Zephaniah*, i. 15, 16.

538. *the pealing organ*, the loud sounding organ. Compare Milton—

“ There let the *pealing organ* blow
To the full-voiced choir below.”
Il Penseroso, ll. 161, 162.

539. *Were it meet*, if it were meet or fitting. The Minstrel implies that it is hardly proper to introduce a sacred hymn into ‘so light and vain’ a lay; but having asked, as it were, to be pardoned for doing so, he proceeds to give the hymn.

XXXI. *Hymn for the dead*, a hymn sung for the repose of the souls of the dead,—the *Dies Iræ*. Scott’s version is a paraphrase rather than a translation of the opening stanzas of the hymn. The following is a portion of Macaulay’s version of it :—

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"On that great, that awful day,
This vain world shall pass away.
Thus the sibyl sang of old,
Thus hath holy David told.
There shall be a deadly fear
When the Avenger shall appear,
And unveiled before His eye,
All the works of men shall lie.
Hark ! to the great trumpet's tones
Pealing o'er the place of bones ;
Hark ! it waketh from their bed
All the nations of the dead,—
In a countless throng to meet
At the eternal judgment seat.

Oh the horrors of that day !
When this frame of sinful clay,
Starting from its burial place,
Must behold Thee face to face.
Hear and pity, hear and aid,
Spare the creatures Thou hast made :
Mercy, mercy, save, forgive,
Oh, who shall look on Thee and live ?

543. When heaven and earth shall pass away, "... the coming of the day of God, wherein the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat."—II. Peter, iii. 12. So also in *Psalms*, l. 3, "Our God shall come, and shall not keep silence : a fire shall devour before Him, and it shall be very tempestuous round about Him."

544. stay, support.

549. Swells the high trump. "The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible."—I. Cor. xv. 25.

551. wakes from clay, rises from the grave, and puts off his corruptible frame of clay, his earthly body.

554. Hush'd is the harp—the Minstrel gone, etc. "In these charming lines," says Lockhart, "he has embodied what was at the time when he penned them the chief day-dream of Ashiestiel. From the moment that his uncle's death placed a considerable sum of ready money at his command, he pleased himself, as we have seen, with the idea of buying a mountain farm, and becoming not only the 'sheriff' (as he had in former days delighted to call himself), but the laird of the cairn and the scaur !" the Minstrel gone. The minstrel having ended his lay, left the presence of the lady, the Duchess of Monmouth, to whom he had sung it. See Introduction, l. 60 et seq.

556. indigence, want, poverty. Lat. *ind*, for *indo* or *indu*,

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an old Lat. extension from *in*; *egere*, to want, be in need. Cp. Lat. *indigus*, needy.

557. **pilgrimage.** Life's toilsome journey. Life, on account of its cares and trials which have to be patiently borne, is frequently spoken of as a pilgrimage, and men as weary pilgrims travelling to a better land.

558. **Newark's tower.** Newark Castle, the seat of the Duchess. See Introduction, ll. 27, 28:

"He passed where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower."

565. **ope**, open; an example of 'apocope' used only in poetry.

568. "Bowhill, is now, as has been mentioned already, a seat of the Duke of Buccleuch. It stands immediately below Newark Hill, and above the junction of the Yarrow and the Ettrick."—SCOTT. Newark Castle lay just outside the grounds of Bowhill, the residence of Lady Dalkeith, who suggested to Scott the subject of the Lay.

569. July, usually pronounced with the accent on the second syllable, but here with the accent on the first, as also in Canto I. l. 224.

570. **blue-bells**, the name of a well-known flower frequently referred to in the poetic literature of Scotland. It is so called because it is blue and bell-shaped.

571. **throstle**, a singing-bird, known also as the thrush. *Throstle* is a diminutive form of *thrush*, and is the name usually applied to the bird in poetry. **shaw**, a thicket, a small wood.

A.S. *scaga*, cognate with *scia*, a shade.

574. The aged Harper's soul awoke! When his spirits revived and all his poetic fire burnt strongly within him.

575. **sing, sing of.** achievements, exploits, feats of arms, literally, 'things brought to a head.' O. Fr. *a chef*, to a head; Lat. *ad caput*.

576. **circumstance**, all that attends or accompanies. Compare the well-known phrase from Shakespeare, "the pomp and circumstance of war."

577. **rapt**, enraptured. See note on *rapture*, VI. 8.

582. **Bore burden**, murmured in accompaniment to. See note on *burden*, l. 535.

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